THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Yes, sir . . . No, sir."
Courtesy to all.
"Hold the line a minute
Until I get your call."
Plugging in the numbers,
Diligently dialling,
Girls of the switchboard
Smiling . . . smiling.

TELEPHONE GIRLS

"No, sir . . . Yes, sir."
Every day the same.
"I can put you through now
If you give your name."
Modulated voices
And gold and chestnut curls,
Pretty and vivacious
Telephone girls. —P. D.-B.

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AMATEUR WILLS ... *Serious Legal Problem* FOR WOMEN

Why Lawyers are so Often the Chief Beneficiaries

The Australian Women's Weekly has recently been called upon by grief-stricken widows for advice necessitated by the fact that their husbands died without making wills.

Investigations have shown that there are an extraordinary number of such cases, and an unnecessary amount of suffering and expense is caused to relatives by the neglect of such an important duty.

It is not only rich estates that are affected—even the poorest home is put to unnecessary cost and delay by this failure.

By a Lawyer

THE importance of making a proper legal will has been emphasised in several cases which have been before the Courts in recent weeks.

Why so many people neglect this important matter it is difficult to conceive.

Few care to contemplate their end, and it is known that many old people put off making their wills because of a kind of superstition that once they have finally arranged their affairs their time has come.

It is a duty that every man owes to his wife to make a will, however large or small his estate.

Many men neglect to do this in the belief that when they die without children their estate will pass absolutely to their widow.

This is not the law at all. In an intestate estate the widow gets the first £500 and half the balance of the estate. The rest goes to the next of kin of the deceased, who may be relatives he has never seen in his life, and in whom he has not the slightest interest.

Many cases have come before the Court in intestate estates where it has not been possible for the wife to prove her marriage, or where there has been a bigamous marriage, and in the absence of a will the unfortunate woman and her children have got no portion of the estate.

Any man who is provident enough to collect an estate during life should have prudence enough to ensure, by the making of a simple will, that it will pass to his rightful heirs.

But worse than not making a will is to make one which can be challenged in the courts. To make a will which is invalid, either because the strict requirements of the law have not been fulfilled, or which does an obvious injustice to relatives, is just another form of making a liberal bequest to the legal profession—just how liberal depends upon the size of the estate.

The days are gone in Australia when an irate parent, without good cause, can cut his son or daughter off with a shilling. Husbands have a legal obligation to their wives and children during their lifetime, and since the passing of the Testators Family Maintenance Act they have an obligation to deal fairly with them in their will. If they fail to do so, the Court, on application, simply upsets the will and makes a new one on its own terms.

Make It Simple

IT should be remembered that the more simple the form of a will the less likely there is to be any legal dispute over what it means. Legal men know this, and appreciate it—at least in regard to their own estates.

Suggestions have often been made that the law should be amended to compel everyone taking on the obligation of marriage to make a will, but representatives of trust companies do not consider such a course practicable.

All that can be done, they admit, is to warn people of the moral obligation on them to fix their affairs while they are alive, and point out to them how those near and dear to them may suffer great hardship by their neglect to make a will.

While it is always advisable to have your will drawn up by a trained legal man, there will always be people who prefer to prepare their own will.

Mr. Justice Harvey, during his many years as Chief Judge in Equity in New South Wales, oftentimes referred to the "curse of the home-made will." He was referring, of course, to wills made on the stock forms which can be purchased at any stationer's shop.

Here is all that is necessary to be known about the drawing up of a will:

A will made by a single person becomes invalid on his marriage.

A person under 21 years of age, other than a soldier or sailor on active service, cannot make a valid will.

At the time of making a will the testator must have what the law knows as testamentary capacity—he must know and fully appreciate what he is doing. The Court will upset a will where it is proved that any undue influence has been used on the testator.

The will must be in writing or typewriting, and must be signed at the foot by the testator.

It must state that it is the last will and testament of the person making it.

REMEMBER, you cannot come back from the grave to rectify your neglect to make a will, or to correct a mistake you have made in not having drawn up a proper will.

The signature of the testator must be made in the presence of two witnesses, both present at the same time, and if the will occupies more than one sheet of paper the testator and the two witnesses must each sign every sheet.

An executor or executors should be named in the will.

The will must be dated on the day on which it is signed.

How to Sign

A VERY important matter is that every will must have an attestation clause in this form:

"Signed by the testator and by him (or her) declared to be his (or her) last will and testament in the presence of us present at the same time who at his (or her) request in his (or her) presence and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses."

The names and addresses of the witnesses should be endorsed on the will, as one of the first duties of the executor is to get in touch with them after the testator's death, and get affidavits from them as to the making of the will.

A beneficiary under a will cannot act as one of the witnesses. If he does he is deprived of all interest left him in the estate.

ANGELA PARSELLES, Australian girl, who will supply the soprano notes for Tauber's leading lady in "Pagliacci," the German tenor's next film. Winner of a J. C. Williamson scholarship, the young singer, after doing radio and concert work here, went to London. She played the fairy queen in the B.B.C. pantomime and toured the British Isles before being selected to join her voice with Tauber's in Leoncavallo's delightful opera.

SYDNEY GIRL *to Sing with* Richard Tauber

Struggle Ends with Big Part in New Film

THE "VOICE" IN "PAGLIACCI"

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

Two years ago a girl landed in London—more or less penniless, but full of ambition.

Next month she will sing the name role in Puccini's opera, "Butterfly," under the baton of Albert Coates at Covent Garden—one of the high spots of the operatic world.

This is the dramatic story of Angela Parselles, of Kensington Road, Kensington, Sydney.

TO-DAY, Angela, who was born in Jerusalem, of Greek parents, and went to Australia as a baby, is a "ghost." A very vital and lovely ghost with black eyes that sparkle beneath pent-shaped eyebrows, soft black hair knotted at the nape of the neck, and a devastating dimple in her chin.

But she is the "ghost" behind Irene Duna, the beautiful Hungarian star who is playing Nedda opposite Richard Tauber in the Capitol Films production of "Pagliacci," now being produced at Elstree.

So, when you hear the clear, beautiful soprano coming from the lips of Nedda, you will know it is the voice of Angela Parselles.

"It hasn't been easy for me in London," she told me. "When I first arrived I had never been away from home before, and I was so lonely and miserable that I cried and cried. It is not so bad now, for a younger sister, Artimus, has joined me.

"London seemed so vast and unfriendly that I felt it was hopeless for a small, unknown singer. In desperation I timidly applied to Lyon's Corner House to be allowed to sing there, and it was cheering when everyone was so kind and seemed to like my voice.

"Then I was Fairy Queen in the B.B.C. Christmas pantomime, and since then luck has seemed to come my way."

She's very unsophisticated and unassuming, this little Angela from Sydney, and deprecates any idea that she must have had plenty of courage to tackle the enormous task of breaking into grand opera, especially when she hadn't previously had experience, and her natural soprano has had very little training.

When auditions were held by the British Music Drama Opera Company to select singers for the autumn season, Angela took along the score of "One Fine Day," which she sang in Italian. Then to her horror Mr. Coates asked her to sing something in English.

"I swallowed a lump in my throat," she said, "and nervously told him I hadn't brought any other music with me. Then I had the bright idea of singing 'God Save the King,' and even then I had to be prompted with some of the words. Imagine singing that at a grand opera audition."

She has that rare feminine accomplishment—a delightful, musical laugh which made me wish for more amusing stories.

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

Portuguese Artistry

DR. JOSEPH PEARSON, D.Sc., F.R.S.E., F.L.S., in addition to the deep interest taken in his work as Director of Tasmania's Museum and Art Gallery, makes a special study of 17th and 18th century Dutch and Portuguese furniture, much of which is found in Ceylon.

Result of 25 years' study is a book, now nearing completion, which has been written at the request of the Ceylon Government. Its illustrations will include reproductions from Dr. Pearson's private collection, and specimen pieces from Ceylon Museum.

Successful Novelist

A NOVEL with an Australian setting and, what is even more, a true Australian atmosphere, brings Flora Sandstrom, the English author, into the news. In "Under the Pepper Trees," published recently, she has achieved effects that few overseas writers of Australian stories succeed in gaining.

Miss Sandstrom, a native of Finland, is the wife—the third, by the way—of Sir Ernest Cochrane, who, under the nom de plume of Ernest Cecil, has written several successful plays.

Diamond Jubilee

"GIPSY" SMITH, evangelist, celebrated the completion of sixty years of preaching a short time ago. The event was marked by a big meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, with David Lloyd George as principal speaker.

Born of Romany parents in a gipsy camp in Epping Forest seventy-six years ago, Rodney Smith, to give him his English nomenclature, became at an early age the most picturesque figure in the evangelical world. He still preaches and is frequently "on the air."

He plans to celebrate his diamond jubilee in five continents, his travels to include Australia.

WOMAN'S *Grim Trek* OUTBACK

WE BATTLED and cut our way onwards through modern 1936 Queensland with axe, and shovel, and mattock.

Says Town People and Bush People are Separate Races

The overland trip from Sydney to Darwin is an outstanding revelation of the difference in the lives of those two separate races of people—town people and bush people—dwelling within the confines of Australia.

That is what Mrs. D. M. Hall, of Maranboy, Northern Territory, says in a rather grim account of a journey by car from Melbourne to Darwin, just completed by herself and husband.

By MRS. D. M. HALL

Maranboy, N.T., Aug. 21.

WE ran off the roads just after passing over the border into Queensland.

When I say we ran off the roads, I mean this quite literally.

The road just ceased, and we entered a wild region of untended, winding bush tracks.

My husband, a fairly hard-bitten Territorian, remarked to me, "Well, little woman, you can say good-bye to civilisation now. There are no more roads till we get to Darwin!"

Of course, I thought he was joking, and that the rough track over which we were passing was a deviation or something, and that we should presently come back on to the road again.

Through Cunnamulla, Wyandra, and Charleville we battled through an incredible misery of bog. Western Queensland had had some rain. Everybody was full of it. And the "roads" were full of it!

And last but not least, dear Editor, WE were full of it!

For a week we battled in the slough of bottomless bog.

Cut Way Through

MY husband swung the axe all day, or most of it, cutting down hosts of trees for "corduroy," and worked like a galley-slave with about half a stone of grey gutta-percha-like mud clinging to each foot, and I realised to the full the significance of the reply he had given me when I had remarked on the largeness and sharpness of the axe on leaving Sydney, "We shall need it," he had told me grimly, "going through Queensland."

Well, to be as brief as possible, and to cut as short as possible the narrative of a truly harrowing experience, we, or rather my unfortunate husband, battled and cut our way onwards through modern 1936 Queensland with axe and shovel and mattock.

With incredible labor we won our way forward for about ten days. Twenty-four hours was spent in one unforgettable morass, twelve hours in another, etc., etc., with giant mosquitoes ravaging us as we worked.

Western Queensland had had some rain. And from the look of the haggard, sun-blasted country, it needed it.

We won our way through to dry ground eventually, and emerged to carry on over roads which, though dry, would have caused the average citizen of any of the more backward of the comic-opera South American republics to snort with disgust.

Bush People Praised

THE bush people we encountered, the few we saw, were of the type I have learned to respect tremendously.

Great-hearted people, with all the qualities extolled by city politicians and saddled with all the burdens engendered by wretchedly bad services.

Bush people control few votes, and their lot is grimly and consequently hard.

To the people in the towns, the pleasant effulgence of Old Sol is something to go out and play in when they so desire.

To the other race "outside," on the wind-ravaged and sun-cracked plains, unshaded by tree, and innocent of the lilting chuckle of running water through the kindly green places, that same sunshine so appreciated of the politicians becomes the enemy.

Allied to this let us consider choking dust and swarming flies, blinding glare and monotony (scenically) of the ocean itself, and the imaginative may conceive something of the essential difference in the lives of the people upon whom one turns one's back at Sydney or Melbourne, and those encountered on the great journey through the neglected interior.

That there is nothing wrong with the imaginations of the townsfolk is apparent from the fact that they are quite obviously determined to stay on in the shelter of their cities.

There remains to us, of course, the comforting reflection that, while we have no roads to travel on in our goings and comings about our everyday affairs; while we have no bridges over our creeks, and must needs battle through bog to reach them, and having reached them must, of necessity, swim them to get across; that while the Interior is a hundred years behind the times on the ground where so many of us pass so much of our time—some beautiful air mails are flying overhead.

Let us look upward, and be thankful, we of the Never-Never, from the Queensland border to Darwin. There overhead flies the Symbol of Progress and Efficiency (as the politician would say). What do we want with roads?

Take 3 Inches Off Your Chest-Line!

REDUCE YOUR BUST *this* NEW *Easy Way!*

ARE you embarrassed by a large oversize bust that hangs in shapeless, unsightly fat? Do you want to reduce your bust and restore the firm shapely contour of youth? Now you can reduce that chest-line by 3 to 5 inches. Let me tell you how FREE.

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Don't let a large ugly bust spoil your figure, make you old, and give you that settled effect. It is now so easy to regain that slim, trim figure of youth.

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Test this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't reduce your bust it costs you nothing. I want you to try it; I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that you, too, can reduce your bust with this wonderful new treatment.

Sent FREE!

If you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost or obligation to yourself. But hurry!

Read This Genuine Proof

"I am delighted with the results. I have lost 3 inches in my bust measurements, and hope to lose another 3 inches. Thanking you."
Mrs. F. Allan, W.

"I have been using it for little over a week now, and can feel and see the difference in the bust already. They are getting firmer and rounder."
Mrs. C. Clark, U.

"I am very pleased with the reduction. My bust is quite small now."
Miss L. Felter, A.

"I am very delighted with the result."
Mrs. D. Rack, W.

"There is a great improvement."
Miss R. Heath, B.

"I am thrilled with the results and have already lost over a stone in weight since starting."
Miss M. Cassie, F.

"My busts have become a better and firmer shape."
Mrs. Rossing, A.

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MEN JEALOUS *of* WOMEN *in* BIG GOLF

Helen Hicks Breaks Down Another Barrier

Should women be allowed to compete in open golf championships?

The participation of Miss Helen Hicks, the American professional who is touring Australia with Gene Sarazen, in the Centenary Open Championship in Adelaide has provoked this question and has caused quite a storm on the fairways of the men's golf clubs of Australia.

There are two different schools of thought. One contends that an open championship, having been a competition confined to men in the past, is a close preserve for men; the other welcomes women, asserting that all things being equal, as in the case of Miss Hicks, an "open" championship must be what the name implies—an event to determine the best golfer, independent of sex.

THERE cannot be any doubt that in circumstances such as prevail in Australia to-day, women generally would not be eligible to compete in open championships. The conditions of play are so very different, and to accept them on the basis of their performances as associates would not only be unfair and belittling to men, but would make it impossible for them to make even a creditable showing against male champions.

For instance, the women are handicapped on a different system which prevents their meeting on even terms. They also play off tees well forward from the men's tees and, consequently, when it comes to covering championship courses with the two sexes playing off the one set of tees, they could not expect, only in very exceptional cases, to measure up with the men.

That being so, women must of necessity be placed at a definite disadvantage, and not even the associates themselves would suggest that they would be eligible for open championships until they qualified themselves by performances to be placed on an even footing with the men.

In the case of Miss Hicks she has proved herself worthy in every respect to be accepted on equal terms with practically any male golfer in the world. She has competed against professionals in almost every country where golf is played. She drives off the men's tees, and when it comes to distance, accuracy, and skill on the fairways, and in and around the greens, she is not only the equal of many of our foremost golfers, but the superior of a goodly number of them.

Consequently—and there being no sex qualifications associated with open golf championships in Australia—she should not only be regarded as acceptable, but should be welcomed, if for no other reason than that her presence adds glamor to the contest.

Not only this, but any other woman golfer in Australia should be welcomed into such events provided she qualifies in the same manner as the young American.

Those men who objected to her presence in the field at Adelaide are merely the survivals of their mid-Victorian predecessors whose attitude was to keep women out of the professions at all costs. It is not so long since men regarded medicine, law, chemistry, architecture, and a host of other callings as close preserves for men, and they held up their hands in horror when it was suggested that women might be admitted to their ranks. But those days are gone. Women have not only fought their way into these closely-guarded domains, but have won their way to the top of many of them.

And as it is in work, so it must be in play. Open golf championships are not the sole property of men, and Miss Hicks has done good service for her sex in taking part in the open golf championship in Adelaide.

Wished Her Luck

MR. LINKLATER, secretary of the Royal Adelaide Club, on whose course the championship was played, said that although it was the first time a woman had entered for the Australian Open Championships, it had been done on the other side of the world.

"Miss Hicks made a very good impression with the men golfers here," he said, "and they would not have done otherwise than wish her luck."

Mr. David Goodhardt, secretary of the Kooyonga Golf Club in Adelaide, said on behalf of his club: "We were all perfectly happy about it. She is a world champion and quite worthy of breaking into the Australian championships. She played under equal conditions with the men, who were all in favor of her competing."

HELEN HICKS is in her element on the golf course so long as she is matching her skill against leading men players. Here she is shown striding along the fairway with "Mick" Ryan (former Australian open champion and one of our foremost amateurs) and Gene Sarazen.

IF YOU'RE UP WITH THE LARK'

You'll need a cup of Bushells' Tea

Good tea is most stimulating and refreshing. It brightens your sense of well being and gives renewed vigour.

At all times a cup of tea is your most refreshing drink, especially when you use Bushells Blue Label, the tea of flavor.

The Tea of Flavor

FRENCHMAN *Tells Us All About* LOVE

His Views on the Type of Men that Fascinate Women

"Not often do women love a man with a good and generous heart; they are fascinated by the other kind," Monsieur Fernand Colardeau told Australian women last week.

As a Frenchman, he should know something about his subject, but some of his opinions will not pass unchallenged in Australia.

MONSIEUR COLARDEAU is a prominent lawyer of Noumea, New Caledonia, who is visiting Australia before going to France on a year's holiday. He specialises in divorce work, and is a bachelor.

Dark and handsome, with merry brown eyes, he looks much younger than his forty-four years.

Asked whether he thought women married their ideal men, Monsieur Colardeau's eyes began to twinkle, and he threw up his hands impetuously: "Oh, but yes, certainly," he said. **"Only they change their ideals so often—and sometimes their men as well.**

"I think women have too much freedom," he continued. "This often means too many temptations, which lead to divorce."

Marry Young

IN the course of having handled 400 divorce cases, M. Colardeau has formed the conclusion that about 90 per cent. of women seeking a divorce have fallen in love with someone else.

"It is then that they begin to compare and notice any shortcomings in their husbands, and the tragedy begins."

More home life means happier marriages, particularly when there are children, is another of his observations.

"I believe in people marrying when they are young," he said. "The majority of men, when they get older, become very set in their habits, and are not willing to adapt themselves to others.

"I also think that engagements should be short. If people get to know each other too well before marriage, it loses a lot of its charm."

He places love in two categories—sudden and gradual.

"I think the ladies are more susceptible, and more apt to experience the sudden kind," he said. "Nevertheless, I've noticed in my work as a divorce lawyer that it's just as permanent as the love whose onslaught is slower."

"Do you think married women should have careers?" he was asked.

"No, no," quickly came the reply. "They cannot take the same interest in their marriage and home. Then, too, wives should give their husbands most of their attention if they wish to retain their love. Of course, the same thing applies to a man."

Monsieur Colardeau says that he has been so busy arranging divorces for others that he himself has not had time to get married.

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Illustrated by NOEL COOK

AT LAST, however, when the grinding of the camera had ceased, she drew the good-looking young man aside and asked: "Would you explain what all this is about?"

RISING STAR

By Alice Duer Miller

Our wonderful serial . . you can start now!

GLORIA BEACH, beautiful society woman, told by a movie director in a weak moment that she is a perfect screen type, makes plans for a career in Hollywood.

Leonard Beach, her husband, a banker, tries to make Gloria see that the director was only being polite, which merely infuriates his wife and makes her more determined.

Felicia Alderby, nurse to Gloria's child, remains to keep house for Leonard while Gloria goes to Hollywood. When she is ordered by Gloria to bring the child to Hollywood, Felicia realises she is in love with Leonard.

Gloria is making heavy weather of a career in the movies. It has more hard work than glamor. She takes Felicia to the studio, where a scene is being shot. Now read on—

THE scene was the terrace of a great Long Island house; curtains of priceless lace blew in an artificial breeze, trunks of great trees, vines — the perfect illusion except that everything extended only about ten feet in the air; above that was emptiness of scantlings. Before this background, hundreds of people in evening dress with blank yellow faces were moving about, and a full orchestra was playing.

Mike Smernoff, whom Felicia recognised at once, owing to the fact that his camp chair bore his name, was speaking, in a voice of incredible gentleness—the sort of gentleness a good horseman uses toward a restless animal—a gentleness that masks absolute power. He was saying:

"Will you make that entrance again, please, Mrs. Beach? You come in; you look about to see that your party is going all right; you glance at the orchestra; you see the leader. 'It's Hugo!' you say to yourself."

Gloria, not quite so beautiful as usual under her yellow make-up, with the terrible lights turning her brown eyes a pale color, answered: "Of course, Mr. Smernoff, I understand perfectly."

"All set, then.... Orchestra."

The orchestra, under the rather uncertain leadership of the hero, who was no musician, began to play again. Gloria disappeared and came back through the long window, in—so it seemed to Felicia—precisely the same manner as before. Felicia found herself thinking: "I wish I could do it." Mr. Smernoff shouted, "Stop!" There was a sudden, dreadful silence. He got up and came forward. He was still gentle.

"Mrs. Beach," he said, "I could not tell at what instant you recognised Hugo."

Naturally not, Mr. Smernoff. The sort of woman I'm representing wouldn't show her feelings."

Smernoff said, in a low growl, to a slim girl sitting beside him: "You don't have to have a dead pan because you're representing a lady." The duty of the slim girl seemed to be to take down every word he said, but she did not record these, and Smernoff went on aloud: "Can't you say to yourself: 'It's Hugo; the fellow who ruined my life'?"

Gloria smiled her beautiful, superior smile: "Of course I can, if that's what you want. Only, I find my maid has forgotten my ostrich cape. Can you send someone back for it?"

Felicia saw a cloud darken Smernoff's brow—minutes of this rehearsal were estimated at a cost of hundreds of dollars. She stepped forward quickly.

"Can't I get it, Mrs. Beach?" she said. "I saw just where you left it, and the car is waiting." She knew Ellen's infinite capacity for sending the wrong thing. Gloria graciously consented, and Felicia set Betsy down on the pedestal of a forgotten Ionic column and turned away, stepping as lightly as a little cat over coils and carpets and all the impedimenta of a stage.

When, scarcely fifteen minutes later, she returned with the shimmering cape, all satin and ostrich feathers, hanging over her arm, she was stopped at the door by a man who pointed up where, over the door, a red light was burning; they were shooting now; the sound apparatus was working; no one could go in.

Felicia sat down on a hard wooden chair that really belonged to the doorman, and, shutting her eyes, leaned her head back against the wall. She felt unutterably lonely. No one within a radius of three thousand miles cared whether she lived or died, except, perhaps, Betsy. She not only loved Leonard but she loved him in a way that would make any counteracting love difficult—she loved him romantically. Once, not so many months ago, she had played with the idea of loving Stephen Morley for his sound qualities and congenial fund of knowledge, but she had never been able to say to herself that he was the most attractive man she had ever seen; she had never retained pictures of him in her mind that had all the beauty of great works of art. Leonard appeared romantic to her, and romance is a difficult thing to be rid of when once it has taken possession. Her heart ached like a tooth. She wondered if Leonard's heart ached just a little. No, men's hearts didn't ache; they either did something about their suffering or they ceased to suffer. They didn't mope and submit, like women.

She heard a door open—not the studio door, but the one by which she had entered. She opened her eyes suddenly, unaware that they were full of tears. A large man, heavy in the shoulders, and rather shaggy and grey as to hair was staring at her. He had small bright grey eyes that were fastened upon her like the points of two sharp steel instruments. They stared at each other for several seconds and then he said:

"Who are you?"

His tone was alarming and Felicia was a little alarmed; she began to justify her presence: "I came with a wrap for Mrs. Beach; they're making a picture in there."

"What's your name?"

"Alderby—Felicia Alderby."

He nodded as if he would let it pass for the present. "Are you Mrs. Beach's maid?"

"Certainly not. I'm a trained nurse."

"What do you earn a week?"

"I don't think I'll tell you."

"All right. I can find out."

He stared at her for another minute, and then gave a grunt and went away. Felicia leaned her head back and again shut her eyes. This was a strange world in which she found herself, she thought; an incredibly complex and well organised world of make-believe; a world in which one thing could be said of all its important inhabitants—they glowed with vitality. She was speculating whether the motion-picture industry attracted only people of vitality, or whether it bestowed vitality upon all who entered it, when the door opened again, and this time admitted a neat, handsome young man who said civilly:

"ARE you Miss Alderby? Would you be so very kind as to come with me?"

She rose and followed him, never doubting that he was taking her and the cape to Gloria—though he seemed to be taking her by devious and distant ways. They went up stairs and down corridors, and finally ended in one of the strangest rooms that Felicia had ever seen. It was panelled and carpeted in grey; its many windows were curtained in grey brocade. It was a French drawing-room except for the fact that the panelling ran up only about six feet and on top of it was set a circle of lights. In the centre of the room was a high stool like those that English accountants use. Felicia sat down upon it. The young man smiled gently at her.

"That's right," he said. "I see you know what to do." He suddenly left her, as two other people entered. A man and a woman. They came quite close to her and looked at her carefully, without, however, anything hostile in their gaze. On the contrary, the woman kept smiling at her as if to reassure her. Exactly the way Felicia thought, that she herself smiled at a patient who needed calming.

At last the man said: "The hair isn't quite right."

The woman touched it lightly. "It's not bad," she said.

"Have you any idea how she's to be made up?"

"Yes, wistful."

"Oh, wistful," said the man, as if wistfulness was one of the easier effects.

Felicia felt that that this had gone far enough. She slipped down off her stool. "I think there's some mistake," she said.

"Aren't you Miss Alderby?"

"Yes, I am, but——"

"Whom Mr. Gallup sent up to get a screen test?"

"I don't know Mr. Gallup."

"He wants a test made of you."

"But why?"

"For the beggar maid in Diamond Dust."

"I think there's some mistake," said Felicia again.

"You mean you don't want to have a test made?" asked the woman, as if never had she heard the likes of that.

Felicia hesitated a second, and then got back on the stool. "Go ahead," she said.

A second later she was being made-up; her eyebrows retouched, her hair re-done—this was the work of the man. The woman, whose name was Miss Roberts, was giving her more general advice: "The way to walk for the screen is to follow a straight line, and with the foot off the ground, to perform a complete semicircle and bring it down in front of the other foot. The object of this is to avoid the effect of stumping which you see in all amateurs on the screen; this method of walking gives a gliding impression and helps a person's screen personality."

Released from the hands of the make-up man, Felicia tried this walk, and found it difficult. Presently, the good-looking young man was back again with two cameramen and two men for the lights; these suddenly flashed down upon her like hostile white sunshine.

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SEND for SUSAN

Complete short story

Susan is a child with a strong sense of humor, who cannot resist interfering in domestic affairs!

Esme reached his side in a single lithe bound. "You haven't forgotten your 'Sweetie Sugar'?" she demanded, and pressed her lips to his.

THE first time William groaned Susan took no notice. Apart from the fact that she was deeply absorbed by her calculations in the margin of the middle page of "The Financial Times," William appeared to be in one of those moods in which neither the warmth of the summer day, the blazing beauty of the flowers, the cool green of the ancient lawns, nor the general pleasantness of existence afforded him contentment. Susan was young, scarcely fourteen, but she had learnt that for the most part people were grateful if you left them alone in their glooms.

Particularly brother William. He loved a good gloom. He lay there in the long chair in the summer-house with his eyes staring at the evenly-packed straw of the thatch, and had some time since intimated that he was not in the least interested in high finance.

"Amalgamated Rubber," Susan murmured to herself. "Forty-two; that's a gain of three points in a fortnight. Hum . . . not so bad. Suppose I sell? Profit of eight hundred. On the other hand, she may jump again if this rumor of a bonus turns out to be correct. But with eight hundred pushed straight away into Margarine Star Preferred, I can't see how I can help taking quite a chunk of money. Difficult . . ."

She wrote figures and did sums on

By SELWYN JEPSON

Illustrated by Fischer

the pinkish paper, using a somewhat gnawed pencil stub. Ever since Rupert MacAlister had stayed at Calster Hall she had been fascinated by the thought of millionairedom. She had made friends with the financier after the affair of the Biddlington Orphans—when he had subscribed thirty pounds for new summer dresses for the children—and he had instructed her in the mysteries of "bulling" and "bearing," "margins," "collateral," "call-money," and the various activities of the Stock Exchanges of the world. He had found her both intelligent and receptive; indeed, many of her governesses would have given much for her similar interest in vulgar fractions.

AND so now she played the market.

After some further thought she decided to sell Amalgamated Rubbers, and in a rather tattered note-book she entered up the transaction, adding eight hundred pounds to the column of figures which represented her gains. On paper. For, however shrewd one may be, it is not easy to make any great fortune in speculation with an income of one miserable shilling per week, which was Susan's pocket-money and her sole financial backing. In order to produce any kind of sizable capital appreciation in her imaginary investments she had had to begin with a fictitious sum of five thousand pounds.

Within a month she had doubled it. Within a couple of years, according to her calculations, she would be a millionaire like Rupert MacAlister. She gazed across the lawn towards the long Tudor house in which her family had dwelt for seven hundred years, and in which her father, Sir Robert Calster, an ex-permanent official of His Majesty's Government, now ruled, a leader in the political and social world of the day. The Calsters were rich, but they were not millionaires. It seemed a pity. There was so much good they could do.

Susan sighed. She had half a mind to devote the rest of her life to the art of money-making—real money-making. The trouble, of course, lay in the fact that nobody was likely to hand her five thousand pounds and say: "Here, take this, and turn it into a million." Nobody took her seriously. They merely said of her Stock Exchange adventures in the tattered note-book, "Very interesting." But that was as far as it got.

William groaned again, and Susan eyed him thoughtfully.

"Shockin' nuisance!" he said.

"Have a cold bath," suggested Susan helpfully. "There's plenty of time before tea."

"Don't want any tea."

"Ill?"

"Yes."

"Liver salts," she began, and then decided that really he was best left alone. He wasn't ill, of course. Only gloomy.

"She's comin' to tea. Tennis after," he muttered. "Half a mind to pinch the Wolseley and go up to town for a bit. But no money. Allowance isn't due for a week. Confound! Tennis, too. She's a shockin' bad player. Would be—only to look at her."

"Who?" enquired Susan.

"The Wangler."

"You mean Molly Gresham-Tooke?"

"Huh!" said William. He lit a cigarette, puffed at it furiously, and then pitched it on to the nearest flower-bed.

"She wangles every blessed thing!" he complained. "Wangled her father into the County, wangled herself into the House of Commons, and Lord knows what it cost the old man, and now she's wangling me! It's disgustin'!"

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At the same moment Molly Gresham-Tooke stalked slowly towards the steps. "You may keep him," said she.

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A Long Complete Story

A POT of TEA

Introducing Tuppence, something delightfully new in girl detectives.

Illustrated By BOOTHROYD

By . . . Agatha Christie

MRS. THOMAS BERESFORD shifted her position on the divan and looked gloomily out of the window of the flat. The prospect was not an extended one, consisting solely of a small block of flats on the other side of the road. Mrs. Beresford sighed and then yawned.

"I wish," she said, "something would happen."

Her husband looked up reprovingly.

"Be careful, Tuppence, this craving for vulgar sensation alarms me."

Tuppence sighed and closed her eyes dreamily.

"So Tommy and Tuppence were married," she chanted, "and lived happily ever afterwards. And six years later they were still living together happily ever afterwards. It is extraordinary," she said, "how different everything always is from what you think it is going to be.

"You, of course, have got your work," she continued, "but tell me, Tommy, don't you ever have a secret yearning for excitement, for things to happen?"

"No," said Tommy, "at least I don't think so. It is all very well to want things to happen—they might not be pleasant things."

"How prudent men are," sighed Tuppence. "Don't you ever have a wild, secret yearning for romance — adventure—life?"

"What have you been reading, Tuppence?" asked Tommy.

"Think how exciting it would be," went on Tuppence, "if we heard a wild rapping at the door and went to open it and in staggered a dead man."

"If he was dead he couldn't stagger," said Tommy critically.

"You know what I mean," said Tuppence. "They always stagger in just before they die, and fall at your feet, just gasping out a few enigmatic words. 'The Spotted Leopard,' or something like that."

AT that minute the door opened, and a tall lad of fifteen who seemed undecided as to whether he was a butler or a page-boy inquired in a truly magnificent manner:

"Are you at home, madam? The front door bell has just rung."

"I wish Albert wouldn't go to the pictures," sighed Tuppence, after she had signified her assent, and Albert had withdrawn. "He's copying a Long Island butler now. Thank goodness I've cured him of asking for people's cards and bringing them to me on a salver."

The door opened again, and Albert announced: "Mr. Carter," much as though it were a Royal title.

"The Chief," muttered Tommy, in great surprise.

Tuppence jumped up with a glad exclamation, and greeted a tall grey-haired man with piercing eyes and a tired smile.

"Mr. Carter, I am glad to see you."

"That's good, Mrs. Tommy. Now answer me a question. How's life generally?"

"Satisfactory, but dull," replied Tuppence with a twinkle.

"Better and better," said Mr. Carter. "I'm evidently going to find you in the right mood."

"This," said Tuppence, "sounds exciting."

Albert, still copying the Long Island butler, brought in tea. When this operation was completed without mishap and the door had closed behind him Tuppence burst out once more.

"You did mean something, didn't you, Mr. Carter? Are you going to send us on a mission into darkest Russia?"

"Not exactly that," said Mr. Carter.

"But there is something. I don't think you are the kind who shrinks from risks, are you, Mrs. Tommy?"

Tuppence's eyes sparkled with excitement.

"There is certain work to be done for the Department — and I fancied—I just fancied — that it might suit you two."

"Go on," said Tuppence.

"I see that you take the 'Daily Leader,'" continued Mr. Carter, picking up that journal from the table.

He turned to the advertisement column, and indicating a certain advertisement with his finger pushed the paper across to Tommy.

"Read that out," he said.

TOMMY complied.

"The International Detective Agency, Theodore Blunt, Manager. Private Inquiries. Large staff of confidential and highly skilled Inquiry Agents. Utmost discretion. Consultations free. 118 Haleham St., W.C."

He looked inquiringly at Mr. Carter. The latter nodded.

"That detective agency has been on its last legs for some time," he murmured. "Friend of mine acquired it for a mere song. We're thinking of getting it going again—say, for a six months' trial. And during that time, of course, it will have to have a manager."

"What about Mr. Theodore Blunt?" asked Tommy.

"Mr. Blunt has been rather indiscreet, I'm afraid. In fact, Scotland Yard have had to interfere. Mr. Blunt is being detained at His Majesty's expense, and he won't tell us half of what we'd like to know."

"I see, sir," said Tommy. "At least, I think I see."

"I suggest that you have six months' leave from the office. Ill health. And, of course, if you like to run a Detective Agency under the name of Theodore Blunt, it's nothing to do with me."

Tommy eyed his Chief steadily.

"Any instructions, sir?"

"Mr. Blunt did some foreign business, I believe. Look out for blue letters with a Russian stamp on them. From a ham merchant anxious to find his wife who came as a refugee to this country some years ago. Moisten the stamp and you'll find the number 16 written underneath. Make a copy of these letters and send the originals on to me. Also if anyone comes to the office and makes a reference to the number 16, inform me immediately."

"I understand, sir," said Tommy. "And apart from these instructions?"

Mr. Carter picked up his gloves from the table and prepared to depart.

"You can run the Agency as you please. I fancied—" his eyes twinkled a little—"that it might amuse Mrs. Tommy to try her hand at a little detective work."

MR. and Mrs. Beresford took possession of the offices of the International Detective Agency a few days later. They were on the second floor of a somewhat dilapidated building in Bloomsbury. In the small outer office, Albert relinquished the role of a Long Island butler, and took up that of office boy, a part which he played to perfection. A paper bag of sweets, inky hands, and a tousled head was his conception of the character.

From the outer office, two doors led into inner offices. On one door was painted the legend "Clerks." On the other "Private."

Nothing was wanting, in fact, save clients.

Tuppence, in the first ecstasies of initiation, had a few bright hopes.

"It will be too marvellous," she declared. "We will hunt down murderers, and discover the missing family jewels, and find people who've disappeared and detect embezzlers."

AT this point Tommy felt it his duty to strike a more discouraging note.

"Calm yourself, Tuppence, and try to forget the cheap fiction you are in the habit of reading. Our clientele, if we have any clientele at all, will consist solely of husbands who want their wives shadowed, and wives who want their husbands shadowed. Evidence for divorce is the sole prop of private inquiry agents."

"Ugh!" said Tuppence, wrinkling a fastidious nose. "We shan't touch divorce cases. We must raise the tone of our new profession."

"Ye-es," said Tommy doubtfully.

And now a week after installation they compared notes rather ruefully.

"Three idiotic women whose husbands go away for week-ends," sighed Tommy. "Any one come whilst I was out at lunch?"

"A fat old man with a flighty wife," sighed Tuppence sadly. "I've read in the papers for years that the divorce evil was growing, but somehow I never seemed to realise it until this last week. I'm sick and tired of saying, 'We don't undertake divorce cases.'"

"We've put it in the advertisements now," Tommy reminded her. "So it won't be so bad."

"I'm sure we advertise in the most tempting way, too," said Tuppence in a melancholy voice. "All the same, I'm not going to be beaten. If necessary, I shall commit a crime myself, and you will detect it."

She paused, wrinkling her brows.

"Yes?" said Tommy inquiringly.

"I have got a sort of an idea," said Tuppence. "It hasn't quite come yet, but it's coming." She rose resolutely. "I think I shall go and buy that hat I told you about."

"Oh, Heavens," said Tommy, "another hat!"

"It's a very nice one," said Tuppence with dignity.

She went out with a resolute look on her face.

Once or twice in the following days Tommy inquired curiously about the idea. Tuppence merely shook her head and told him to give her time.

And then, one glorious morning, the first client arrived, and all else was forgotten.

There was a knock on the outer door of the office and Albert, who had just placed an acid drop between his lips, roared out an indistinct "come in." He then swallowed the acid drop whole in his surprise and delight. For this looked like the Real Thing.

A tall young man, exquisitely and beautifully dressed, stood hesitating in the doorway.

"A toff, if ever there was one," said Albert to himself. His judgment in such matters was good.

The young man was about twenty-four years of age, had beautifully-slicked back hair, a tendency to pink rims around the eyes, and practically no chin to speak of.

In an ecstasy, Albert pressed a button under his desk and almost immediately a perfect fusillade of typing broke out from the direction of "Clerks." Tuppence had rushed to the post of duty. The effect of this hum of industry was to overawe the young man still further.

"I say," he remarked. "Is this the whatnot — detective agency — Blunt's Brilliant Detectives? All that sort of stuff, you know? Eh?"

"Did you want, sir, to speak to Mr. Blunt himself?" inquired Albert, with an air of doubt as to whether such a thing could be managed.

"Well—yes, laddie, that was the jolly old idea. Can it be done?"

"You haven't an appointment, I suppose?"

The visitor became more and more apologetic.

"Afraid I haven't."

"It's always wise, sir, to ring up on the phone first. Mr. Blunt is so terribly busy. He's engaged on the telephone at the moment. Called into consultation by Scotland Yard."

The young man seemed suitably impressed.

ALBERT lowered his voice, and imparted information in a friendly fashion.

"Important theft of documents from a Government office. They want Mr. Blunt to take up the case."

"Oh! really. I say. He must be no end of a fellow."

"The Boss, sir," said Albert, "is It."

The young man sat down on a hard chair, completely unconscious of the fact that he was being subjected to keen scrutiny by two pairs of eyes looking through cunningly contrived peep-holes—those of Tuppence, in the intervals of frenzied typing, and those of Tommy awaiting the suitable moment.

Presently a bell rang with violence on Albert's desk.

"The Boss is free now. I will find out whether he can see you," said Albert, and disappeared through the door marked "Private."

He reappeared immediately.

"Will you come this way, sir?"

The visitor was ushered into the private office, and a pleasant faced young man with red hair and an air of brisk capability rose to greet him.

"Sit down. You wished to consult me? I am Mr. Blunt."

"Oh! Really. I say, you're awfully young, aren't you?"

"The day of the Old Men is over," said Tommy, waving his hand. "Who caused the war? The Old Men. Who is responsible for the present state of unemployment? The Old Men. Who is responsible for every single rotten thing that has happened? Again I say, the Old Men!"

"I expect you are right," said the client, "I know a fellow who is a poet—at least he says he is a poet—and he always talks like that."

"Let me tell you this, sir; not a person on my highly-trained staff is a day over twenty-five. That is the truth."

SINCE the highly-trained staff consisted of Tuppence and Albert, the statement was truth itself.

"And now—the facts," said Mr. Blunt.

"I want you to find someone that's missing," blurted out the young man.

"Quite so. Will you give me the details?"

"Well, you see, it's rather difficult, I mean, it's a frightfully delicate business and all that. She might be frightfully waxy about it. I mean—well, it's so dashed difficult to explain."

He looked helplessly at Tommy. Tommy felt annoyed. He had been on the point of going out to lunch, but he foresaw that getting the facts out of this client would be a long and tedious business.

"Did she disappear of her own free will, or do you suspect abduction?" he demanded crisply.

"I don't know," said the young man, "I don't know anything."

Tommy reached for a pad and pencil.

"First of all," he said, "will you give me your name? My office-boy is trained never to ask names. In that way consultations can remain completely confidential."

"Oh! rather," said the young man. "Jolly good idea. My name—er—my name's Smith."

"Oh! no," said Tommy. "The real one, please."

His visitor looked at him in awe.

"Er—St. Vincent," he said. "Lawrence St. Vincent."

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"A lady you take an interest in has disappeared," said Tuppence. "Oh, rather," said Mr. St. Vincent, "she's young and awfully good-looking."

Where Was The Red-Haired Girl

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The Fashion Parade by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

MODISH FROCKS *for the* SPRING RACES

SPRING race meetings will reveal a wide assortment of materials and types of costumes.

Strictly-tailored suits will rub shoulders with feminine dresses of soft sheers, and floral taffeta tunics will vie with trim pique jackets.

TINY hats, flower trimmed, with coarse-meshed veils, will be seen side by side with huge cartwheels of straw. Black dresses, spiked with color, will dead-heat at the winning-post with pastels and gaily-colored prints.

New summer sheers will come out if the weather is warm. They can be exquisitely tailored, pleated, or cut on circular lines. They are plain or printed, and although transparent are thicker than chiffon and much firmer. Dark sheers will be smart for first spring days—navy-blue is the leading color, then black, then brown. The more dressy type of costume will be a dress, cut with a flaring skirt, and a loose jacket with wide sleeves.

The slip beneath will probably be of taffeta with a pleated frill at the hem like a petticoat. These dark sheers are brightened by crisp white or colored accents—flowers tucked into belts, sashes, frothy collars and jabots, large pastel straw hats, colored gloves and bags.

Printed sheers come in florals or spots. Small flower designs in bright colors on dark or light grounds, or white on dark grounds. Spots are popular again, good combinations being white on grey, raspberry spots on navy, white on raspberry, and still navy and white.

Printed sheers make three types of ensemble—dress with flared or pleated skirt and loose, short or three-quarter jacket; tailored dress with straight skirt and perhaps a tailored jacket, and a dress that is worn under a full-length sheer wool coat.

A long wool coat with dress beneath is a very practical ensemble—you are then prepared for any weather. Have the coat straight and fitted and just meeting centre-front. Confine all importance to the sleeves, which will be wide at the shoulders and more often than not three-quarter length.

Try a colored coat instead of a dark one if you are young—pale blue woollen over a navy or black sheer dress; a yellow coat over black; raspberry over a navy and raspberry spot; green over green and white; tan over green or yellow.

It will be difficult not to choose a tailored suit—either of sheer wool in a color or a print. Heavy printed crepes are ideal fabrics. The skirt will be straight or pleated, the jacket fitted at the waist and with lapels. Dark backgrounds for dull days and light ones for sunny days. The pattern might be floral or one of the new scroll or figure designs. Blouses of chiffon, sheer linen or crepe in one of the colors in the print.

Choose navy-and-white, black-and-white, black-and-yellow, black-and-green, tan-and-white, mauve-and-purple, navy-and-pink. Wear either very large or very small hats with a veil.

Tunic dresses will be smart for race wear—the tunic of printed crepe or printed taffeta over a slim, dark skirt, or of pastel crepe over a dark skirt. Sleeves short or three-quarter and the neckline high, a belt at the tight waist, and the tunic flaring at the hem.

• *DRESS of black sheer, which would look equally well in crepe. The skirt, sleeves, and front of the bodice are knife-pleated. Bright yellow hat, gloves, and belt strike a smart note.*

• *A SLIM black wool skirt is topped by a tunic. The fabric is either taffeta or crepe and is pale blue printed with a large flower design in black. Black accessories.*

• *NEATLY - TAILORED suit in printed crepe. A black circle design on a white ground. The pleated blouse is of black chiffon, the other accessories—shoes, gloves, and hat—are also black. The neat little hat has a becoming sweep to the brim.*

• *NAVY-BLUE sheer ensemble. The double skirt is flared as is the loose jacket. Raspberry gloves and bunch of flowers at the waist, and a band of raspberry taffeta on the jacket. The frock is cut on simple lines, the bodice being quite plain and finished with a neat bow of the fabric at the neck.*

• *TAILORED dress of tan crepe, worn beneath loose jacket of tan and white print. Jacket can also be worn over white dress.*

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BLACK and WHITE . . .

New Charm in the Old Alliance

• *TWO DELIGHTFUL summer evening gowns are photographed above. That at the left is of black-and-white organdie in an open check and has a cape of the same fabric.*

• *NEXT TO THIS is a lovely Old-World gown of flowered chine taffeta. The skirt is cut on generous lines, and the early-Victorian decollete is finished with a full net ruche.*

FASHION photographs reproduced on this page were selected in London by Mary St. Claire, our Special Representative, and sent by Air Mail.

• *ABOVE, at the left, is photographed an exotic frock of tulle, with tunic of sequins. The tulle, which is a beautiful night-sky shade of purplish-blue, veils the shoulders in a huge ruffle and finishes in a froth of frills at the hem. The moulded tunic is of coat-of-mail sequins.*

• *LELONG designed the black sequin evening dress above. Its flat basque and a cloudy sash of violet-blue tulle emphasise the sweeping line of the back. The skirt is cut on pencil-slim bias lines.*

• *PHOTOGRAPHED at the left is a tunic-frock which provides a striking contrast in black and white. The slender tunic is of pebble crepe and the corsage bands of black velvet. The widened shoulder-line and pointed waist are of notable interest.*

THERE IS VERY GRAVE DANGER IN THE NEGLECT OF A COLD. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, there would be fewer cases of Pneumonia, Pleurisy, or other serious complications.

For that obstinate, irritating, tickling COUGH that pesters you and irritates everybody else; for the sort of COUGH that shakes you to pieces; for the COUGH that often follows the Flu; in fact, for ANY sort of COUGH there is nothing better, safer or quicker than **Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.**

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION always ask for and see that you get HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure, because Hearne's obtains its amazing results **without** the use of Narcotics and does not upset the stomach.

For all CHEST troubles take

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE . . .

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MARCH OF THE MODE by Rene

Don't You Adore These Dashing Accessories?

• TWO variations of a new idea for sports headdresses (in circle). The first a plait of red grosgrain which would match the red grosgrain belt on a tennis frock. The second is narrow bands of white pique cleverly plaited to make a band to keep the hair tidy. Worn with a pique frock.

• THE NEXT notion is a double belt with a bangle to match made of red-and-blue plaited leather with white bone buckles. For sports wear this is most effective worn with a red-white-and-blue plaid bolero, topping a white pique dress. Colors can be varied to tone or contrast with day frock.

• A SHINY navy leather belt which is just like a cord, fastening with a tied bow. This to wear on a white frock. The white gaberdine pumps have square heels, the two outside surfaces of which are navy calf. The square-heeled shoes of fabric are all the rage abroad.

• NAVY suede gloves with a novelty looped edge to the cuff through which a wearer may slip a chiffon hankie, a ribbon, or something toning with her dress trimming to lend accent as a costume accessory. The suggestion sketched is of white pique, for use with navy.

• THE NEWEST novelties in blouse buttons come in sets. The first above are black and red leather, using the motifs of playing cards. The second are white china with nautical motifs painted in scarlet and navy.

• A SATIN cummerbund and long, wide, matching cravat worn as above suggested is a new and clever idea instead of a front or blouse to wear beneath your tailored suit. It is also dashing to wear with a long black velvet skirt for evening wear.

• THE NEWEST neckwear is black and shiny—carried out with cire or rayon satins which reflect the light in a flashing manner. The sleek suggestion above is bands of cire appliqued in stripes on black net, with the addition of two black satin flowers.

• ANOTHER neckline suggestion is grosgrain ribbon tied in a soft bow-knot through which is slipped a small boutonniere. The flowers should match those on the hat or waistline or pick out the colors in a print frock and fashion a matching posy

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His Father's Son

By William MacLeod RAINE

A Tender Story of Youth and Old Age

MISS SALLIE sat at the foot of the big oak and looked dry-eyed into a dreary future. All about her the maples were in gold and yellow and russet. Indian summer was in the air. Its mellow haze of loveliness brooded sadly over the earth, as if aware that this evanescent glow could not endure. Even her little friend the woodchuck seemed to move with a less carefree impulse than usual, sensing, it seemed, grey winter's approach.

The grove had played a great part in her life, and as she sat there now in a broken-hearted farewell to it her memory unrolled the films of her past, some of the scenes beautiful, others poignant, even the routine of the commonplace softened by the haze of time to a mellow blur. It was here that Philip Melrose had asked her to marry him more than forty years ago, and it was here—her eye could find the very spot, just above the old mill dam—they had quarrelled and he had walked out of her life forever. It was here, too, that she had first met his boy, the freckled, barefooted youngster whose roguish smile had tugged so instantly at her heart. He was lying flat on his back gazing into a mackerel sky as blue as his own eyes, but at the sound of her step he had leaped to his feet, ready to be off on the run before this slender stranger who had disturbed his day dreams. But he had stayed, and they had become great friends. She had discovered in him the reserves of fancy that nobody else had cared for enough to cultivate. There was some likeness to his dead father, something in the imperious way he flung back his head, in the fearless directness of his gaze, that had stung her memory again and again. Like a mother she had yearned over this lad, who, but for an unkind fate, might have been her own, and after a few summer months he, too, had been whisked out of her life.

On a time Sallie Munday had been the toast of the countryside. None had been more wooed than she. The girl had seemed to skip upon life's hilltops, a creature of fire and dew. Everything she did was done with a high spirit. Even after Phil Melrose had left her she had gone her lightfooted way with no abatement of gaiety. But she had never married. She would make no compromises with life for her happiness, would accept no declension to second bests. All or none, she had asked of life, and even in the answer her challenge received she had found compensations that would have been denied many. For she was a great lover, and upon children and the wild forest creatures she had poured her affection, lavished it with a passionate abandon in sharp contrast with the hard, gay mask she presented to adults.

ODD was the word her neighbors had fitted to her carelessness of other people's opinion, to the independence which had made her seek her own life rather than accept theirs. With some natural resentment they had come to think of her as a woman apart, one whom they did not find it possible to understand.

With a twisted little smile she recognised the irony of it. She, who had gone with such gay and unconventional vitality to the adventures of life, was to end her days in an old ladies' home, the entrance fee subscribed by the charity of neighbors. Surely, if they had ever wanted an adequate revenge for her aloofness they had it now.

She must trample on her pride. Hereafter her movements were to be regulated by rule. She must get up when a bell rang, must have her room ready for inspection at a set time. Her dress must conform to the regulations. Without permission obtained in writing she could not even visit her beloved grove. She was to be imprisoned, and this was her last night of freedom.

A slight sound stirred her from her sombre reveries. A man was entering the copse just below the dam. Quickly she arose, for she could not bear just now to speak with anybody. Dusk was falling already. She could slip away.

But even in the shadows his outline carried her in a flash across the years. She choked down a little sob as she hurried away.

"Don't be a goose, Sallie Munday. I guess your eyes are failing when every man you see looks like Phil come back to life again," she told herself.

She found her way home in the twilight to the little house which year by year had been growing shabbier without and within. Only the garden still held its own. The hollyhocks and dahlias and asters were as rich and brilliant as they had ever been. She had rejoiced in them because they typified that something indomitable in her which refused to know defeat. But she could rejoice no longer. She was an old woman, and these people who called themselves her friends had emphasised her position with their hateful charity, all the more bitter because it was so desperately needed.

After all, she could have got along with so little, just enough to keep alive the body where her spirit dwelt. For there were still moments when her imagination made the world luminous with poetry. A bar of wintry sunshine, the call of a bird to its mate, the wonderful noiseless stir of life in the spring woods: any of these might be precious to her beyond words. She had, too, her books, the dear companions of many a cosy evening by the fire, as to the covers well-worn and shabby like herself, but with no poverty of the soul within. She was rich enough to be content, though so poor in this world's goods that the last shilling of her savings was gone.

Since it was her last night of freedom she set her table with the older clover-leaf pattern tablecloth and with the old family china and worn silver teaspoons. She was going to give them away to-morrow. She could not take them to a poorhouse with her. Old Governor Munday would turn in his grave at such a desecration.

TO-MORROW the world ended for her, but to-night was still hers. With that touch of imagination that had always made her "queer" she set her table for two. It was the anniversary of the day and hour upon which Philip had asked her to marry him. All day he had been very near to her, and to-night she felt his presence closer than breathing. His love enwrapped her, stayed her courage, lifted her for an hour out of the sordid future. She heard his voice whisper hope, had but to close her eyes to feel his strong arm about her. Any moment the door might open and frame him, hands outstretched, face all tender with the gay smile she had loved. She let herself drift on the sweet madness of her delusion. Later she must pay for her folly, but this hour should belong to her dear dead.

Her spirits rose to the occasion. They reached across the years and refused to remember that the Happy Isles had been denied her. Her lover sat beside her, and she was the one woman to be desired. The joy note throbbed in her voice as she chatted at the tea-table, prattled the inconsequential nonsense only one sure of her audience would have dared.

She poured his tea for him, pretended to refuse him the two lumps of sugar he always wanted, and dramatised his protest with a lover's fond fancy. In the midst of her make-believe a knock sounded on the door.

She brought herself back from the Happy Isles and opened, the mask already on her face. A broad-shouldered, tanned stranger stood in the shadows of the threshold. She could not see his face, but she fell to trembling even before he stepped into the lamp-light.

He stretched out his hands to her, and his face was all tender with that never-to-be-forgotten smile.

"Phil!"

Somehow she found herself buried in his arms, her heart going homing like a bird to its nest.

"I thought at first you were your father," she presently confessed tremulously. "I had been thinking about him and then you came. I am very glad to see you."

"Well, I'm glad you're glad. I was sure you hadn't forgotten me any more than I had you. I came straight to the house and when I didn't find you here went down to the grove."

"Then it was you I saw."

"Probably. I didn't see you, but I found the bank of moss where I used to lie and dream and listen to you tell me stories. I always knew I was coming back some time to it and you."

Tears were in the back of her eyes and a lump in her throat—born of a happiness too great for self control. To-morrow and its tragedy seemed far away just now.

"You look very like your father," she murmured, for she could not yet speak her joy in his remembrance of the past that had been so dear to her. "Your eyes are his, and your smile, and the big way you carry yourself."

"I do fill up a room," he laughed. "I don't have to stand on tiptoe and swell out my chest to look big now."

THEY found themselves at the tea-table presently, he in the seat she had placed for the ghost of his father summoned to her farewell meal. He gave no sign of surprise that there was a place ready for him, and when she asked him how many lumps of sugar he delighted her by saying, "Two." Nor did he betray his knowledge of her story and the plans for her future, which he had picked up on the train before he reached the town.

It appeared that he was a widower with three children. He owned a ranch in Wyoming, "as big as all outdoors," he explained with his easy laugh. He had come east on business, to get his boys a granny.

"A granny," she repeated in surprise.

"Yes, ma'am, that's what I said. Those boys ain't got the sign of a grandmother. Nobody to look after them but a housekeeper. You know what that is. They're just suffering for a granny, my motherless kiddies are. Do you reckon I could persuade you to go out there and tackle the job, Aunt Sallie?"

"Phil!" she gasped.

"Oh, I expected you'd hate to leave here, and bringing up boys is a right steady job——"

"It isn't that. I'd just love to do it out——"

Her voice gave way completely. She looked at him with a swelling throat, pushed back her chair, and disappeared with a sob into her little bedroom.

He waited for her return, and when she came he saw it was from tears.

"Do you really want me, Phil?" she demanded breathlessly.

He took her lined little hand in his big brown one and looked into her eyes with his big caressing ones. "Of course I want you. Why do you suppose I ask you, Aunt Sallie?"

"It isn't just because—because——"

"Yes, it is. It's because we need you."

But she had to tell him, and she did, the plans that had been made for her future. She trembled while she told him, even though she looked bravely at him.

He was wise enough not to notice how much the telling hurt her pride. "Sho! That hasn't got a thing to do with my asking you," he lied magnificently. "We want you—all us kids, the whole four of us."

Tears sprang to her eyes again. To have Phil and three children to love—it would make life heavenly.

"It is so beautiful, dear, for you to think of me, after all these years. You don't know—I couldn't tell you——"

"Then you'll come," he cried, with such a note of heartiness and gladness in his voice that joy flooded her.

"Come! I'd walk every dusty mile of the way," she cried with a leaping voice.

He threw back his head and looked straight at her with his father's warm smile.

"We'll start to-morrow," he shouted.

She was young and strong again, no longer the old woman that had crept into the house an hour earlier.

"How like your father you are, Phil," she laughed happily.

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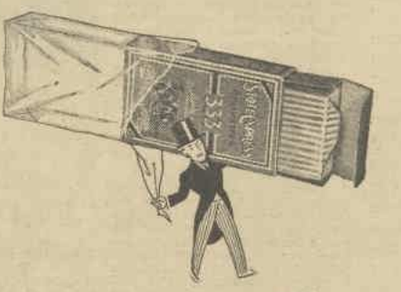

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An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 19, 1936.

WOMEN AND SELF-RELIANCE

THE cabled report last week that a woman aviator had flown the Atlantic single-handed has a particular significance in view of the popular prejudice which denies women the quality of self-reliance.

Though the feat, as regards commercial aviation, was merely a spectacular "stunt," it is, in one particular, unique. Women aviators had already crossed the Atlantic, but all such previous flights were made with a male pilot or mechanic.

A single-handed Atlantic flight, however, calls for something more than mere bravado and stolid endurance.

This is emphatically the case when, as in the present instance, the pilot is forced (owing to cloud and fog) to "fly blind."

Flying under these conditions is a nerve-racking ordeal; it calls for constant vigilance, ability to act in a sudden emergency, steady nerves, keen judgment and precision—in a word, the comprehensive quality known as "self-reliance."

Yet it is just this quality which a conservative prejudice insists that women lack. It is asserted that women can act courageously enough in facing known dangers, but that in any unforeseen emergency they are liable to develop panic and "crack up."

One can trace this persistent belief in the lingering prejudice against women doctors, women barristers, women surgeons, women air-pilots, women car-drivers—all those avocations where sudden danger or responsibility may necessitate level-headedness, quick decision, and the absence of panic.

And this prejudice dies hard—which is why this spectacular feat of a woman aviator may be acclaimed as one more blow at a fallacy which has hampered women's progress in the everyday avocations and responsibilities of life.

—THE EDITOR.

Lyric of Life

WE MET AGAIN

When yesterday we met again
After the separate years we've known,
It seemed to me a little sad
How strange and far apart we've grown.

I saw a tired, ageing man,
Whose life I neither shared, nor knew,
And in your eyes I knew I seemed
As tired and as old as you.

When yesterday we met again,
We pondered on "the might have been."
Of what our lives would be to-day
If all these years were not between.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN.

The Modern Way

ONCE upon a time a woman stayed at home and prayed for her husband's safety on a hazardous adventure. To-day, if she isn't flying the Atlantic herself or doing something equally daring, she is at least a partner in her husband's adventure.

Mr. Campbell Black, who, with C. W. A. Scott, won the Melbourne Centenary air race, will be a competitor in the air race from England to Johannesburg.

His wife, Florence Desmond, popular London actress, has accepted an engagement at a Jo'burg theatre. "I'd like to be there to lead the winner in," she said.

Wise planning and the modern touch again.

Sleep!

"BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT" RIPLEY, the American cartoonist who is touring India in search of material, has offered to send the millionaire insomnia-victim, Raj Bahadur Bajoria, to sleep in forty minutes.

Believe it or not, that wouldn't be a record.

Wives' Spending Money

WHEN a deputation waited on N.S.W. Minister for Justice Mr. Martin the other day, representations were made to him urging legislation whereby a wife could obtain an order from a magistrate compelling her husband to give her spending-money.

Hands up all those wives who have lost so much of the blandishments of Eve to have to appeal to a magistrate for speding-money from their husbands! Step forward the man strong-minded enough to withhold it.

Surely the women are mistaken. Why hand over an immemorial personal privilege to a fussy old magistrate. He might be married, anyway.

Spare the Rod!

IS a child caned a child spoilt?

Despite the old aphorism about sparing the rod and spoiling the child, educationists are ready to prove that a birch rod never yet won a bursary, and that better results have been achieved with all types of children since the abolition of corporal punishment.

Figures show that non-caning schools have a better record of passes, and that corporal punishment sets up an antagonism between pupil and teacher which is never quite broken down. It eliminates, too, the hero-worship which grows up around the bad boy of the class who is forever on the carpet.

Women and Peace

AT the International Peace Congress at Brussels Australian women delegates are well to the fore. They haven't travelled 12,000 miles to pass a few pious and futile resolutions, but have concrete plans for a more peaceful world.

With the official sanction of the Federal Government they are seeking a peace ballot conducted throughout the civilised countries of the world.

What a common-sense move this is to ascertain just where we are! Properly organised in all countries, it would show us the true attitude towards disarmament and world harmony. If the people plumped for war, then we could go on piling up armaments. But if they decided on peace we could revive the League of Nations.

The Australian women have a better idea than that, however. If the ballot is favorable they have plans for a people's League of Nations to see that war is outlawed by the people themselves.

Chance For Australians

MR. RICHARD CROOKS, the famous American tenor, says that too many records are broadcast in Australia. He suggests that they be banned so far as "A" class stations are concerned.

It seems a good idea. The Australian Broadcasting Commission has sufficient revenue to pay for personal appearances of Australian performers. It has adopted the idea of bringing out famous overseas artists, so it might go a step further and provide greater opportunities for Australian talent.

Except in rare cases, the Commission could well dispense with recorded sessions, without any loss of entertainment value in our radio programmes.

PRINCESS OF FRECKLES. Betty Ann Wilson, aged 11, won the freckles contest at Texas Centennial Exposition with 7641 freckles, a total arrived at after a double check. There was a record turn-out of freckled youngsters, but Betty Ann had a runaway victory.

"Newly Born"

HOW these lawyers love to quibble!

It appears that, owing to lack of a legal term, you can be "born," but not "newly-born." The words apparently have no legal definition, and a clause in an Act of Parliament will be necessary to define it.

Provisionally, it seems that a human creature—whom we mustn't yet call an infant—is newly-born if it is under a month old.

There's an even sadder aspect to this legal decision: The poet who hails the day as "newly-born" surely can't be suggesting that it is a month old.

Free Calls

PEOPLE have been lamenting the fact that no new ideas are coming out of England these days. They are due for a surprise.

Over there a Government department has decided to give something away. More remarkable still, it's the Postmaster-General's Department.

After October 1, subscribers of the London telephone exchanges will receive 200 local calls a year free. Another idea is a 1/- flat rate for trunk line calls.

But isn't the British P.M.G., Major Tryon, setting an ugly precedent? Supposing our own telephone department gets to hear of it. Or worse still, our Taxation Department might declare an open season or two. The whole idea bristles with possibilities.

Are Women Braver Than Men?

By A MERE MALE

Subject of perpetual argument, the question of the relative bravery (and ability to stand pain) of men and women is again raised, this time by an American Doctor of Dentistry who awards the palm for "dentist's chair" bravery to women.

DR. WALTER BRIGGS is reported as saying, "Men squirm in the chair. Some husky brute will pay a visit, and before we've got an instrument in his mouth, big drops of perspiration will roll down his face. But a little woman, the clinging vine type, will sit in the chair and take any kind of pain without a whimper."

Women will no doubt chorus, "We all know it! Men just can't stand pain!" and they will back up their contention with household yarns of how little Johnny yelled when the splinter was taken from his finger, or the roars and bad language of Dad when he hammered his thumb by mistake.

Well, that's the case for Eve. What of Adam? What has his advocate to say on behalf of the "husky brute" thus branded a poltroon by a miserable, white-coated renegade of his own sex?

"M'lud!" begins the Mere Male's advocate, glibly. "I submit that the feminine contentions are based on a fallacy. Women are less sensitive than men. Their nerves register less, their feelings are duller. Naturally they stand pain better—they don't experience it so intensely!"

Faulty Argument

THIRTY years ago he could have got away with this argument. To-day it is known to be faulty, and the opposition quickly tells him so. Laboratory experiments carried out upon men and women by physiologists have repeatedly shown that in regard to sensitivity to pain the sexes are about equal—a minute fraction occasionally being in favor of men.

So Adam's advocate plays his trump card. "Come now," he says persuasively. "It's not so much pain itself that dentist was talking of, but the **thought** of pain. A man anticipates pain more keenly than a woman, and consequently is in a bad way when he comes to stand it. This is because he has a livelier imagination, compared to that matter-of-fact creature—woman!"

Under a shower of angry feminine protests and jeers Adam's advocate then beats a hasty retreat, knowing woman will always have the last word; but, freeing his argument of sex-prejudice (on both sides), open-minded persons will realise that it contains a percentage of truth.

The real ordeal of a tooth-extraction is not the operation in the chair, but the few hours preceding it (including that miserable ten minutes in the waiting-room). In imagination a man anticipates the actuality. He feels his imaginary teeth painfully wrenched and hauled about again and again, and reaches the chair finally like a "bit of limp blotting-paper."

"Polite" in Pain

THIS anticipatory dread is, of course, not man's monopoly. Women have as lively imaginations as men. But by nature they have the power of steeling themselves against prolonged ordeals. Men have not. In mental emotions men are sprinters, and women stayers.

Men can stand pain well so long as there is no wait for it, and so long as action accompanies it. Even a good honest oath is a form of explosive action, and men turn naturally to this form of relief. Dr. Briggs complains, "The language men use in the chair is not exactly acceptable in polite society!"—but what man wants to be "polite" when in pain?

But women have far more patience under pain. They seem able to endure it passively, without the need of any mental explosion whatever. Not that they actually stand it better. Ask any dentist which sex is more liable to faint after the ordeal is over.

Summed up (at least from the male point of view), that dentist seems to have got rather mixed in his definition of "bravery." Men and women are both brave. Their bravery is, however, of different types when it comes to facing a crisis. And, after all, are any of us—men and women—so actually brave (whatever "face" our self-control puts on it) as the forceps gets its first grip, or the drill its first buzz, in that chair?

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IT'S A STICKY *Job* *Being* A POSTMASTER

No Red-Letter Days and the Onerousability is Terrible

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated BY WEP

Postman Lower is a firm believer in a postman's holiday. When not delivering letters he likes to read them just to keep touch with happenings on his round.

I have resigned my position as postmaster in our town. The job got too onerous. I have been wanting to drag in that word for weeks—there she is! The onerousability (patented) of my duties became more marked as the time went on.

For a start, people would insist on coming in to buy stamps. The young assistant at the stamp counter had a nasty habit of wetting his fingers before he turned any leaves or tore off any stamps. The result was that I spent a good deal of my valuable time peeling stamps off him.

THEN the customers complained that when they tried to stick stamps on their letters they fell off. They would return the stamps and demand their money back, saying that they would take their custom to some other post office.

The result was that I had a large number of gumless stamps in the office, and I tried to get rid of them by offering personally to stamp customers' letters. This I did by placing the letter on the counter, laying the stamp on top and driving a small nail through the centre of the stamp, thus affixing it to the letter.

The trouble was that it also fixed it to the counter, and the difficulties of getting the counter away from the letter led to a number of complaints by persons who objected to writing their letters all over again, or having the original one sent in two or three pieces.

Then there was the boy who delivered the telegrams. Always falling off his bike and getting delayed, waylaid, mislaid.

Sound Telegraphy

PEOPLE who got their Christmas greetings by telegram in September at first remarked on the remarkable speed and efficiency of our service. This was before they found out that they should have got them in December of the previous year.

At the end of one very cold day, the telegraphist, whose job it was to take messages from his little, clattering machine, resigned.

It seems that the typists' teeth were chattering and he'd been taking the noise down as telegrams all day, and he objected to the extra work.

Shortly after that I had to dismiss the letter-carrier. There's no doubt about his being a good letter-carrier. Some letters he carried for weeks before he remembered to deliver them. Not that I minded that. I've often done it myself.

What I objected to was that he'd organised his round too thoroughly. He would deliver letters in one street one day and in another street the next day. It was about three months before he got around to the first street again.

One-man Job

THE Department refused to provide me with any fresh staff, so that meant that I had to do the whole job myself. With characteristic energy I successfully carried on until the day when I lost the keys of the letter-boxes.

This complicated matters, but I even overcame that obstacle. I pasted over the slots of all the letter-boxes a notice, "Closed Owing to a Death in the Family. Please place all letters in kerosene-tin next to letter-box."

Unfortunately, I had not allowed for wet weather.

After a wet day, when all the tins were full of water and letters, I'd have to sit up all night putting them through the mangle and drying them in the oven.

With Fingers Crossed

DELIVERING them was fairly easy, because the addresses had been washed off all of them and it was just a matter of tossing them into any house that took my fancy.

It was shortly after a particularly long, wet spell that I resigned. There had been some rumor of a lynching after tarring and feathering, and people used to cross their fingers when passing the post office.

So I resigned, collected my superannuation, crated it up, and drove off in the dead of night.

I heard later that the post office was set alight and burned to the ground the next day. A pretty onerous thing to do, I should say.

How can You SLIM safely

THOUSANDS of women have come to realise the folly of attempting to reduce their weight excessively in a few days. Experience has taught them that such treatment needs to be so drastic that it ruins their looks and injures their health.

What you must do is to (1) stop fat forming, (2) gradually melt it away; and that is what Bile Beans do for you—safely and surely.

If you persevere with your nightly Bile Beans your health will improve along with your figure and, sooner than you would believe possible, you will have regained an attractive slim figure.

"In my stage work it is very necessary for me to keep an attractive, youthful figure. I find that Bile Beans are just the thing for keeping me slim and maintaining my health and fitness."—Miss P. F.

* * *

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THIS extract was taken from a letter written recently by Mrs. McKewan, director of Barbara Pty. Ltd., and one of Melbourne's most exclusive suit and gown designers. Nothing but the strongest pure silk thread is good enough for experts like Mrs. McKewan. That is why her choice is Gutermann's. But—read her letter from beginning to end. Then, make up your mind to do **all** your Spring and Summer Sewing with Gutermann's Sewing Silks, too!

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NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

"Farewell Romance" Takes Long Time to Say Good-bye

Wordiness Mars Good Story

Why do so many competent writers, knowing they are competent, and popular with readers, permit themselves the slovenliness of writing on and on just because they have decided on a 600-page novel?

GILBERT FRANKAU, in "Farewell Romance," has fallen into this error, and surely a writer of his calibre and importance should know better.

The book is like the curate's egg, excellent in spots, but the spots would have occurred much more frequently had the story been curtailed by 200 pages at least.

In Frankau's book the wordiness is merely padding, a discursive pottering around which achieves nothing beyond marring the continuity of plot and situation.

Despite the self-imposed handicap of an over-abundance of words, the story is a good one, and the final pages show the craftsman at his best.

The climax is tremendous—too good to be given away, and the closing chapters are by far the best of the novel.

The story concerns David and his wife, crippled in the first year of their marriage, and the unhappy sequence of events which follows.

The Triangle

JUDITH, a beautiful woman, supplies the third of the triangle when David falls in love with her. Malcolm, a friend of David, who has always been in love with Miriam, his friend's wife, further complicates matters. Out of this tangle is evolved a very human story, with a logical ending.

It would have been a better one had not all the characters an irritating facility for breaking out into long-winded harangues and soliloquies.

Despite these faults, it's well worth reading, with here and there some brilliant writing and keen character analysis.

"Farewell Romance." Gilbert Frankau. Hutchinson, 7/6. (Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Ltd.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"THERE'S A PORPOISE CLOSE BEHIND US." Noel Langley. When halfway through the story the author decides that he isn't so sophisticated as he makes out, the yarn improves immensely. It is well written, with a dashing style about it which carries the reader along. His young lovers are a nice couple despite the author's hint now and then that they are not.

West End decadence gets a lot of undeserved publicity in the story, but the satire is swift and true. The story recounts the difficulties of a young actor in having his play produced and the shocking people he has to deal with in order to get the money to back the play. The yarn is written with gusto and unusual warmth, the work of a young man annoyed with the world. (Arthur Barker. 7/6.)

☆ ☆ ☆

"PIN MONEY." Ella Macintyre. A pleasantly-written story of Australian children which will be enjoyed by grown-ups as well. The author has the happy knack of making her characters real children and not an adult's general idea of them. The yarn is simply told with a nice flavor of Australian country life about it which is attractive and authentic. The book is cleverly illustrated by J. Warren Smith. (Shakespeare Head Press. 3/6.)

☆ ☆ ☆

"AMATEUR CROOK." Hugh Clevely. When Jane Gilman rejected Rex Trent's love on the ground that he was leading a useless life, the young wealthy society man decided to "go out and do something." Scotland Yard enlisted his services to impersonate John Brownlie, a notorious safe breaker, with the object of breaking up the gang headed by a mysterious personage known as "The Angel." Rex's adventures in the company of the crooks were many and thrilling, but he achieved his object in wiping out the gang and recovering £150,000 worth of diamonds that had been handed over by Jane's father as the price of ransom for her kidnapping. Interwoven in the story is an attachment formed for Rex by a gangster girl, Valerie Lane, and the white-hot jealousy of Jane and Valerie over the amateur crook. (Hutchinson and Co. 7/6.)

☆ ☆ ☆

"THE SILVER KEY." Emma Bonn. The title of this story refers to memory, which opens the door of half-forgotten childhood. It is a painstaking study, but a lot of the matter is a discursive and unnecessary overburdening of the tale.

Bettina and Martin are children in the home of a widowed German banker, and we follow their lives in New York and later at Frankfurt. There is insight and sympathy in the book, but somehow the children seem a little wooden and self-conscious in all they say and do. The humor, too, is the sort of stuff grown-ups think amuses children, but which really bores them and causes them many a secret chuckle. (Heinemann. 7/6.)

BOOKWORM'S CHOICE

"HALF-WAY HOUSE." Ellery Queen. A really first-class thriller which is a fine romantic story as well. Action is brisk and the various false trails laid by the author are so well contrived that they serve as an incentive to spur you on to the final dramatic clue which solves the mystery and brings along the happy ending. As a dual purpose book, thriller and love-story, it can be highly recommended. Characters are feasible, and the story has vigor and raciness from cover to cover. (Cassell. 7/6.)

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CAMERA STUDY KATHLEEN COURT

Secrets of CHARM and YOUTH

A very famous writer once said that if you had charm it didn't matter what else you lacked; and if you hadn't got charm, nothing else you had was of any consequence! Charm is that combination of qualities that makes us certain to please. Without beauty, or the semblance of it, it is difficult for a woman to be charming. Or, rather, it is easier to be charming if one's appearance does not make one feel self-conscious and troubled. Poise comes from the knowledge that one is looking one's best; with that poise comes a natural outward expression of one's inner feeling that all is well. The process gathers force with its own success; greater beauty develops; a tranquillity that causes people to exclaim—"*What a charming woman!*" At all smart chemists and stores you will find a comprehensive range of the Kathleen Court beauty preparations for practically every possible need. Select the preparations called for by your own needs. The cost is very small. If you will allow me to make a suggestion, the following special treatment is the best possible for anyone who wishes to be absolutely assured of the basis of Charm. . . .

My Intensive Treatment Method

At night, before going to bed, cleanse the pores to their very depths with 'Facial Youth' Cleansing Cream. If the face, neck and throat tissues are beginning, or have begun, to "sag" or droop, follow by the use of my Night Cream, leaving this on during sleep. In the morning, wash the face with 'Paris' Facial Soap and slightly warmed water, dry gently, then pat the face, throat and neck with my Astringent Skin Tonic. Pat dry, and then apply a little Facial Youth' Cream or Lotion. Finish with 'Facial Youth' or 'Velvet-Skin' Face Powder and, for a flattering touch of colour, one of my glamorous, yet refined, rouges—the one that suits your personality best . . . incidentally, lips touched subtly by my lipsticks are touched with unusual loveliness.

P.S.—To bring out the hidden lights and tones of your hair — use my "Henna-Sham Shampoo."

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

"Were you annoyed when he called you a peach?"
"I'm not that thin-skinned."

CAPTAIN: Yes, this boat does ten knots an hour.
SWEET YOUNG THING: Goodness! What a tangle it must be in at the end of the week.

FIRST MOTORIST: My car has been in dock for a few days.
SECOND DITTO: I thought there was something wrong when I didn't hear your name called out this morning.

HOSTESS: Do you like the "Rhapsody in Blue"?
GUEST: Yes, but I like the dream in red better.

PIMPLES, FRECKLES

WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY REMOVED BY NEW HOME METHOD.

For years I was worried to death with unsightly Freckles and abominable Pimples and Blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances, because both sexes would shun my company.

Whenever I went out I was actually dressed better and looked smarter than most other girls; nevertheless, I always felt miserable. Every cream and powder and lotion that I saw advertised I would try in the hope of removing these disfiguring blemishes, but one and all proved failures.

My father felt so sorry for me that he took me to France and Germany. During this trip, which occupied six weeks, I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change, and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had about abandoned all hope of ever being able to hold my own in company. You can, therefore, realise my joy on returning to London to have my old friends send me in the street and exclaim, "How well you look. I would never have known you!"

Since my trip I have never been troubled with my old complaints, because I learned just how to care for my skin.

Realising that there must be thousands of women, both young and old, who are to-day suffering as I did, you will not be surprised to learn that I am anxious to place my secret before them. If you will, therefore, simply send your name and address, with 3d. in stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send you free, in a plain sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all trace of Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, and any other blemishes, by the wonderful method that became my troubles.

Remember, it is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, mask, vapor sprays, massage rollers, or other implements. No diet—no fasting—nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth young skin, as do the thousands who have used my method. Write NOW, TO-DAY, while you think of it, to MISS ALMA P. CHALMERS, 44 Pitt Street, Sydney.

FREE COUPON
Cut out this Coupon if interested and post with 3d. stamp and name and address to: MISS ALMA P. CHALMERS, 44 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

BILL can't be as henpecked as you make out. I heard him remonstrating with his wife last night."

"Oh, yes, he is. What you heard last night was Bill complaining that she had dropped cigarette ash on the floor he had just washed."

EXPLORER (seeing igloos for the first time): Gosh! What a place to keep bee-hives.

BROWN: I've been barred from entering the walking race this year.

Smith (with surprise): Why?

Brown: Because they're found out I've won it three years running.

MODERN MOTHER: Doctor, I think my baby needs glasses to protect his eyes.

Doctor: Nonsense; his eyes are quite all right.

Modern Mother: But, doctor, my cigarette ash keeps dropping in them.

"THERE'S only one thing that will cure malaria—that's whisky and quinine."

"Where can you get it?"

"What, the whisky and quinine?"

"No; the malaria."

NURSE: Dave's a hundred and three. That's a dangerous temperature!

Dad: Too right. It killed a lot of chickens in one of my incubators.

"THOUGHT you were going to marry Miss Sophtleigh?" said Smith to Smutkins.

"Going to pop the question to-night. My chances are about even."

"How so?"

"Well, she must say either yes or no!"

Painful BACKACHE —inflamed KIDNEYS

Relief comes quickly when you take

GIN PILLS

WHEN your back aches you know that something must be out of order to cause this ache. Nine times out of ten it is the Kidneys. They have become weak and inflamed, and are permitting impurities to accumulate in the blood streams.

This condition lowers the vitality, and if allowed to continue more serious results often follow.

A course of Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills is what is needed to make the Kidneys strong and healthy again. One of these renowned pills taken after every meal will quickly relieve you of Backache, then with healthy Kidneys keeping the blood streams pure, you will face each day with renewed health and vigour.

If you feel like the woman in this picture take Gin Pills at once.

27 Pills 1/9
60 Pills 2/9

DR SHELDON'S GIN PILLS

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Last night's Bourn-vita is helping her now!

"Mother, you're a wonder! Bourn-vita has done you a world of good!"

She is as active as her daughter; middle age has not robbed her of her energy because she makes a habit of taking Bourn-vita regularly at bed-time. Hundreds of letters written to Cadburys reveal the wonderful help people are deriving from Bourn-vita. One lady writes:—

"Bourn-vita certainly put new life into me. I have a great deal of work during the day, but now a cup of Bourn-vita as a night-cap gives me sound sleep and puts new energy into me for a right long day's work, and I'm ready for play at the end of it. You may use this letter if you like, but please omit name and address."

It's the nourishment in Bourn-vita—principally malt, milk, eggs and chocolate—and its rich content of malt diastase which enables you to get better sleep, sound sleep and to wake up thoroughly refreshed and full of energy. Start taking Bourn-vita this very night and soon you, too, will be saying, "Last night's Bourn-vita is helping me now!"

A GENEROUS SAMPLE — FREE!

To enable you to prove for yourself how good Bourn-vita is, how delicious it tastes, we will send you a generous sample on receipt of name and full address and 3d. in stamps (to cover packing and postage). Mail your request to CADBURY'S, Dept. D, Claremont, Tasmania.

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OBTAINABLE AT CHEMISTS AND GROCERS
1/6 ¼lb.; 2/9 ½lb.; 4/9 1lb.
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

BOURN-VITA

THE FOOD-DRINK *for* DIGESTION, SLEEP AND ENERGY

SV.204

SEND *For* SUSAN

Continued from Page 6

HE lapsed into gloom again, and scowled moodily at the thatch above his head.

"Wangling you?" asked Susan.

"Into a state of matrimony—with me as the prisoner."

"Prisoner?"

"Wife—ball and chain——" he explained.

"I see," said Susan enlightened. "She wants to marry you? Well, you needn't if you don't want to."

"Don't see how I can help it. The Guv'nor's in it. Wangled, too. She's been getting at him—wangling."

"Father!" Susan was surprised. "Is that what you were arguing about with him yesterday, after lunch?"

"Huh! He said I'd got to make up my mind to do something. Said I'd been wasting enough time already. Never done a stroke of work. Needed a really nice woman as a wife. Someone to see I amounted to something. Someone like Molly Gresham-Tooke. It's frightful! And he hinted that the allowance wasn't doing me any good. In fact, I saw where he was leading. If I didn't marry her, he'd just cut the allowance. That's what it comes to."

It was quite a long speech for William, who was normally no less economical in words than in effort. Susan sat and hugged her knees for a while, and thought.

"I'd give fifty quid to see the last of her!" he said, with all the aimless conviction of despair.

SUSAN ran the pages of her notebook through thumb and slender forefinger.

"Fifty?" she repeated. "Fifty?"

Fifty pounds; that was a thousand shillings, a thousand weeks' income at the present rate of her pocket-money. A thousand weeks! Very nearly twenty years!

It staggered the imagination. . . .

Hurriedly, with a light in her eyes, she wrote a sentence on the last leaf of the notebook, and tore it out.

"I will pay £50 (Fifty pounds) to Susan Caister if she brings it about that I, the undersigned, see the last of Molly Gresham-Tooke.

"Signed................"

She stood up and handed this document to William.

"Sign this, Brother Bill," she said softly. "Sign along the dotted line."

"Eh? What——?" He read it; read it twice. "Idiot," he said. "I'm not in the mood for foolin'."

Susan smiled a little grimly, and her delicate, almost beautiful face showed for a moment an expression which would have startled the casual observer, had he been there to see it. It was the sort of expression that Sir Mountjoy Caister, who had ravaged the coasts of Spain in the seventeenth century and whose portrait hung in the picture gallery of Caister Hall, might have worn at the outset of some pillaging venture, some dark deed of violence.

"Sign," said his descendant, "along the dotted line. I'm not fooling."

"Oh, well," commented William. "There isn't the slightest chance of it."

And he tried to sign with the stub of pencil. Susan took it from him, licked the worn lead, and silently handed it back. He signed.

SIR ROBERT CAISTER had one of those pale, distinguished faces and high foreheads which are invariably expected of our leading statesmen. The thoughts which passed behind his level grey eyes were always and traditionally hidden from those who would probe the mystery of his mental processes, and he was accustomed to express his real feelings as seldom as possible. It was part and parcel of his personality that he should move in an aura of enigma, and there can be little doubt that this habit stood him in good stead in the multifarious activities in which he engaged himself, in those affairs of the nations in which he was a conspicuous and respected figure.

But, oddly enough, there was one person in his immediate environment to whom he was an open book. His most secret thoughts, his subtlest reactions, disguise them as he might, never escaped this individual's comprehension. It was not his wife, with whom he had dwelt in close intimacy for thirty years, it was not his private secretary, Hubert Humstead, who had served him faithfully and intelligently for two decades, and it was not his elder daughter Pamela, who, like her brother William, had never approached within a hundred miles of following his most obvious train of thought.

It was Susan, the youngest of his offspring, who enjoyed this unique insight; Susan, who had not so very long ago learnt her A B C, whose hair, but for the modern fashion of shingling, would still be down her back. Susan. And there was rarely a moment, if indeed ever, when she could not understand if she chose the trend and tendency of her father's thoughts.

Thus at tea that afternoon, when Sir Robert's clever grey eyes flickered ever so casually at the sight of Molly Gresham-Tooke as she crossed the lawn towards the tea-table under the ancient walnut tree, Susan had little doubt that William had been right when he claimed that his father approved of that young woman's decision to annex, for better or for worse, his only son. He had come to the conclusion, probably wisely enough, that Molly Gresham-Tooke would be the ideal wife for the boy.

Susan, however, was not dismayed. She docketed her father's position in the situation in its right pigeon-hole, and dismissed it. She refused, thus early in the problem, to be troubled by what she regarded as a comparatively unimportant detail. After all, the Bold Baronet had the British Empire to look after, and that kept him busy. Practically, at all events, he would not stick his oar into this affair if only for the reason that he had not the time.

Please turn to Page 18

THIS delightful evening gown, worn by Shirley Lloyd, is fashioned from brown and silver taffeta. The full skirt is cleverly fastened below the hipline with shirring which blends into a tiny ruffle. Links of silver form the shoulder straps and belt.

ALL Characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation

Actual Photo. Mrs. Marion Beltner, age 53. Darlinghurst Road. Taken Dec. 16, 1935.

Actual Photo. Mrs. Marion Beltner, taken Jan. 8, 1936, after 8 applications of New Plasmic.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

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YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG.
BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT.

THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or Large Tube sufficient for twelve treatments posted free to any address for 5/-.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN AFRIAT, Radio House, 296 Pitt Street, Sydney.

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Deadly Tetanus may result

The slightest cut or scratch affords an easy entry for germs—particularly the deadly Tetanus germ. Treat all skin breaks promptly with Iodex antiseptic iodine ointment. Iodex leaves no stain, is soothing, healing and deeply penetrating in its action.

Always keep a jar of Iodex on hand — its early application may save hours of pain and perhaps life.

FREE!

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EVERYBODY IS DOING "QUOTATIONS," ARE YOU?

£25 QUOTATIONS MUST BE WON

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL who like a good competition! Here is the ever-popular picture-puzzle in a fresh and fascinating form. Try this new puzzle this week—you may win £25 the very first time.

THIS IS THE PUZZLE: You simply have to complete six words only!..In the panel on the left you see six quotations from the works of six well-known authors—but in each case one word has been enlarged, and a picture or so inserted in place of letters. The missing letters are the INITIAL LETTERS of the little illustrations!..Thus, with "puzzle" word No. 1, you spell off:—

N—O—(T for Telephone), making Not,

which is, of course, the correct answer. In the same way, read each other quotation in turn, and spell off the "puzzle" word, adding in the FIRST LETTER ONLY of each picture you come to. Use your knowledge and judgment, and remember that the extracts are taken from the works of the six authors named below.

When you have read the six quotations, make a list of your six "puzzle" words in ink on one side of a sheet of paper, sign your name and residential address, and post your entry to:—

QUOTATIONS No. 4V, BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

This competition is conducted by C. J. BROWN & CO., 375 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY: All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, 25th SEPTEMBER. Results will be published on October 10.

THE PRIZE of £25 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution is correct or most nearly correct. In the case of ties the prize-money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. No competitor may win more than one share of the prize-money.

SEALED solution and £25 prize-money is deposited with "The Australian Women's Weekly." A postal note for 1/- must accompany each entry. Postage stamps (1/1) accepted if postal note unobtainable. Post Office addresses not accepted.

NOTE.—The quotations in this puzzle are taken from the works of the following authors: Conan Doyle, John Buchan, Sidney Horler, Olive Wadsley, Margaret Pedler, Warwick Deeping.

RESULTS OF QUOTATIONS No. 1.

The following persons' entries were correct, and the Prize-money (£25) will be divided equally between them.

TASMANIA.—N. Jillett, New Norfolk. J. J. Oantenein, Sandy Bay.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—M. Masterman, Kimba. C. Carter, Kangaroo Island. H. V. Flint, Kingston. S. E. Beaumont, Murray Bridge. A. Robertson, Halidon. J. C. Young, Adelaide.

VICTORIA.—E. A. Stewart, Mildura. A. H. Locke, Kyabram. J. E. Cook, Belgrave. W. J. White, E. Malvern. N. Cook, Tecoma. F. Grundy, Elsternwick. G. Clarke, Byaduk. A. Fage, Caulfield. D. Medwin, Kew. A. Williamson, Dunolly. F. W. Wallace, Violet Town. A. K. Douglas, Yarwood. G. Sherrin, Canterbury. W. McCready, Byaduk.

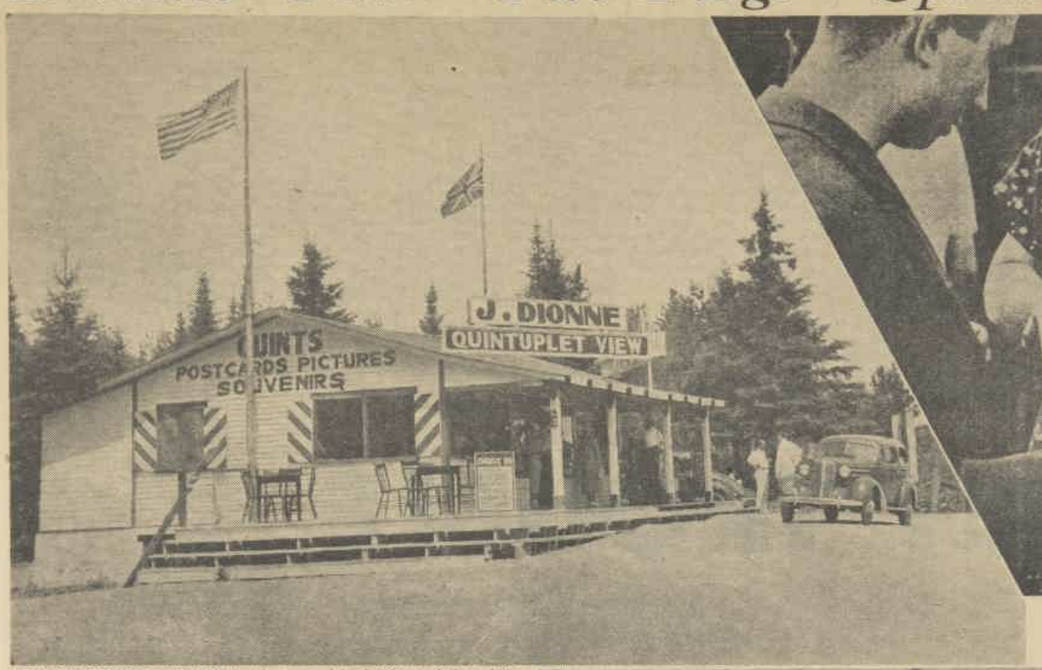
N. S. WALES.—O. Glen, Bellevue Hill. G. de Munchaux, Harbord. O. H. Clout, Braidwood. W. Mason, Grenfell. W. Williams, Holmesville. E. O'Sullivan, Auburn. G. Carver, Yenda. S. Brown, Wingham. J. A. Hayward, Castle Hill. P. Dawson, Newcastle. D. Bullock, Narromine. N. Bennett, Bargo. G. T. Caldwell, Molong. A. W. Ross, Randwick. I. Brodie, Coffs Harbour. A. Horne, Sinbenlake. N. K. Young, Darlinghurst. B. B. Crofts, Dunedoo. H. Pinkstone, Waratah. K. R. Davey, Chatswood. L. P. Carroll, Katoomba. J. Meads, Dungowan. Mrs. Dyer, North Bondi. B. Argust, Newcastle.

QUEENSLAND.—A. O'Bryen, Clayfield. D. Hamilton, Paddington. E. Green, Morningside. M. G. Maub, Brooweena. P. Rendalls, Yeronga. A. Smith, Thompson Estate. M. Twible, New Farm. A. Nicol, Charters Towers. G. M. Stiler, Maryborough. E. M. Anderson, Yandina. W. Shaw, Clayfield. L. H. Fookes, South Brisbane. F. Eberhardt, Thompson Estate. J. E. Pent, Mareeba. J. N. Harding, Mackay. G. T. Dawson, Warwick. W. Nicoll, Charters Towers. E. Kerr, Rockhampton. M. Weston, Chermside. A. McKerchan, Bell.

SOLUTION: Prospect, Taking, Lost, Sigh, There, Haze.

Prize-money will be posted on Friday, 2nd October.

Dionnes Under Two Flags : Spanish Conflict



THE REFRESHMENT STAND that is operated by J. Dionne, father of the famous quintuplets, near the nursery home of the babies, in Ontario. One of the signs announces, "'Official' Post Cards and Souvenirs." Overhead flutter the flags of the British Empire and the United States.

HOUSEWIVES' DUTIES in Spain vary between lining up in queues for food rations and active training for participation in the battles raging all over the country. This one in Madrid is being coached in rifle shooting by a volunteer.

PREMIERE OF THE MOVIE of Hervey Allen's famous novel, "Anthony Adverse," drew this milling crowd to a Californian Theatre, and police had to hold them back. Many people had lined up from early morning to be certain of a seat.

ON LEAVING THE PLAYHOUSE of the Dionne Quintuplets, after watching the children at play, visitors are encouraged to take a piece of stone from the vicinity. Legend has it that each piece of stone will bring the visitor a baby, and the larger ones a multiple birth. Constable Joseph Burke, who guards the grounds, is shown helping several visitors pick out some stones.

PARENTS AND BABIES involved in birth mix-up. Which of the two babies shown above is "Louise Madeline," the young woman inset? That was the problem American judges had to decide. The pictures of Mrs. D. L. Pittman (at left) holding Baby Louise Madeline, and that on the right of Mrs. J. C. Garner, holding her baby, Mary Elizabeth, were taken about seventeen years ago. One of the baby girls died soon after birth, and it was alleged that a mix-up occurred in identification. The surviving baby was reared by the Pittmans, but now claims she is a Garner. She is the one in the centre.

OWNERS OF TRAILER HOMES, with parlor, bedroom and bath, assembled 2,000 strong for their summer stay at the Erie County Fair Grounds, America. Ten years ago a score of tourists found this new way to escape boredom, zero temperatures—and the landlord. It is an outdoor holiday idea gaining favor in Australia also.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4611146

Links in Fashion's Chain

THIS intriguing black woollen suit is by Marcel Rochas. The links across the front of the jacket are pink, green, yellow, and blue. The mortar-board beret is by Maria Guy.

—Air Mail photo.

SEND *For* SUSAN

Continued from Page 16

SUSAN ate three eclairs, and turned her attention to the much more serious menace of Molly Gresham-Tooke herself. A young woman who could force her way into a difficult business like a general election, and bulldoze a constituency into voting her into Parliament was not the sort of person to stand any nonsense from a man she wanted for a husband.

Susan became sombre of spirit, sombre and very thoughtful. What she saw in Molly somewhat shook her self-confidence. A mere hour or so with William was all Molly would require to jog that young man into a proposal of marriage. Her strategy required only to be simple, her determination merely firm. William would fall like a ripe banana—or was it plum?

Poor William!

AFTER tea, during which Molly gave a short but comprehensive review of the Public Utilities Bill, she relaxed, and shepherded William in the direction of the tennis courts on the other side of the garden.

"I expect," she said, "you'll give poor little me a terrible beating—but it's only by practice one improves, isn't it?"

"Erh," agreed William, and with slightly hanging head accompanied her.

The afternoon, late as it was, remained hot, and he would have preferred to lie comfortably in a chair. Indeed, he might have suggested it but for his instinct that it would be safer to keep a tennis net between him and his approaching doom. Not that he believed for a moment that he would escape it when it ultimately fell upon him.

The neighborhood of the courts was deserted. The gardeners had finished work for the day, and the house-party which was to begin on the morrow had not yet begun to arrive. As far as William could discern in his frantic hope for interruption, he appeared to be alone in the world with Molly Gresham-Tooke.

They played one set, in which he managed to score three points because Molly served three double faults, and then she suggested that it *might* be pleasant to rest a little in the rose pergola.

"Erh," said William, and obediently escorted her to the carved stone seat, which stood romantically in an artistic summer-house.

MOLLY sat by his side in silence for nearly two minutes, and then sighed gently.

"How still it is; how peaceful," she murmured. "I feel sometimes that I would like to go far away, where all man's scurrying busy-ness cannot reach, where I could be alone——"

"Fine!" agreed William, with an unusual enthusiasm.

"——with just one friend, one true companion."

His face lost its momentary expression of hope.

"——Loneliness," she went on. "How easy it is to feel lonely when one is surrounded by people. Do you ever feel like that?"

"Can't say I do."

"It is quite extraordinary," she admitted with an engaging air of frankness, "how nice it is to be here with you, William, dear. All by ourselves."

He ran his finger round the open collar of his tennis shirt, which threatened to choke him.

"Pleasure mine——" he said.

"It is? Oh, that's the most wonderful thing you've ever said to me!" She sat upright and looked at him. "Dear, dear William!"

William blushed.

"You mustn't be shy with me!" she chided him. "We are too close to one another—in spirit—to allow any barriers to keep us apart——"

William tried not to look as though he were searching the bushes for some miracle of intervention.

"I've noticed before," she went on, "how you avoid me, and I don't want you to think I do not understand. But, William, dear, you needn't. I admire your strength of mind; love—true love—is a terrible enemy—I don't believe anybody can thrust it out of his heart . . ."

"No?" said William, because she seemed to expect him to say something.

She shook her head. She moved a little closer to him on the seat.

"No. So why try?" she asked.

He clenched his fingers. He made half a movement to stand up.

"I understand," she murmured, and put her arms round his neck.

"Errh — erh — eh!" said William, strangling.

"FORGET everything—and kiss me!" she whispered commandingly.

William forgot himself. And kissed her. At least it looked like that from the top of the pine tree fifty yards away, in which Susan sat, with one leg hooked over a convenient branch, forty feet above the ground, and watched the passionate scene.

"Snaffled!" she commented bitterly. "The poor mutt!"

Slowly, but with a sureness of hand and foot which told of much experience, she climbed down the tree, and went for a long walk in the darkening woods. Small things stirred in the shadows, and rustled in the leaves as she passed quietly. A cock pheasant burst away from the path with explosive indignation, rousing the distant echoes. She walked with her thoughts.

It was almost dinner-time when she returned to the house, and the news of the engagement. Such a surprise! said everybody. Fancy William keeping it secret so long! What a dear girl Molly is!

Susan sought out her brother in his room. He was half-changed into evening clothes, and his temper was sullen. He scowled at boiled shirts and threw socks about the room. He broke three studs. Susan sat on the four-poster bed, and dangled her feet. Presently she observed:

"You didn't stir a finger, of course, to save yourself."

William growled something in his throat.

"You're a fish," remarked Susan, "with about as much spirit."

"Go 'way!" he said.

"And I'm dashed if I see a way out. If I did you wouldn't take it. You wouldn't know how."

"Go 'way!"

"Your tie is behind the dressing-table. You pushed it off just now."

William grovelled. Susan shook her head. She had not the ghost of an idea what was to be done. Never had she felt so hopelessly without resource. She looked aimlessly round the room at the sporting prints, at the Queen Anne furniture, at the panelled walls, at the solid phalanx of photographs which stood cheek by jowl on the table, on the dressing-table, and on the chest of drawers. It must be dreadful, she thought, to sleep in a room with all those faces.

Please turn to Page 24

KIDNEY TROUBLE

An article of vital interest to all those who suffer from the many agonising pains caused by Kidney Trouble

More marvellous than any machine made by man is the human body. In health, all our muscular effort, our power to think clearly and work with hand and brain, hour after hour, is carried on without any conscious effort on our part to direct the many intricate workings of the organs of the body which enable this to be done.

Most vital of these organs are, perhaps, the kidneys. The kidneys are fairly small organs, but before the blood, on which your vitality and strength—your very life—depend, can carry to every part of the body and the brain its necessary nourishment, every drop must pass through the kidneys. It is their duty to separate out waste matters and poisons, and to see that these are eliminated from the body.

Thus, the kidneys really are the purifiers of the blood, so that you can see how vitally important it is to keep them fit. If they are not functioning correctly, it is then that such poisons as uric acid, in excess, enter the blood and, finding a home in such places as finger, knee and toe joints, inflame the nerves controlling your movements, causing dreadful pain.

In the same way, if the kidneys allow impurities to get into the blood, and course through the system, the complexion becomes sallow and spotted, the activity of the brain is dulled, vitality is lowered, and every movement of muscles in the back, legs and arms may be fraught with agonising twinges of pain.

Nature is very prompt in giving her first stern warnings of kidney trouble.

So it must also be remembered that the result of weak kidney action is shown in many forms such as:

Rheumatism Backache
Lumbago Sciatica
Stiff Joints Loss of Vigour
Always Tired Baggy Eyes
Worn-out Feeling
Painful Urination
Sediment in Urine
Frequent desire to Urinate

BACKACHE

The kidneys are situated in the small of the back. They may become inflamed, weak or sluggish, owing to chill, after-effects of illness (influenza and colds often leave the kidneys weak), neglect or over-indulgence. People over 40 are especially prone to kidney trouble.

When the kidneys are inflamed, not only does the whole body suffer, but the unfortunate patient gets those terribly painful and depressing backaches which make his life miserable by day and disturb his rest at night.

It is no use rubbing your body with ointments, for the trouble is in your blood. Until you prompt the kidneys to filter out the pain-giving poisons, you cannot hope to be rid of body and nerve-racking pain.

The only remedy is to take a medicine that will act directly on the kidneys. De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially prepared to meet all cases of kidney trouble. They act gently but effectively. They can be taken by young and old with equal benefit. You will be amazed how quickly your backache will be eased after taking just a few De Witt's Pills.

Sufferers from chronic backache—the days when you had to spend hard-earned money experimenting with ointments, plasters and potions you "hoped" would help you, are past. There is no need to sit in dreadful pain "wondering" if your body-torturing, brain-racking trouble can be banished. We are convinced that with the genuine remedy, De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, taken regularly, your suffering will quickly end. For over 45 years these pills have proved invaluable for all forms of backache caused by kidney trouble.

Below you can read letters from people who have suffered agony like yourself. Many tried other medicines, but until they tried De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills—the remedy made especially to act on the kidneys—they got no relief. With this evidence of the wonderful value of De Witt's Pills, why will you delay treatment, when health and happiness can be had for such a small outlay? Ask your chemist about them. He will tell you that the formula on the box shows that De Witt's Pills are made from ingredients that are recognised as the very best medicine for all forms of kidney trouble.

Because of this, De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are the most economical pills you can buy.

RHEUMATISM

So many people will not treat correctly the first twinges of pain caused by rheumatism. Do you realise that those "slight twinges" lead to body and brain-crippling torture, swollen, stiff joints, knuckles bent and almost immovable, scorching, aching muscles—yes, day after day of miserable pain?

Then, too, is the danger that neglected rheumatic trouble may weaken the heart and leave the victim in constant danger of collapse.

It may be you have tried every ointment and lotion under the sun to rub on the painful or swollen parts and have found no real benefit. You never will. Do get this fact clearly in your mind. The cause of rheumatism is in the blood, and nothing applied outside can do any lasting good.

Rheumatism is caused by such poisons as uric acid in excess, or harmful bacteria or impurities in the blood, lodging in joints and muscles, irritating the delicate nerves and thus causing chronic pain.

The kidneys should have expelled this excess of uric acid and the harmful impurities. These organs have become weak and must be re-strengthened.

Thus you will see why De Witt's Pills are such a wonderfully successful remedy for all rheumatic conditions. They do act directly on the kidneys, tone them up gently and help them to throw out of the system the CAUSE of your pain.

Men and women who have suffered for years the weakness and pain of rheumatism have found in this remedy the means of not only banishing their trouble, but of regaining vigorous health, splendid energy and the happiness of again enjoying work and pleasure.

It is interesting to note how many workers, farmers, builders, drivers, housewives, travellers, motormen—in fact people in all walks of life—to whom stiffness or swollen joints are such serious troubles, have written to thank us for the speedy ending of their worries, thanks to De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

Women who have declared "it was just agony to get up after stooping" . . . "my back was breaking" . . . "my joints painful and swollen," have been surprised not only how quickly De Witt's Pills act, but that there is no return of the trouble, not even years after.

That is the great triumph of De Witt's Pills. There is no need to keep on with this remedy "for ever." One bottle, in many cases, is sufficient to bring back health and vigour permanently.

BLADDER TROUBLE

Bladder Trouble, shown by too frequent desire for relief, especially when warm in bed at night time, is truly a sign of serious kidney disorder. Neglect the warning and terrible indeed may be the pain you will suffer. Gravel or stone may form, or cystitis (chronic inflammation of the bladder) may result. Bladder trouble is not merely an annoyance—something to be ashamed of when away from home—it is a dangerous condition that must be checked. Men of forty and over who too frequently desire relief are warned to deal with their trouble at once.

The real cause of your weakness is due to the kidneys allowing an excess of acid, poisonous irritants, to accumulate in the blood, which inflame the delicate membranes of the bladder. The only remedy is to persuade the kidneys to healthy action so that they will rid the body of those irritating poisons.

We are confident in the statement that there is no quicker, surer means to this end than a short course with the doctor-recommended De Witt's Pills. These pills are made specially for the one purpose of ending the troubles caused by kidney and bladder weakness.

Thousands of one-time sufferers now returned to health will tell you there is no surer, safer, certain and inexpensive remedy for chronic backache, rheumatism, bladder trouble, lumbago, sciatica, and all the sure signs of kidney trouble, than De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Where all other remedies fail, in cases where men and women have been bed-ridden or perhaps have suffered—not weeks, but years—De Witt's Pills have banished the old pain and restored health, vigour, and vitality. Why will you suffer longer when De Witt's Pills are ready to bring you health? There is no need to take our word—read the letters printed below—every one is genuine.

Buy a bottle and start building health, strength and vigour. Be sure you get De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

Take two pills at night, and one before meal times. We guarantee that in 24 hours you will see and know they are doing you good. Persevere, and the pain and constant annoyance of bladder trouble will disappear.

Sold in Two Sizes, 3/6 & 6/6

WORLD-WIDE TESTIMONY for De WITT'S PILLS

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are sold in almost every country on the globe. Their wide popularity (the result of doing everything that is claimed for them) is evident from the range of letters shown below.

RHEUMATISM — AUSTRALIA

Mr. L. Haslett, of 30, William Street, Oakleigh, Victoria, says: "I suffered terrible pain from rheumatism. A friend told me about De Witt's Pills, and after taking only four doses I felt improvement. I persevered with the treatment, and now I can tell you I am in perfect health."

KIDNEY TROUBLE — NEW ZEALAND

Mr. John Crafts, of Macandrew Bay, Dunedin, writes: "For years I suffered from backache and kidney troubles, and tried every known remedy without result. Finally I tried De Witt's Pills, and felt immediate benefit. A short course cured me, and now at 69 years of age I'm as fit as a fiddle—thanks to De Witt's Pills."

KIDNEY TROUBLE — ENGLAND

Mr. H. Lucas, a retired journalist, of 53, Main Ridge, Boston, Lincolnshire, writes: "I took bottle after bottle of medicine in vain search for relief from the terrible pains caused by kidney trouble. A sample of De Witt's Pills was given to me, and to my surprise I obtained instant relief. After three bottles I found I was definitely cured, and am now in the 'pink'—thanks to De Witt's Pills."

After six years Mr. Lucas is still in the best of health, and recommends De Witt's Pills to everyone suffering from kidney trouble.

BACKACHE — SOUTH AFRICA

Mrs. I. H. Collard, of 51, Umbilo Road, Durban, writes: "I suffered agonies from backache, not even able to dress myself, until I tried De Witt's Pills, on my friends' recommendation. Within a week of taking your pills my pains had completely gone, and I was able to do anything. I recommend De Witt's Pills to everyone."

BLADDER TROUBLE — BRAZIL

Snra. A. V. Kerchkof, a teacher, of Barracas, Brazil, writes: "For eight years years I suffered from kidney and bladder trouble, enduring much pain and unpleasantness. Despite trying many medicines, I could not get relief until I used De Witt's Pills. Almost immediately I found benefit, and one bottle was sufficient to make me fit and well again."

LUMBAGO — CHILE

Sra. Maria Del Transito Una, a nurse, of Partal, Chile, writes: "The horrible pains of lumbago made life a burden. I could not do my nursing, and suffered constant fainting attacks. I despaired of ever being well again until I tried De Witt's Pills. After only one bottle I felt better and stronger, and before I had used three bottles my pain had gone. I recommend De Witt's Pills everywhere."

JOINT PAINS — ARGENTINE

Sr. J. J. Gontrerme, of Alsarino, 16, Buenos Aires, says: "For years every movement I made gave me agony from pains in my wrists, elbows, ankles and knees. Constant rubbing with liniments and the use of many medicines were of no avail, yet after taking only one bottle of De Witt's Pills all pain was banished."

RHEUMATISM — ENGLAND

Mrs. F. Hook, of 3, Pool Road, Kingswood, Bristol, writes: "For nine years my hands and feet were crippled and swollen with rheumatism, despite trying every possible remedy. Being recommended to try De Witt's Pills, I bought a bottle and noticed an improvement. Within a short time De Witt's Pills had cured my rheumatism completely—a wonderful relief."

KIDNEY TROUBLE — ENGLAND

Mrs. S. A. Wallis, of 27, Harold Street, Grimsby, Lincs., writes: "I was ill for seven months with kidney trouble, and had given up hope of being well again. I tried De Witt's Pills for one month, with the result that I was able to get about again and am now in good health. Before taking De Witt's Pills I was so crippled with backache and swollen knees that I could not walk, but now I can attend to my domestic duties."

BACKACHE — SCOTLAND

Mr. A. Shaw, of 19, Lady Lane, Paisley, writes: "The terrible pains of backache caused me one long year of misery and suffering, and everything I tried to relieve me had no effect at all. I sent for a sample of De Witt's Pills, without any great hope of feeling any benefit, but to my great surprise my pains diminished. I decided to continue the treatment, and in a short time I was absolutely free from pain."

De WITT'S Kidney & Bladder PILLS

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

IT'S YOUR PAGE!

Every reader is welcome to write to this page, either on some fresh subject, or in answer to one already featured. Letters should be short and to the point. Addresses are given elsewhere in this issue.

WOMEN AND WAR

WE read so much these days about the prevention of war. The futility of it is preached in every country; but we are getting no further advanced. It has been said that the women of the world can prevent war, and I honestly believe they can.

Let us find some influential fellow-woman who would form a league in Australia, with kindred leagues in every civilised country throughout the world. A uniform scheme would have to be decided upon, and ambassadors educated and sent out to preach against war. As the womenfolk in the different countries took up the cudgels for peace the scheme would grow and, like a snowball, get bigger, and influence more people.

Women! The onus is on us!

£1 for this letter to Mrs. G. A. Whitby, Howard, Qld.

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CIVIC PRIDE

ONE frequently hears complaints over the falling-off of interest shown in municipal affairs. I think this is the result of the present day tendency to live in flats rather than be saddled with the upkeep of a house and garden.

The tenant of a flat has no rates or taxes to pay, no feeling of responsibility, and cannot therefore be expected to have the same interest in municipal affairs as the man or woman living in a house. Every woman takes an interest in the appearance of her home and garden, thereby helping to beautify her town and incite others to display civic pride.

When good roads, lighting and water reticulation are to be found, it is largely due to the efforts of house-dwellers round about.

Now what about it, you flat-dwellers?

Mrs. G. Blackburne, 39 Pratten St., Warwick, Qld.

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THIS UNHAPPY WORLD!

DISCONTENT, springing as it does from the smallest seed of envy, grows to a wide-spreading tree ever casting its shade of gloom.

The office boy sighs for the position of clerk; the clerk would step into the shoes of the accountant; the accountant desires the desk of the secretary; the secretary wishes the concern were his; the owner sighs for freedom from responsibility, and so it goes on!

What a happiness it is to be content with one's lot!

A man who strove valiantly to cast off the irksome yoke and become his own boss, upon achieving the height of his ambition, found the shades of discontent still encompassing him. As a warning to others he had this motto framed and hung in a conspicuous place:

"Work faithfully eight hours a day, and don't worry;

"Then in time you may become a boss, and work twelve hours a day and have all the worry."

Miss Olive Gerring, 76 Victoria St., Taree, N.S.W.

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ILL-CHOSEN LAUGHTER

MY heart was too full for words—and suddenly somebody laughed! The incongruity of it.

A laugh is a good tonic, but like all

LAUGHTER not always tactful

medicines should only be taken at the proper time.

Let us laugh by all means, but let us remember also that often silence, or even tears, is more precious than mirth.

Miss Marjorie Buckingham, 40 Emma St., Caulfield SE8, Victoria.

Do Women Love One Man, or One Whole Type?

MISS THOMPSON (29/8/36) asks, "Do women love an individual man or a type?"

I have known women who have lost one love and turned for their next love to a man opposite in every way to the first. For instance having lost a quiet, homely man, a woman I know married a gay "man about town."

I think it is the individual and not the type that counts when a woman loves.

Mrs. A. R. Baird, 43 Hurtle St., Croydon Park, S.A.

Can Love Any Man

I WOULD say that any woman is capable of loving any man, whatever type, provided he is not physically repulsive or incompatible. And vice versa, of course. Every man is but a slight variant of one model, and, having had an unsuccessful love affair, a woman would surely be strange if she could never love anyone else. Possibly she will be happier with her second choice, because experience has brought her wisdom.

Miss J. Beale, 79 Ninth Avenue, Campsie, N.S.W.

Everyone Changes

WHILE a woman may compensate for the loss of a lover or the failure to win a particular man of her choice, I don't think it necessarily follows that she will seek a particular type. Because of failure or disillusionment she might in all probability seek a fresh type. Then, of course, with the passage of time and the gathering of fresh impressions a woman changes.

But one cannot be dogmatic about such an intangible emotion as love, for there is no formula, no recipe, for happiness and wise choice.

Mrs. M. Brown, 12 Armstrong St., Middle Park, Melbourne.

Girls Do Marry "a Type"

I QUITE agree with Miss Thompson that it is the type of person and not the individual that a girl prefers.

I am a young girl myself, and don't believe in the old-fashioned idea that each girl in the world has a man somewhere who "was meant for her." It is quite probable that a happy and well-mated couple give that impression, but I believe that there are a great number of people with whom we are just as likely to fall in love. The main thing, I think, is for the couple to have a great deal in common, and that can happen with a number of people.

Miss Judith Lawson, Box 2403MM, G.P.O., Sydney.

Individual Counts

WHILE agreeing there may be some special characteristics that a woman may demand in the man of her choice, I am inclined to think it is the individual that really counts.

How many women after losing their loved ones have married and been happy with a man of an opposite nature?—which goes to prove how little type really counts.

Further, I believe that one can be really happy with the "next best" if one has failed to get the man of her choice, providing one could be philosophic enough to feel that second prize is worth having.

Mrs. Williams, 50 King St., Ashbury, N.S.W.

How Do You "Tune-in"?

YOU meet them every day—those dissatisfied radio listeners who are always blaming the broadcasting stations for their inability to pick a programme.

They just tune-in to one station probably have it on from morning till night, and then wonder at their lack of enjoyment.

The ideal listener studies the programmes, and hears just what interests him. This is the way to get entertainment from your wireless.

Miss V. A. Webster, 3 Linda St., Moreland N13, Vic.

By Borrowing, Do We Lose Prestige?

MISS BROWN (29/8/36) is right when she says that persistent borrowing can ruin friendship. It can, and it does.

While most people are willing to oblige in a case of emergency, the inveterate borrower soon becomes a nuisance.

Eventually the long-suffering lender will risk a refusal, which usually means the end of the friendship, with sore feelings on both sides.

M. Raymond, 168 Johnstone St., Annandale, N.S.W.

Joy in Giving

"A FRIEND in need is a friend indeed," and if you begrudge being of some use to your friends in an emergency you are not a true friend.

What does it matter whether they can repay, or not? There is greater joy in giving, even under the guise of a loan, than in seeing friends in need.

Miss Sheila Cato, 30 Brook St., Coogee, N.S.W.

They Don't Give Back

BORROWING between friends does not cause estrangement. It is the subsequent returning—or not returning—that causes the rift.

Supposing you lend a book. You are

SOMETIMES they return your book!

pleased to do so and give pleasure to a friend. Months pass. Your friend keeps forgetting to return it, leaves it too long, and is finally thoroughly ashamed of himself. For this reason he begins to avoid you, to your bewilderment and resentment, and so your friendship gradually comes to an end.

Far better not to lend if you want to keep your friends.

I. Simmons, Parkdale, S.A.

Borrow Occasionally

I THINK we may borrow occasionally from our friends in a case of real necessity, and provided there is prompt return there can be no loss of prestige. But some people borrow indiscriminately so that they lose count of what they owe. To them the word "lend" comes in time to mean "give."

It is not so much through inability to do so, but through carelessness and forgetfulness that they do not repay.

It is then that estrangement of friendship and loss of prestige occur.

Miss B. Flack, 13 Horne St., E. Brunswick, Melbourne.

Glad to Lend

I CANNOT agree that one loses prestige by borrowing. I am happy that my neighbors should regard me in the light of a friend from whom they need not hesitate to ask a favor.

Living some miles out of town, we frequently save considerable inconvenience by borrowing until fresh supplies come to hand. For many years past our farmer husbands have borrowed and lent horses, ploughs, combines, harness, anything, in fact, that may be needed on a farm, even to their own labor. A spirit of perfect friendship prevails, with no unpleasantness to mar it, much less loss of prestige.

Mrs. E. Shand, Box 145 P.O., Berrigan, N.S.W.

Not True Friendship

I THINK that helping a friend who is down on her luck is one of the great joys of life.

Assisting our less fortunate friends is the best means of keeping the sacred bonds in repair. Many people delight in serving their friends.

No, Miss Brown, I'm afraid you have confused acquaintances with true friends.

A. Daly, Divett Place, Adelaide.

Youth Not Always Happiest Time of Life!

I HAVE lived over fifty years. Looking back, I say emphatically, youth is the happiest time of our lives. Never again do we experience such keen pleasure in what we do, and in just living. We are young, strong, with the world at our feet. It is while we are young that we first know romance, the exquisite joy of mutual affection.

Certainly young people feel sorrow more keenly than those who have grown old. But their joy is so much keener!

All in all, no sorrow, however poignant, can counterbalance youth's happiness.

Mrs. P. Thomas, Huonville, Tas.

Look Around

OF course youth has not the monopoly of happiness. We have only to look around and see for ourselves how much enjoyment older men and women get out of life—certainly a different sort of enjoyment, but none the less keen. They have their friends, their ordered peaceful lives, and a more mature, experienced mind to enjoy it with.

And, of course, they have had their share of sorrow, and learnt to take life's knocks, and cannot be so deeply hurt. Surely here is ample compensation!

R. Sinclair, Seaview Rd., Grange, Adelaide.

Every Age Its Charm

HOW many of us would wish to be 18 again?

Looking back, I can see how overwhelming was sorrow, how keen disappointment. But then there also were the heights!

Later on we are more level-headed and indulge less in wholehearted abandonment to joy or sorrow. We have lost something perhaps, but gained in other ways.

I agree with Miss Cresswell that each age has its charm.

Elaine Seymour, 73 Maitland Terrace, Seacliff, S.A.

BLESSINGS OF ADOPTION

WHAT a good thing it would be if every childless couple who could afford to were to adopt a small orphan and give him or her the sheltering background of a loving home influence. Because fortune has not favored us with children of our own, that is no reason why we should not help someone else's little child.

The blessing thus bestowed would reflect upon our own natures which instead of growing crabbed and self-centred with age, would surely expand in the added interest of watching the child develop.

Mrs. W. V. Childs, Table Tops, Ubobo, via Gladstone, Qld.

Men Shopping

SOMETHING that must strike everyone at some time or other is the fact that women when shopping usually have the entire stock shown them before deciding on a purchase. On the other hand, we generally see the menfolk when purchasing take almost the first article shown them.

Is this because men are less fastidious in buying, or are they self-conscious, and think that they would appear feminine if they were "fussy" over their purchases?

Miss Esme Madden, Bracfield, via Quirindi, N.S.W.

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DEVELOP INITIATIVE

A NURSE of my acquaintance left a very good hospital position for the uncertainty of private nursing because she felt that under the strict discipline of the hospital she might lose her initiative and become too stereotyped.

And there certainly is that danger. Witness the Polish peasant who became so accustomed to being told what to do that, when he was suddenly thrown out of employment, he was unable to do anything.

Discipline is certainly very good and necessary, but don't you think it can be stultifying, too?

Mrs. W. S. Arthur, 4 Maitland Avenue, East Kew E4, Vic.

HOLIDAY SEASON

CRUISES TO TASMANIA AND FIJI

TAKE your choice of these ideal holiday cruises by the one-class overseas liner T.S.S. "ESPERANCE BAY," of the Aberdeen and Commonwealth Line.

There are two six-day cruises to Tasmania. The first leaves Sydney on January 16—returns January 22. The second leaves January 30, returns February 5. Minimum fares are only 5 guineas for six glorious days of fun.

While at Hobart you can take advantage of the special sightseeing excursions arranged by the Tasmanian Government Tourist Bureau.

Or, if you like, cruise to distant Fiji, calling at Brisbane en route and returning via Norfolk Island. You leave on February 6, back on February 20—14 days' cruising in all, costing as little as 12 guineas!

Imagine every day packed with games, competitions, thrills, and fun—with quiet, sunny nooks for those who like to read or sit in quiet, with congenial company. Dances . . . parties . . .

There's ample room on the "Esperance Bay," for the entire ship is open to every passenger, no matter what fare he pays.

Apply for details and reserve your berth now with a nominal deposit. Call, 'phone, or write for full details TO-DAY.

DALGETY & CO. LTD. 2 O'Connell St., Sydney Phone: B6111. OR ABERDEEN AND COMMONWEALTH LINE 17 O'Connell St., Sydney Phone: B6851.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4611148

Too old for many things . . . if your hair is tinged with grey! But why submit to this injustice, when youthful looks can be prolonged by 10 or 15 years?

To-day, grey hairs disappear in a few minutes. Natural tints are restored so perfectly that none can perceive the artifice. Imedia restores colours hair without affecting its fineness or suppleness . . . without least risk of injury. Hair tinted with Imedia can still be permanently waved. Good hairdressers everywhere can apply Imedia.

Sold in boxes for home use—sufficient for one application, 5/6—for three, 15/-. Obtainable at chemists', hairdressers' and department stores.

If unobtainable locally, apply to Craig & Aitken, Ltd., 654 George Street, Sydney.

IMÉDIA

GIRLS *Speak Up On Decorum* RULES

Criticise Ban On Smoking, Dancing, and Shipboard Life

There's a glamor about a world tour that appeals to all, but how many would like to make such a trip bound by the restrictions imposed on the team of young Australian sportsgirls who will go abroad next year to play cricket tests against England?

While it is generally recognised that some regulations are necessary, particularly since the tour is being undertaken for a specific purpose, many contend that the Cricket Council has adopted a too-strict policy, particularly in the restrictions that govern smoking, dancing, and the team's activities on board ship.

MANY PLAYERS welcome a quiet smoke between sets of tennis or in off moments during any game—this scene is a fairly common one on many playing fields, but smokes have been made taboo for girl cricketers going abroad next year.

THE girls must sign a players' agreement by which they are bound not to drink, smoke, or gamble during the trip.

They shall not visit the top deck of the ship after dinner, and must be in bed each night at 10 o'clock.

Husbands, relatives or friends are not allowed to accompany players on tour, another point that has aroused controversy.

Possibly the decision of the council was influenced by the case of Eleanor Holme Jarrett, the American swimmer, whose conduct led to her being withdrawn from the Olympic Games recently.

Fifty-six players have applied for selection in the Australian representative team, which will be managed by Mrs. Peatfield, of the Y.W.C.A.

Among the applicants is Miss Barbara Peden, who is at present in England, showing excellent form with the bat in matches in London and Surrey.

To ascertain how women interested in sport viewed the decision of the Cricket Council, The Australian Women's Weekly interviewed a number of prominent women on the subject.

Reflection on Girls

MISS JOAN HARTIGAN, champion woman tennis player, who has made several trips abroad with tennis teams, roundly condemned the decision of the Cricket Council.

"I think it is a reflection on the Australian sports girl," said Miss Hartigan. "Surely Australian girls can be depended on to behave themselves without having to sign a good conduct agreement.

"On every occasion that the tennis teams have travelled abroad there were absolutely no restrictions placed on us. Everything was left to our common sense and the knowledge that we were representing our country."

Mrs. B. H. Molesworth, many times State tennis champion of Queensland, who has also been abroad on tours, supported Miss Hartigan's views:

"It is rather difficult to lay down hard and fast rules, and a great deal should be left to the manager to interpret the regulations," she said.

"For instance, if a member is used to having a cigarette as a means of steadying her nerves, then it would be very hard that she should be prohibited from having one. Personally, I do not smoke, but I think the manager should trust the girls to behave themselves.

"Speaking of late nights, I know they are hopeless for good play."

The secretary of the Victorian Cricket Association, Mr. H. Brereton, said that the women players' agreement was drawn up on much the same lines as the contract drawn up by the Australian Board of Control for the Australian Cricket Eleven.

The only clause which he regards as rather drastic is the one which stipulates that "No member of the team shall visit the top deck after dinner."

Mr. Brereton believes in a little relaxation after dinner, and thinks that a little dancing taken in moderation is excellent exercise—certainly not likely to be a detriment to good play.

"I certainly think that if the team has rules laid down by the management they should adhere to them," said Mrs. A. E. Moore, one of Brisbane's leading welfare workers. "The team is representing Australia, and they would want to do their best for Australia, as well as for themselves.

"Regarding smoking, which is much less harmful than drinking, I think they should be allowed to please themselves, providing, of course, they smoke in moderation."

Mrs. E. A. Thomas, president of the New South Wales Women's Cricket Association, said that the Association had thoroughly considered the matter. In their opinion it was quite necessary to impose restrictions on a number of young girls travelling abroad.

"Even the steadiest girl often loses her head on board ship," said Mrs. Thomas. "You cannot have a lot of young girls running about the boat all hours of the night."

To Sing with Tauber

Continued from Page 2

APPARENTLY they liked the way she sang "God Save the King," because she is now studying the title role of "Butterfly," Nedda in "Pagliacci," and Zania in "Boris Godounov," all of which are to be produced at Covent Garden by Vladamir Rosing.

When Capitol Films started their quest for a Nedda to sing with Richard Tauber, they gave auditions to 46 of the leading professional sopranos in London, but Angela's natural soprano was chosen in preference to more highly-trained voices.

"I love working at the studios with Steffi Duna," she told me. "But I feel as though I have to change my personality to hers as I act opposite to her and fit my voice to her actions. When I hear my own voice at the tests I feel as though it doesn't belong to me.

"It's thrilling to know that I'm actually singing with the famous Herr Tauber," and she flashed a mischievous smile, "but I do think he's getting rather spoilt with all the flattery and attention that are being lavished on him."

Twenty-four years of age—with London at her feet. A contract to sing at Covent Garden, H.M.V. clamoring for records, fan letters in every mail—and a rumor that next time she mightn't be a "ghost" in a film, but a real person with a real voice

THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

MARRIAGE is the key by which our hearts and minds are kept in tune. Marriage comes to those who have found their affinity in somebody else . . . the Somebody whose ideals have been personified by YOU.

You (and I talk to the affianced), who have been chosen, above all others, because of your charm and personality must, at all times, realise this. In all your pre-nuptial busyness, never forget your charm, your greatest asset; never over-look your self-control; indeed, now is the time to reveal that serene, quiet, confidence that Man, esteems in Woman.

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Every young lady needs a Trousseau Chest. The new design illustrated has beauty and distinction at a price within the reach of all. This bargain has Walnut Veneer fronts, shaped tops, cabriole legs, and complete fittings (including 3 long trays).

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SAVE £6 on NEW DUAL WAVE RADIO

This is the very latest achievement in Radio construction—a splendid Dual Wave at ordinary Radio price. You save £6 on usual retail value, and yet you have the whole World on the turn of a knob. Listen-in to London, Paris, New York, Moscow, Tokio, etc., at no more cost than for Australian stations. You also get perfect Local and Interstate reception. Visit the Warehouse and hear this wonderful set. You can secure at

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TRIALS *and* JOYS *of Rearing* "QUADS"

"It is a Terrible Responsibility," says N.Z. Mother

"Being the mother of 'quads' is a terrible responsibility. I dare not look into the future."

So writes Mrs. Johnson, mother of New Zealand's famous "quads," who, with the Dionne "quins" and England's "quads," comprise the world's three great families.

The Johnsons, as already told in The Australian Women's Weekly, are a splendid example of the natural rearing of multiple babies. In the following new article, Mrs. Johnson gives an intimate, simple sketch of their daily life and tells of her hopes for the "quads."

By MARY TRUBY KING

"I ADMIRE and respect the other mothers of the world who have had multiple births and reared their children successfully," writes Mrs. Johnson.

"Having a family at all is naturally a responsibility, but with multiple births it is increased tenfold.

"There are four little mouths all clamoring to be fed at once, four little minds knowing it is bath-time, and all wanting to be picked up first; four little individuals wanting to be mothered at the same time, with just one mother to do it all.

"At first when I got my babies home I just could not see how I was going to manage. Should I pick up Mary first, because she was crying? Or Bruce, because he was awake first? Or Kathleen, because she looks forward to her bath so? Or Vera, because she had been so good?

"Was any mother ever faced with such a problem? **In the end I would just pick up the first baby my eye lighted upon, and give the others bright-colored toys to play with till their turn came for the bath.**

"Naturally the three left behind when I departed for the bathroom would cry a little, but now they have settled down to this procedure, and no one minds who goes first.

PLAYTIME in the quadruplets' nursery. Vera is in the left-hand corner, Bruce in the foreground, while Mary is half hidden behind Kathleen.

Impatient at Meals

"HOWEVER, I must not give the same baby the same toy two days running. If I have not changed the toy there is a howl of disgust and it is promptly thrown out of the cot!

"I have twenty different toys, and these go the rounds, and it is just a matter of routine remembering if Kathleen had Teddy or Dolly on Tuesday, or Vera had Hefty on Wednesday. (Hefty is a rabbit nicknamed by Bryen and Nancy—the older children.)

"At meal times the babies become impatient. This is specially marked in Kathleen; but I notice if she is made to wait until the last she is usually the least impatient the following day!

"People say to us, 'I expect Bruce is the most spoilt, being the only boy among five sisters?' He is utterly unspoiled, and will give any toy to his sisters at any time and never shed a tear. **Bruce was born first, and has led the way right from the start.**

"Kathleen and Mary are as alike in nature as they are in looks. If Kathleen cries for her food, Mary cries, and if Kathleen chuckles, Mary chuckles.

"If there is any mischief to be done, Bruce begins and Mary always helps while Kathleen watches.

"The coal scuttle is a never-ending source of delight. It has occupied various places of honor in the living-room so that little hands will be kept clean.

Music Soothes

"VERA is unlike any other member of the household. She is the tallest and the heaviest at present, and is very definite in her ideas.

"She is the most contented of them all, and resents any unnecessary exertion. She loves bright-colored materials, and will sit for hours turning over a scrap of red or blue cotton left over from some frock—twisting it into all manner of shapes, patting it out, and folding it back again.

"One wonders what goes on in her mind, whether she really sees objects in the articles she creates?

"If the babies get a little tired and begin to whimper, a touch of the piano will bring back smiles, and Kathleen loves nothing better than to watch anyone dance.

"I dare not look into the future. I just take life from day to day. We are a happy family, with no wealth, and no one to guide and direct us.

"Our aim in life is to have the 'Quads' grow up not knowing they are famous, but just honest citizens."

Thus writes Mrs. Johnson, and surely this is the best aim of all, though it will be rather difficult to attain. Already through the publication of the articles on the "Quads" in The Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Johnson has made countless pen-friends in Australia.

Everyone is so interested in the babies that they are sure to get publicity—at least until they have left school.

But with wise home management, which they appear to have every chance of receiving, such publicity will not be allowed to turn their heads unduly.

Bruce Walks

BRUCE has added a few words to his vocabulary. In addition to "Here you are," and "All done," he now says "How do?" "No more," "Mummy," "Daddy," "Hullo!" "Tra-la-la," and can call the dog—"Gyp! Gyp!"

When he goes out shopping with his mother he is most interested in anything she happens to put in the pram for the sake of convenience, and Mrs. Johnson tells me it is nothing to have a cream bun flung out at her feet, just when she has on her proudest and most dignified walk.

Bruce is the first of the babes to be able to take a few steps alone.

Kathleen and Mary scream with delight, and almost fall out of the pram at the sight of a horse. Every dog or horse is a "Puss-Puss" to them. They are also fascinated with shops.

Vera's enjoyment when out is to watch the tassels on her pram hood wave. She hates animals of any kind, but loves motors, and is always thrilled with a motor drive.

Since my last article about the "Quads" the New Zealand Government has voted their mother one hundred pounds for a period of a year, reviewable at the end of that time.

This is a most welcome lift, and must ease her mind considerably. One is convinced that every penny of it will be spent wisely.

Not Incubator Babies

UNLIKE the Dionne "Quins," the N.Z. "Quads" were not "incubator babies."

They were born on March 6, 1935, and admitted two days later to the Truby King Baby Hospital in Dunedin.

Their weights on admission were: Bruce, 4lb. 1½oz.; Kathleen, 3lb. 11½oz.; Mary, 3lb. 10½oz.; and Vera, 4lb.

They were placed in a warm but airy room in cradles kept at a steady temperature by the use of hot-water bags, and received the routine treatment for premature babies.

As soon as Mrs. Johnson was strong enough she took up residence in the Truby King Home with her babies, **and a little over ten months later the "Quads" were discharged weighing 18¾lb., 18lb., 17lb. 9oz. and 17lb. 14oz. respectively.**

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Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS OF THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:—

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and his faithful servant, LOTHAR: A Nubian. In their travels they meet SIR OSWALD: An Englishman, who, returning from a two-months' hunting expedition, invites them home, where they meet JANE: His beautiful daughter. They find that, in his absence, Saki, the world's cleverest thief and greatest master of disguise, has been impersonating him, and has stolen the Star Sapphire. Mandrake, believing Saki to be still on the premises, sends for INSPECTOR DUFFY: Who captured him before with Mandrake's help, to handle the case. Duffy arrives via the garden, and begins to tell them how Saki escaped from prison by disguising himself as Duffy and calling from his cell to the sleeping guard in Duffy's voice. Now read on—

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"Listen—you're my twin and best pal—but it'll be a cold day when I go travelling with you again! Cry — boo-hoo . . . all the way home! I know what you need, though—watch me unpack our suitcase and get it!"

"Now stop your whimpering! I know you're chafed and cranky — I don't feel any too comfortable myself. I AM hurrying, aren't I? I'll find it if I have to dig a hole to China!"

"There you are! Now will you take back what you said about me? Sprinkle yourself with that soft, downy Johnson's Baby Powder and smile for a change. And then give some to Sister!"

Johnson's Baby Powder keeps baby's skin soft and satin-smooth. It prevents chafes and rashes.

Johnson's BABY powder

"Best for Baby - Best for you"

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TO TINT *is* *not* TO PAINT

● Truly smart women know that make-up should brighten — not paint! Tangee, isn't paint. Tangee changes color as you apply it and blends magically with your own natural, individual coloring. Its cream base keeps lips soft, smooth, youthful. Also try Tangee Face Powder, contains the magic color principle. Ends that powdered look.

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TANGEE FACE POWDER. Send for purse size Tangee Face Powder (Rachel). Supply limited. Send at once. Enclose 6d. stamps with your name and address to: Tangee, Dept. C, Box 1810Q, G.P.O., Melbourne.

GIRLS' faces. Stars, and would-be stars of the musical comedy stage. Dark girls, fair girls, pretty girls and girls with much too little on. Some of the photographs were signed, trophies of his dashes into the hectic life of the big city. William emerged with the tie, and caught sight of the expression on Susan's face. It startled him as much as anything could startle him at the moment, which was not very much, and because the dinner gong began to sound, an old-fashioned custom to Caister Hall, he forgot to wonder what she was thinking about and hurriedly fought and quelled his tie into position round his collar.

By the time this was accomplished Susan had gone, but he was not to know that she slipped back into his room the moment he turned the corner of the passage on his way downstairs. He might have taken exception to the thorough and inquisitive examination she made of his collection of photographs, and it was probably for this reason that she did not trouble to tell him later that she had taken this liberty. Or it may have been another and less simple one.

She spent five minutes searching for the signed photograph which bore the most recent date, the most affectionate message, and the sharpest nose. Susan had quite a theory about noses, maintaining that it was possible to sum up character by them.

Having selected one which satisfied her on all these points, she concealed it under her dress, and with that limpid innocence of mien which was her constant front to the world, she hurried with it to her bedroom, hid it in the wardrobe, and went down to dinner and the celebrations which were to mark the engagement of Miss Gresham-Tooke and Mr. William St. George Caister.

SHE was shocked to see that a foolish fatuous smile threatened at any moment to come upon her brother's face. In the midst of toasts and congratulations he was being persuaded that he had done something rather clever. She was disgusted.

He knew perfectly well that he had stuck both feet well into it; to-morrow, and through the long vista of Molly-ridden years, he would realise it.

But she forbore to remind him. Let him fiddle while Rome burned, or whatever it was. He would be grateful enough by the time rescue came.

She lay awake into the small, dark hours, planning that rescue, permitting no detail of campaign to pass unconsidered.

The next day she stated that she wanted to go on a whole-day picnic, and since there was a house-party forming, it was generally felt by those who heard her wish that it was a good idea. The cook gave her sandwiches and advice about sitting on damp grass. Susan, however, went nowhere near grass. She sought pavements and the madding crowd. She sat in the London express, which she caught at Lambton Junction, and entered up the fate of Uncle James' birthday offering. She wrote it in the tattered note-book:

"Probably unproductive capital Expenditure, £1 (Pares, chocolate, etc.)."

And turned her face resolutely towards the difficult, delicate task before her: a task in which she would have to think quickly and act circumspectly, in which every advantage would have to be carefully worked for.

As things turned out, however, she was luckier than she had expected to be.

THE blonde in the far corner of the dressing-room put down her eight-inch powder-puff, hitched up the gossamer shoulder-strap of the single garment, the very abbreviated gold lame garment, in which she was to appear before a section of the great British public, and read the name on the card again.

"Caister? Caister? Miss Susan Caister?" she said in a high-pitched voice, and stared at it suspiciously. "Caister? An' yet it seems kinda familiar. What's she like?"

The boy who had brought the card in from the stage door intimated that she was a young lady.

The blonde was slightly reassured.

"Ask her to come along, then."

Susan breathed a faint sigh of relief when she beheld Esme Emerald Eve in the flesh, for she was exactly the sort of person she had hoped to find. Her nose, for instance, was very sharp, with all the aggressive pointedness of one who is accustomed to getting her own way.

The dressing-room was stuffy, and there was a great deal of powder in the air. The matinee started in ten minutes' time, and everybody seemed to have been late getting away from lunch. Susan made her way to Esme Emerald Eve.

"DON'T think I know you," said Esme Emerald Eve. "How d'you do, all the same? You from some paper, or some'tn?" But Susan Caister looked too young, even for that.

"No, I've come about my brother," Susan began. "He—you—I think you know him very well—William, his name is——"

Esme Emerald Eve became blank—and suspicious. When people started "I've come about my son," or "I've come about my brother," it was time for a girl to go carefully.

"I think," said Susan, "that you may be able to help him—he's in a dreadful hole."

"My dear girl, I'm as broke as——"

"It's not money, it's a woman."

"Ah! A woman." Esme Emerald Eve became easier in her mind, and more interested. "William, you say his name is? Now, which William would that be? Not—not—Bubbles!—the son of the statesman person?"

Susan's heart leapt with triumph. Esme Emerald Eve had cried the name "Bubbles" with a wealth of possessive, affectionate alarm.

"Oh! Don't tell me somebody's got my Bubbles!" she wailed. "Oh, my poor Bubbles! He is such a fool when it comes to girls! Tell me—tell me——!"

A thunderous rap on the door, and a voice shouting: "Opening chorus, please!" interrupted them.

"He is being forced into a loveless marriage," said Susan in a somewhat melo-tramatic tone. It was, of course, the right one to use; the sort of tone which Esme Emerald Eve might have used herself.

There was hurried exit of shapely bodies, and the final crashing bars of the overture drifted through the wings.

"Wait here!" commanded Esme Emerald Eve, and with a distraught expression, in which there was also somewhat of the tigress robbed of its kill, she an out of the dressing-room at a great speed lest the great British public should be disappointed.

Please turn to Page 26

SEND *For* SUSAN

Continued from Page 18

ARE YOU IN LOVE?

Get the utmost out of life. Let Elinor Glynn solve all your love problems in her fascinating book, "Love." An intriguing, endless source of information which will change your loneliness to happiness. Priceless secrets for everyone, married or single. 9/6 brings you not only Elinor Glynn's "Love," but also a copy of Michael Arlen's romantic love story, "Piracy." Send Postal Note for 3/6 today and receive both books by return mail. We pay postage.

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Neither Blonde nor Brunette—

Miss Faith Corrigan, brown-eyed but fair-skinned, uses Pond's Rose Cream Powder. (Below) Mrs. M. Bonde Sousa, medium blonde hair, but creamy skin, uses Brunette.

CONSULT YOUR SKIN—
NOT YOUR HAIR, OPTICAL
MACHINE ANSWERS.

Brown eyes — brown hair — and a white, transparent skin. Medium blonde hair—dark eyes—and a skin with a creamy undertone. Two contradictory types! Most girls would class the first as a brunette, the second as a blonde. But a *brunette* powder dims the sparkle of the first girl's skin, and a *blonde* powder makes the second's look chalky and dead!

Study your own skin before choosing powder. Is it fair? Or dark? Is it dull? Sallow? Does it need brightening up, or toning down?

There is a Pond's Powder shade that will bring your skin whatever it lacks. Pond's found the secret of sparkle in skin by using an Optical Machine which revealed hidden beauty tints. There's *bright blue* in blonde skin, you know, and *brilliant* green in brunette—those colours give lovely skins their special charm! Pond's blended them into their powders, to bring real life and glow to your skin!

What shade powder shall I use?

Over 200 girls' skins, colour-analysed—to find the hidden beauty tints in skin—blended invisibly in Pond's new powder shades.

Perfect Texture.

Pond's Powder also has the most exquisite clinging texture—it smooths on evenly and stays as you apply it indefinitely. No clogging in patches or "caking." And its lovely perfume retains its freshness—never goes flat. Pond's Powder costs only 1/6 and 2/6 per box. Test its perfection yourself—send the coupon below for your shade. You'll be thrilled with it!

TRIAL OFFER: Mail coupon with two 1d. stamps to cover postage, package, etc., for free sample of Pond's exquisite new Face Powder. Check Shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ☐, Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream (Natural) ☐, Naturelle (Light Natural) ☐, Rose Brunette ☐, Dark Brunette (Suman) ☐.
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What Women Are Doing

Birds of a Feather

MISS FREDA THOMPSON, who has her own plane and will be remembered for her spectacular solo flight some time ago, is competing in the forthcoming Centenary Air Race from Brisbane to Adelaide. She will be accompanied by Miss J. Inglis. Miss Inglis has not yet got her ticket, but is definitely air-minded, as so many women are to-day.

❖ ❖ ❖

Brings Exhibits to C.W.A. Exhibition

AN enthusiastic worker for the Country Women's Association in Queensland and South Australia, Mrs. Alan Colvin has travelled from Brisbane to Adelaide for the Centenary Exhibition of Country Women's Work. Mrs. Colvin is secretary for the Brisbane Association's seaside home, Linga Longa, and was previously metropolitan secretary in Adelaide, and she took exhibits from both the northern and the southern branches of the Association.

She has always been interested in the work in hospitals, and was a hospital visitor when in Adelaide, and also interested in kindergarten work, so her work with the Linga Longa home is very interesting. She tells of the Association's efforts to raise money for the home, first by running a restaurant at the show with a mere 2600 scones to be made daily, and also the toy stall.

Mrs. Colvin is very thrilled at meeting all the old members of the Adelaide metropolitan branch which has grown from 33 members to 400 since she was in Adelaide a few years ago.

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Prominent Worker For Girl Guides

LADY CHAUVEL, the popular wife of Sir Harry Chauvel, is well known for her organising ability and her wide interest in all movements of value to women.

Lady Chauvel —Dickinson-Monteath.

She has been on the executive committee since the inauguration of the Girl Guide movement in Victoria, and on Lady Somers' departure became State Commissioner. She played a big part during the Guide Centenary celebrations at Frankston.

In recent weeks she has been busy with plans for the Girl Guides' and Boy Scouts' ball arranged for September 18 at the Palais, Melbourne.

Business and Pleasure

"TO foster friendly understanding between British subjects the world over" is the aim of the Victoria League, and the London Secretary, Miss Gertrude Drayton, C.B.E., an official visitor to the S.A. Centenary, is a charming and delightfully natural ambassador.

At the Council meeting of the S.A. Branch of the League on September 22, she will address Australian members on an educational subject, and at the numerous functions arranged for her visit will see some of the work of the branch. A Settlers' Welfare Tea is planned for the 24th at the Botanic Gardens, at which Miss Drayton will see the assistance the Junior Branch of 30 girls gives to the League in serving tea and entertaining less fortunate members.

Miss Drayton will attend the National Conference, which will be held in Hobart next January.

Did Not See White Woman For a Year

MRS. M. B. CAMPBELL, now resident in Australia and at present holidaying in Queensland, spent six eventful years of her life in Mid-west Africa. Her husband, the late Dr. Campbell, practised there, and during part of the time, when they were in Pujuhun, Mrs. Campbell did not see a white woman for 12 months.

Mrs. M. B. Campbell —Dorothy Coleman.

She admits to a certain monotony, but says there were exciting patches which compensated for uneventful days. She accompanied her husband on long treks, with thirty or more natives in attendance, and the contingent, she says, was like an army setting forth.

With the big advances made in the study of tropical diseases, West Africa, Mrs. Campbell says, can no longer be termed "the white man's grave."

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Pianist From Perth Tours Australia

PHYLLIS BLOTT, the pianist from Perth, who with Enrico Rigattieri is touring Australia doing broadcast work for the A.B.C., is the official accompanist and pianist of National Station 6WF.

Winning a scholarship at the University of West Australia, she later went to Melbourne University to study at the Conservatorium, and obtained honors in her diploma course. Since her return to Perth she has accompanied most of the overseas and inter state artists to visit West Australia.

Olive Wilton's Little Theatre

MISS OLIVE WILTON'S "little theatre" modelled on the experimental theatre in the South Kensington Museum has aroused much interest in dramatic circles in Hobart. She has given a series of lectures, under the auspices of the W.E.A. on the growth and development of the drama through the ages, illustrated by stage settings of plays in each period.

Miss Wilton made her little theatre for the purpose of these lectures, which have included scenes from Komisjavasky's production of "The Merchant of Venice," and "Macbeth" at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford - on - Avon; Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," and Marc Connolly's "Green Pastures." She has been aided by the cleverly-designed stage properties of Robert Montgomery.

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Spending Her Days With Needle and Thread

THESE days Miss Eileen Ralph is spending most of her time with needle and thread. She is organising secretary for the Queensland Women's Central Committee of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Mission, and on September 25 a big fete is being held to raise funds. As well as arranging a work stall, Miss Ralph is looking after all general arrangements.

Miss Eileen Ralph —Regent.

She has been organising secretary of the mission since June, and is most interested in the work.

Cookery Book of American Dishes

MRS. E. A. CALLANAN, a well-known member of the American colony in Victoria, is a very busy woman at the moment. As vice-president of the American Women's Auxiliary for the Children's Hospital she has been heard over the air lately stressing the needs of this deserving cause. She was a prominent helper at the recent ball held for the July 4 celebrations, by which £700 was raised for the hospital funds.

Mrs. E. A. Callanan —Broothers.

Now with the help of Mrs. Moser she is editing an American cookery book, proceeds from the sale of which will go to help the University Christmas fete.

It is whispered that of the million-and-one cook-books on the market, this one is unique.

❖ ❖ ❖

Women Table Tennis Champions

FIVE women were included in the interstate table tennis teams in Adelaide for the Centenary Table Tennis Carnival. New South Wales sent Miss Adele Jacobs, women's champion for the last two years; Mrs. A. Ward, runner-up, and Mrs. M. Walton as their women representatives.

With Miss F. Marshall and Miss E. Berry, of Queensland, the visitors played a South Australian team on the opening night (September 8) at the Freemasons' Hall. There are eleven women players from South Australia, and interstate women's matches were on Tuesday and Wednesday, and on September 14 the table tennis tournaments start with the Australian Women's Championship Singles.

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Woman Playwright Turns Toymaker

IT is rather a far cry from writing poetry and plays to making rag dolls and animals, but Margery Browne is nothing if not versatile. With two helpers, Nurse McMillan and Mrs. Hoyle, she has formed a Santa Claus Club at Ryde (Sydney) and here the trio work like Trojans making toys for the poor children of Sydney and those of the Far West.

Already they have nearly two hundred dolls and animals for the Far West children.

Megan Lloyd George's New Presidency

MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., has accepted the presidency of the Women's National Liberal Federation, a position vacated by Miss Alison Garland. She was elected Liberal member of Parliament for Anglesey in 1929, and has held the seat ever since. She is a very good speaker, clear, incisive, quick to seize an opponent's point, and with a touch of that Celtic enthusiasm and magnetism of which Mr. Lloyd George has such a large share.

❖ ❖ ❖

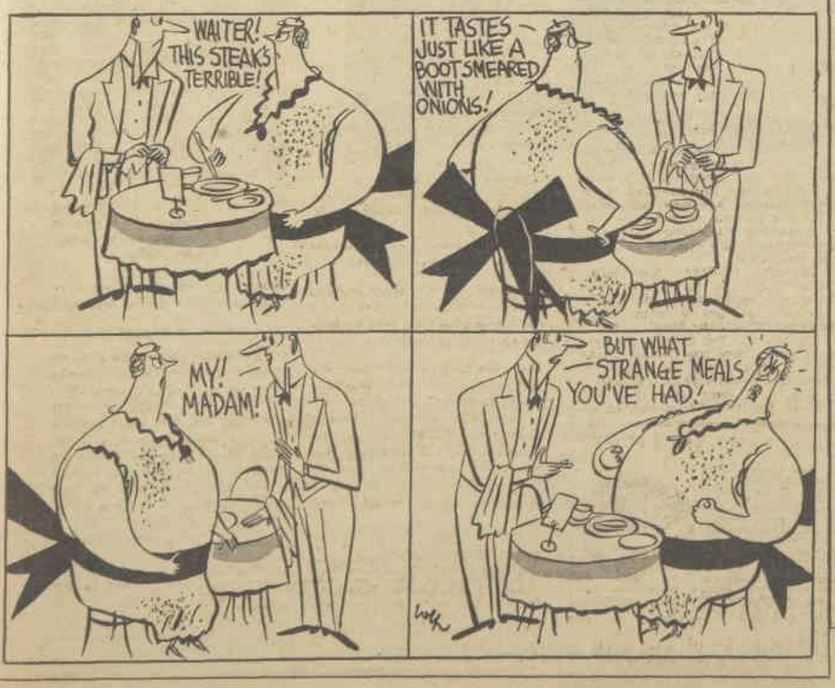
On World Tour For Twelve Months

VISITING Australia as part of a year's holiday programme is Miss Linette Grayson, the English dramatic soprano.

A former pupil of Madame Noordewier Reddingius, the great Dutch singer and teacher, Miss Grayson is particularly interested in modern French song, but is also an oratorio and lieder singer. She has sung in the leading countries of the Continent and in all the principal London concert halls. There is a prospect of recitals in Sydney and Melbourne before she leaves for New Zealand.

Miss L. Grayson.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY - - By WEP



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WATCH THIS DATE!

Entries close September 30th, 1936, for these Big S.A. Centenary Events (December, 1936).

Centenary Air Race

Brisbane to Adelaide, via Sydney and Melbourne—December 16th to 18th . . . Prize Money £1,000 and Trophies . . . Speed and Handicap Sections . . . Entry fee £3/3/-.

Grand Prix & T.T. Races

AUTOMOBILE GRAND PRIX—250 Miles . . . Prize Money £505 and Trophies . . . December 26th . . . Entry fee £4/4/-. MOTOR CYCLE TOURIST TROPHY RACES. Senior, Junior, Lightweight, and Sidecar Events . . . Prize Money £200 and Trophies . . . December 29th . . . Entry fee £1/1/-.

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The first All-Australia Motor Rally to be held—not a race, but a tour on the lines of an easy reliability trial—open to all motorists . . . Sydney, Melbourne, Perth, or Broken Hill to Adelaide—six routes . . . over £500 in prizes . . . December 19th to 22nd . . . Entry fee £1/1/-. ASK YOUR SERVICE STATION!

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For Entry Forms and all particulars write to the South Aust. Representative at the Government Tourist Bureau at Melbourne or Sydney, or to the State Organising Director, S.A. Centenary Celebrations, Box 664B, G.P.O., Adelaide.

SEND *For* SUSAN

Continued from Page 24

"GOT her!" said Susan to herself, and smiled to herself in the mirrors which surrounded her. Dozens of Susans smiled back.

When a breathless but still anxious Esme Emerald Eve flung herself into the chair, and cried: "I've got twenty minutes—you won't mind if I change—now tell me the whole story, dearie—my Heavens, where's that rouge pot——?" Susan told it, and the misery and helplessness of brother Bill brought tears of rage to the wide blue eyes of Esme Emerald Eve.

"This," she said, and her sharp nose vibrated a little at the extreme tip, "this has gotta be fixed—and fixed proper!"

"Listen, then," continued Susan, and explained what was in her mind.

SUSAN did not reach Caister Hall that evening until some time after dinner, and she slipped up to bed without seeing a soul. The house-party, consisting of about a dozen guests, was by this time in full swing, and she felt too tired to face them. Also she wished, for the purposes of her plan, to remain as little in evidence as possible. She made a hearty supper of rich fruit cake and cocoa, and fell asleep early with the easy conscience of one who has done a good day's work. Before she closed her eyes she permitted herself a few moments' speculation regarding the possibilities of the morrow. She viewed them with a certain quiet joy. Grown-ups always acted so oddly when they were surprised.

The first person she saw in the morning, after she had bathed and dressed and descended to the breakfast-room, was Molly Gresham-Tooke, who fell upon her with an enthusiastic embrace, saying:

"You're going to be my little sister, aren't you?" She then kissed her affectionately, and Susan politely repressed the desire to squirm. She hated kissing even the people she liked, but the unnecessary caresses of a person with whom she had nothing in sympathy always seemed to be about the worst thing that could happen to her.

She eyed Molly Gresham-Tooke with a cold dislike which that earnest young woman failed to notice, and sat down to corn-flakes and cream with the definite conviction that the sooner William saw the back of her the better for everybody. Mercifully three other people came in, and the tete-a-tete was brought to an end.

William was one of the three.

He walked right round the big table to implant a chaste salute upon Molly's brow, and settled down to his breakfast with the air of a man who found nothing in his lot to complain about. Susan was a little puzzled. She had not expected him to fling himself quite so flat before the juggernaut of his oncoming fate; truly he was without weapons of defence, but that did not mean he could not run. Mentally, that was to say. Had he decided during the last thirty-six hours, since Friday afternoon, in fact, that there was nothing to be done in the matter of escape, and that the sensible thing to do was to capitulate gracefully?

IT looked very like it. But, on the other hand, he never by any chance did the sensible thing. He was quite incapable of it. Susan frowned, and watched him for a while. His rather vacuous face expressed nothing she could read. He just ate kidney and bacon, toast, marmalade, and a couple of nectarines as though he were hungry. Not, of course, that the most calamitous disaster would ever affect his appetite. She decided that real stupidity was the finest disguise a man could use, particularly when it was natural and unassumed.

Even the fond glances which Molly flung in his direction failed to arouse him to any show of the nausea he ought to have felt.

So puzzled was she that she seized the opportunity about an hour later, when Molly sent him into the house to fetch a sunshade, to waylay him on the terrace, which was deserted, and say:

"My hat, Bill, but you're pretty well finished, aren't you? Not a spark left?"

"Spark? Spark?"

"Of fight, and so on."

He appeared to be perplexed, but the fact that he was fetching a sunshade urged him on his way. Susan kept pace with him.

"Relying on me entirely?" she asked. "Is that it?"

"Wha' for? Ground floor cloak-room—blue and red parasol—blue an' red—"

"Oh, you're helpless! You can't think of two things at once! I wonder where you'd be without me?" said his sister impatiently. "Oh, well! They say there's a special providence that looks after drunken men and children. I expect you creep in somewhere."

"VERY lucky chap," muttered William to himself. "Can't believe my good fortune——" And he hurried into the house.

Susan stared after him as one struck dumb. Utter astonishment and complete enlightenment fell upon her simultaneously.

She understood. William was perfectly content to marry Molly Gresham-Tooke!

For a moment she stood rooted to the spot, and then, as she remembered the powder-trail to which she had applied the match, she went cold with apprehension. He wanted, perhaps genuinely, perhaps because he was like a bird fascinated by a snake, he wanted to marry the Wangler!

She swung round and looked across the lawn to where Molly and some half a dozen guests were sitting in garden chairs; looked at the peaceful, Sunday-morning scene, and realised that soon—very soon—it was going to be disturbed. The need for instant action came upon her. The Biddlington Road! The Biddlington Road, where the main London by-pass cut across it! She could stop it there!

Please turn to Page 40

HOW well they know, these glamorous French girls, that to be *truly* alluring, you must be lovely "all over" . . . with face, arms, shoulders, back . . . soft and velvet-smooth!

That is why they use Palmolive more than any other beauty soap . . . for the bath as well as face. Why not make *their* secret *yours*?

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THE MOVIE WORLD

September 19, 1936. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page 27

CALLING *Australia!*

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood and London

The Elusive Pimpernel

FATE, while pretending to be thoroughly impartial, and even stern, is turning the Barrymore-Barrie affair into something very closely resembling a Mack Sennett comedy.

The latest development occurred when Elaine, endeavoring to forget her changeable lover for an hour or two, went out for an automobile ride. Unhappily, another driver must have had problems of his own, apart from traffic problems, with the result that there was an accident, Miss Barrie being slightly injured.

She was immediately rushed to hospital—and, of course, it had to be the same hospital in which John had sought asylum earlier. Just one of Fate's humorous little tricks. But, here's the irony of it. No sooner had the discarded fiancee come, as she thought, under the same roof as her beloved, than she found that the elusive Barrymore had disappeared. Earlier in the day he had moved to another establishment, where he is being treated for an enlarged heart.

Real Love Becomes Reel Love

ALTHOUGH the names of Merle Oberon and David Niven have been linked together for a long time now, and although the fact of their romance is known to millions the world over, the two have never been linked in a picture.

This is now to be remedied. They are to appear in "Love Under Fire," a romance of the Irish revolution, and devoted fans will be able to see them in harness together.

And if love scenes between two disinterested people can be made realistic in a film, what should the tender moments between Merle and David be like!

MARCELLE MARNAY, soon to be seen in "Uncivilised"

Famous Singer to Wed

BACHELOR admirers of the charming Lily Pons will be stricken to hear that she is going to wed. Her lovely coloratura-soprano is to be linked in holy matrimony with the musical appreciation and knowledge of Andre Kostelanetz, nationally-known orchestra conductor. An early marriage is expected.

Lily is radiantly happy over the situation. Andre is similarly afflicted, but his feelings are expressing themselves in composition. It is expected that his music will be used in Mademoiselle Pons' next R.K.O. picture.

Wanted: A Mother

IT was not until he became a husband and father that Wallace Ford realised the importance of "family." An ex-Barnardo Homes boy, Ford passed his life, until nine years ago, without evincing any interest in his past, but now, with a daughter of his own, he feels that some step should be taken to provide her with a grandmother.

In between work on "O.H.M.S." at Sound City, Wally is making his inquiries. So far, he has discovered that his father is dead, but can unearth no trace of his mother, despite the many weeping ladies who have turned up to claim him as their own.

Air-Minded Marshall

HERBERT MARSHALL is planning to go to England. If he does, he may set up a record. He aims to leave Hollywood as soon as his present picture, "Portrait of a Rebel," is completed. Flying east, he will take a passage on the zeppelin Hindenburg, which should land him at Croydon five days after leaving Hollywood.

He will stay in England five days, and will then link up with the giant airship for his return passage by the same route. If things run to schedule it will be a very neat job. Hollywood to England and back, with a holiday between, in fifteen days. Good going!

Sparks for England

FROSTY-FACED Ned Sparks is due in England any day now. Although it is rumored that he is to work for British Lion studios, nothing is definitely signed up. Ned, however, is coming over, anyhow, and is a certainty to be snapped up on arrival by some organisation.

Last time he came to London he arrived in a thick fog and was implored by a photographer to "Smile, in spite of the weather." Ned's reply was typical. "What!" he howled. "Smile, and spoil the record of a lifetime! Not even for a London fog."

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MOVIE COLONY LACKS Eligible MEN

Chance for Presentable Bachelors

By MARY OLIVIER

BIG chance for eligible men in Hollywood! Come to Hollywood, young fellow. Take the stars to parties. Fill up their engagement books. Be the Steady Flame.

The picture girls are starved for romance.

Hollywood is a manless town.

Let's look the position squarely in the face. Let's get out the magnifying glass and scrutinise the situation.

WHEN Ann Shirley snared Owen Davis, jun., another bachelor was struck off the list of eligibles. And don't the two look domestic?

ABOVE: Ida Lupino, who, in common with a whole heap of Hollywood beauties, has no steady "flame." Why? She has everything a man usually falls for when he's looking for a sweetheart.

LEFT: ONE OF the few attractive, unattached males left in the colony—Michael Whalen.

NOW, in the first place, where are all the men in Hollywood? Yes, yes, I know, a lot of them are at Miriam Hopkins' playing dominoes. But they can't all get in her house, much as they want to.

Where are the rest? Why do these picture girls lean wanly on their china and sigh for romance?

It's as easy to find a young man with enough money to spend and an inclination to spend it as it is to discover a rich man who WANTS to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Certain blades and ladies are coupled together like railway carriages, though in some cases with a little more permanence. Certain names go together. Altar bound at the moment, despite evasive remarks to enquirers, appear to be Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, William ditto and Jean Harlow, Merle Oberon and David Niven, George Raft and Virginia Pine, Mary Brian and Cary Grant, Glenda Farrell and Addison Randall.

Gene a Fixture

AND now Gene Raymond has consolidated his capture of Jeannette MacDonald from Bob Ritchie, who was head man in her life for a long, long time; and in so doing has left a big gap in the ranks of Hollywood's eligible men, for Gene beaued all the girls around indiscriminately.

Carole Lombard continues to monopolise Clark Gable's attention. It started pretty much as a publicity stunt, linking these two. They both entered the idea in a spirit of fun—but it's beginning to look as though it's really taking. However, Clark's divorce won't be final for quite some time.

Among the younger players, the Anne Shirley-Owen Davis, jun., affair is taking on a serious aspect—she's even cooking dinners for him. And little Betty Grable has set the date for her marriage to Jackie Coogan as December 19, 1937. That's the day after the expiration of her contract with R.K.O., under which she's forbidden to marry.

However, this permanent mating doesn't help the lovelorn girls of the village.

Let's consider the matter with due seriousness.

Here are the unattached men: Randolph Scott, George Brent, Robert Taylor, Lyle Talbot, Cesar Romero, Ronald Colman, Michael Whalen, Bruce Cabot, Henry Fonda, Ramon Novarro, Eric Linden, Tom Brown, Michael Bartlett, Nelson Eddy—and I can't, for the life of me, think of another. Unless, perhaps, you include Herbert Marshall, for they do say, over their cocktails, that Herbert no longer cares, and that Gloria is all broken up.

A Flock of Girls

BUT the girls. Oi, here you have a list like a ship: Alice Faye, Florence Rice, Steffi Duna, Virginia Bruce, Claire Trevor, Mary Carlisle, Betty Furness, Luise Rainer, Patricia Ellis, Ida Lupino, Margaret Lindsay, Anita Louise, Paula Stone, Katherine De Mille, Wendy Barrie, Grace Bradley, Frances Langford, Rosalind Russell, Margaret Callahan, Louise Latimer, Rochelle Hudson, Dixie Dunbar, Molly Lamont, Marsha Hunt, and more—oh, countless thousands more.

These girls appear at occasional first nights, or at important parties with one man or another. Maybe an affair is rumored; then it's flat as a pancake.

Nor are all the men I've named eligible, in the strict sense of the word.

Ronald Colman, as retiring as a hermit crab, has no use for the average woman. He is not one to flit (fancy Ronald flitting) from flower to flower, as we of the old school laughingly say.

Ramon Novarro can't be pried away from his little theatre, his music and his Europe.

Henry Fonda and Bruce Cabot have eyes only for their respective ex-wives, Margaret Sullavan and Adrienne Ames. Both couples deny that re-marriage is in the offing—yet, it can't be denied that they're seeing as much of each other as any engaged couples possibly could.

Romantic Taylor

AND then, of course, there's Robert Taylor (you've waited very patiently for me to get around to him). Ideal romance these days resolves into a matter of what film Robert Taylor plays in, so far as hosts of ladies are concerned. There was a time when Bob played no favorites, escorting in quick succession Irene Hervey, June Knight, Janet Gaynor, and numerous other damsels.

But now that Barbara Stanwyck has finally separated from Frank Fay, given up her life of a recluse, and become one of the gay party girls of Hollywood, Bob is her constant squire. The pair are frequently seen out dining or dancing together, and for the past several months have had regular Saturday night engagements, as Hollywood gossip hounds were quick to discover.

One recent Saturday night when Barbara was scheduled to work on a beach location for "The Bride Walks Out," the two didn't let it interfere with their regular appointment. Bob went out to the location, several miles north of Malibu, watched Barbara emote before the cameras and joined in a party with the cast and crew after work was completed.

I'm afraid we'll have to cross handsome Bob off our list of eligibles, which doesn't leave many to go round, does it?

Please turn to Page 32

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ENTERTAINMENT, Not Art ...Movie Public Demands

Screen's Finest Artists ☆ ☆ ☆ Bad Box-Office

A frank analysis of the reaction of picture-goers to real actors and actresses.

By . . . **Jeannette MacMahon**

IS Art wholly necessary for a star to succeed before the sound cameras of Hollywood? Is it essential that a good-looking screen aspirant should be fully equipped with the histrionic talent of a Bernhardt or a Barrymore to reach the pinnacle of filmatic stardom?

Those are the questions which many of the leading lights in the film city are asking themselves these days! Because experience has taught them, and at the same time astute studio executives, that in many instances the player with outstanding acting ability has been a pronounced flop at the box-office.

AND when you know your Hollywood as I know it, you'll realise that unless a thespian plays a sympathetic chord on the barometer that registers public favoritism—the Cash Register—he, or she, is distinctly passe so far as sustained stellar rating is concerned.

An analysis of the players who mean top money to those exhibitors who screen their pictures, an analysis organised by trade journals throughout America recently, and taking into account most of the showmen from New York to California, has revealed a most surprising state of affairs. It has proven beyond any shadow of doubt that what the critics of the lay Press consider to be "art as is art," the public en masse has refused very positively. Not a pleasant thought for those actors and actresses who know in their heart of hearts that they're much better performers than the bigger box-office attractions, but unavoidable, nevertheless!

Gable Bad Actor

AUSTRALIAN conditions reveal the same strange state of affairs. True critics of art say that Clark Gable is not a good actor. But the millions who admire his virility and undoubted appeal over such men as Peter Lorre and Fritz Koetner have placed him "Number One" so far as box-office certainty is concerned. And when Mr. and Mrs. Paying Public say, "We want Gable," Mr. Producer says, "Okay, we'll give him to you. We know he can't act as well as Paul Muni; but he'll earn us big money."

The wise-heads of film exhibition in Australia would no more dream of divulging their takings on certain pictures to the man in the street than try to rip the feathers off a frog. All they do is triumphantly to announce "Third colossal week" when a film is doing good business with a popular star, or to whisper forlornly, "Last Three Days" when business does a nose dive.

But one thing is certain!

If you, as an auditor, were to check up on the takings of those productions which featured fine players like Helen Hayes or Edward G. Robinson, you'd find finances very much on the debit side. Swell performers, both of them, but lemons at the box-office.

No Glamor

WHY this forlorn state of affairs exists in Australia, America, and Britain is difficult to comprehend. Perhaps it is that culture among the masses is sadly lacking, and that we prefer beer to champagne so far as our pictures are concerned. Not a nice thought, but one which comes instantly to the mind when the position is contemplated for a moment. And another reason may be that the romantic glamor which surrounds Robert Montgomery, he of the cheeky grin and well-tailored masculinity, is missing in the person of such a talented gentleman as Peter Lorre. Fans the world over want romance in their movies! To the dickens with Art, is their motto.

And to move with the times producers are giving 'em what they want and casting True Talent overboard!

I have before me as I write a hastily-scribbled list of actors and actresses who really are equipped with the amount of talent necessary to justify that description. Yet not one of them is regarded as strong enough to bear the weight of any picture on his or her shoulders so far as drawing power is concerned. They're starred in pictures, certainly! But you can bet your last cent to a cork-tipped bumper that their pictures aren't big money-makers. The fact that most of them are not handsome, pretty, or even good-looking may account for their lack of universal popularity. Let's look them over and just see how their films have fared so far as money-getting is concerned.

Top of the poll comes Peter Lorre! Here is an actor if ever there was one! Most of his parts are characterisations which might easily become farcical if they were not portrayed with that finesse of touch which Lorre is able to give them. A lift of the eyelid! . . . a shrug of the shoulders! . . . those little things convey a wealth of meaning when an actor of his polish gives them.

Continental Star

HE has appeared in numerous Continental productions, but his first Hollywood effort was "Mad Love," for M.G.M. In it he gave a masterly performance as the crazed scientist, but the finished picture was relegated to the lower group of releases, and eventually found its outlet in lesser first-release theatres.

Despite the fact that they knew that Lorre was possibly one of the best of all male performers on their lot, the producers knew that his pictures would never gross big money. And their assumption was right, too, because I'll guarantee that most of my readers have already forgotten "Mad Love," while they remember "Forsaking All Others," which didn't have half of the histrionic polish. The fact that the latter had Crawford, Gable and Montgomery, three much-publicised good-lookers, may account for the difference.

And then there's Helen Hayes. Maybe you don't like her! Admit it if you don't, because you're probably one of several million others! In pictures she's a box-office freeze, and possibly will never make another talkie.

Please turn to Page 32

TOP RIGHT: A characteristic study of Katharine Hepburn, acknowledged as one of the finest screen actresses of to-day, and yet not a big box-office attraction.

ABOVE: A great Continental star, Peter Lorre, whose acting in "Crime and Punishment" was superb. But Lorre meant very little, as a money-maker, to Hollywood.

RIGHT: Bette Davis, an exception to the rule. Bette has managed to combine real talent with popularity. How long will she be able to keep it up?

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WARDROBE Secrets For THIS SPRING

What Kay Francis, Smartest Woman of Screen, Is Wearing

From OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE in Hollywood

Because she is repeatedly chosen as one of the "best-dressed women in the world," and because her personal taste in clothes has come to be accepted by many as a standard for good taste and conservatism in style, Kay Francis and her private-life wardrobe are always of interest. And this spring the lovely Warner Bros. star has some of the smartest gowns of her career.

Smart simplicity is always the keynote of Kay Francis, who will shortly be seen in "The White Angel." Smart simplicity are the two words she bears in mind when she goes shopping. Off the screen as well as on, her clothes are always wearable, never theatrical, unless, of course, the part happens to call for the theatrical, "costume" type of gown. Most of her wardrobe could be adapted without modification to the needs of the average woman.

KAY FRANCIS, for instance, is especially fond of tailored things, which is well in keeping with the current style trend for spring. Her wardrobe always contains several suits, two of her present favorites being a pin-stripe of mannish material in the classic mode, with which she wears two silver foxes and black accessories, and a dark green wool suit-ensemble, styled with straight, slim skirt, and seven-eighths length coat trimmed with tuxedo lapels of natural lynx.

This ensemble is worn with a green felt hat, yellowish chamois gloves, and either a green suede bag and shoes, or bag and shoes of lizard.

For street wear, Kay also likes a black wool frock with a tiny white figure, made with white lingerie touches at the throat and wrists, and one of the modified boleros, which is cut all in a piece with the dress at the back, and released only in front.

Spanish Trend

DESIGNER ORRY-KELLY, incidentally, says that the new Spanish trend is at its best when only indicated, subtly, in this manner. For this dress, the actress' hat is a black one, with a rather wide, irregular brim, and a quill.

From Schiaparelli, the star has another Spanishy street ensemble, a two-pieced silk crepe striped in two tones of dark red and black, with which she wears a Spanish hat of red felt veiled in black wool yarn filet with black wool pompoms. Still another of her spring street frocks is a dress and jacket of crepe-de-chine printed in white on a dark red ground in a floral design, with shirring in the front and a short flared peplum at the back of the fitted jacket.

Lately, for sports and lounging wear, Kay has been wearing pyjamas. She appeared at the studio for tests for her latest picture, "The White Angel," based on the life of Florence Nightingale, wearing tailored navy blue flannel slacks and a short white "bubby" coat, while for home wear she has had made some equally tailored lounging pyjamas in navy-and-white polka-dotted silk.

Negligees

KAY'S newest evening gown is of black satin, gaily printed in brilliant colored flowers, and seems to endorse an earlier prophecy that spring prints, like wallpaper, would be more vivid than ever before. This gown also had the new shoulder-straps, narrow almost as shoe-strings, and an extremely low decolletage that revealed the wearer's beautiful back and shoulders.

Kay's taste in negligees also is tailored rather than frilly, her favorites being velvet, satin or crepe shot with metallic threads to resemble a mannish tweed, done in a single color, with modified shawl collar, wide sleeves, plenty of skirt fullness, and a tailored belt.

Newest in her wardrobe are a tailored white slipper satin hostess gown, with stiffened shawl collar covered with white silk braid, enormous leg-o'-mutton sleeves ending in long tight cuffs, and a gored skirt with fitted waistline but no belt; a spring afternoon hat of white ballibuntle with cone-shaped crown tied in white cord, with dropped brim in front and turned-up back; a beach hat of open coarse straw, with broad brim, and, again, the quaint high cone-shaped peak, and a brown Alaska seal sports coat.

Moviedom's Best-dressed Woman

A new study of exquisite Kay Francis, who is acknowledged as the most beautifully-clothed woman in Hollywood.

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

When I was little, I wished I could change places with folk who served cakes in the sweet shops . . . so I could help myself whenever I felt like it.

* * * *

To-day, I am the subject of envy, as thousands wish they could change places *with me*.

* * * *

I've just seen "The Great Ziegfeld" for the *third* time.

* * * *

When you consider that this grand production occupies three hours in the telling, this admission is ample tribute to its greatness.

* * * *

I doubt if *any* person in Australia to-day has the remotest idea of the bigness, lavishness and glory of "The Great Ziegfeld".

* * * *

***It is an entire entertainment.* There will be no room on any programme for any other single item. You won't miss them. *"The Great Ziegfeld"* is so *grand* the time will pass as so many minutes.**

* * * *

You will have to plan your visit to see it just as you would to see a stage entertainment. No arriving in the middle and waiting for the same scene to come around again. It will not be presented *anywhere* on a continuous policy.

* * * *

***Right now* Sydney St. James, which will give Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Roadshow first presentation . . . is preparing its policy so as to offer three sessions each day at 11 a.m., 2.30 p.m. and 8 p.m.**

* * * *

Plan now to be seated at start of session. You cannot afford to be late since it will mean missing that much enjoyment. Every moment of the three hours it takes is thrilling to the eye, fascinating to the ear, stirring in its drama, and packed with gaiety and fun.

* * * *

William Powell, magnificent as Ziegfeld. *Myrna Loy*, adorable as Billie Burke. *Luise Rainer*, a delightful Anna Held. Frank Morgan, Virginia Bruce and Nat Pendleton head a cast of 150—plus the Glorified Follies Girls.

* * * *

SPECIAL SOUVENIR: Send 7d. in stamps to the Editor, Lion's Roar, 20 Chalmers Street, Sydney, and you will receive (as soon as ready) a 20 page brochure (four pages in color) of M-G-M's "The Great Ziegfeld". (Please mention this paper.)

Yours for entertainment,
LEO, of M-G-M.

THEATRE ROYAL
London's Gayest Musical Comedy
"YES, MADAM?"
CHARLES HEELOP, Nellie Barnes, Leo Franklyn, Marie La Varre, Ethel Morrison, Robert Coote, Tom and Laurie Devine (English dancers), etc., etc.

£25 CASH MUST BE WON £25

"SEARCH FOR FILM STARS" No. 4

Twenty-five Pounds cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest score obtained from the names below. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided equally.

Here is a splendid new competition consisting of ten surnames of film players, each name being jumbled, with the addition of one unnecessary letter. A code is set out below, in which the alphabet is numbered 1 to 26. All you have to do is to find the hidden names and substitute the letters for their corresponding values. For example, No. 1, with the letter "T" omitted, could be arranged to form the name "SHEARER," the letter values of which are 19, 8, 5, 1, 18, 5 and 18, a total of 74.

When you have completed the ten film-players' names work out the total score obtainable from each as in the example. Write your list of names on a sheet of paper, place opposite each name its total score, add up the ten totals, and this will give you the final total score of your solution. Enclose a postal note for 1/- with each entry, and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, not later than **FRIDAY, 25th SEPTEMBER, 1936,** to **"FILM-STAR" COMPETITION, G.P.O. BOX 3834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.**

Prize money is deposited with Australian Women's Weekly. Results will be published in issue dated 10th October, 1936. Every name submitted is checked for verification individually. When no information whatever can be obtained about any name submitted, this name is not accepted as correct. In this respect the adjudicator's decision must be accepted as final and binding. This competition is sponsored by J. Montgomery & Co., G.P.O. Box 3834T, Sydney.

All communications concerning this competition must be made to J. Montgomery, 1 Yorkshire House, Spring Street, Sydney.

1. STARHERE
2. LIARCHEVEL
3. GABNEL
4. DETTBENN
5. OYDCB
6. GOMERRYMONT
7. ALLUH
8. GAPES
9. LOWTHAR
10. TONERS

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

FILM STAR COMPETITION No. 1

Sixty-six competitors submitted the highest correct total—693 points—and they share the prize, each receiving 7/-.

QUEENSLAND: Mrs. Mary Wilson, M. E. McNeilly, Mrs. A. Bland, M. J. Ryan, Miss M. Nolan, J. O. Lochel, Mrs. J. J. Wilton, C. H. Hooper.

N.S.W.: Thos. Bongate, Mrs. A. Paton, Mrs. A. V. Jarvis, E. A. Mallet, Mrs. H. P. Munro, Miss P. Wellard, A. R. Crosky, Mrs. L. Peacock, Mrs. L. P. Carroll, Mrs. Brown, Miss M. Lindsay, Lawrence Hugent, M. McKee, W. Thompson, Les B. Acia, Miss Pat Lambeth, R. Douglas, A. Joyce, Miss N. Mason, Richard Poynter, G. Hutchings, Ellis Wayland, W. Dennins, Miss A. Chapman, W. N. Davis, Miss E. Kavanagh, H. O. Topham, J. Shean, D. Potter, Mrs. D. Mitchell, Mrs. C. Cullen, H. Connelly, Mrs. A. D. Cole, Mrs. A. Wilson, H. Jones, Mrs. M. Kent, Mrs. A. O'Grady, G. P. Todd, C. O. P. Todd, Miss F. Pike, A. Parry, Miss J. Lloyd, Mrs. A. H. Holloway.

VICTORIA: T. W. Charles, Mrs. J. Taylor, Mrs. D. Ewart, Miss A. Crawford, A. V. Brunsdon, O. Findley, K. H. MacFarlane, Miss E. Hawthorne, Mrs. Ed. Sinosic, R. Hamilton.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Mrs. S. H. Grantham, Norma Hoskins, Mrs. L. Foster. One entry no name, Dixon St., Clarence Park, S.A.

One entry no name or address.

WINNING NAMES

1. ASTAIRE (Fred)
2. HOPTON (Russell)
3. DVORAK (Ann)
4. DIX (Richard)
5. CAREY (Leonard)
6. HOHL (Arthur)
7. DODD (Claire)
8. GARBO (Greta)
9. HARDING (Ann)
10. FRANCIS (Kay)

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POWELL ☆ ☆ and Girls Galore

BILL POWELL, in all his pictures, usually manages to get an attractive girl as his opposite number. But in "The Great Ziegfeld" he is overwhelmed with beauty. Who wouldn't envy him Luise Rainer (top left), who is also with him below (in the circle). Then there's Myrna Loy (top right), to say nothing of hundreds of damsels no less glamorous and lovely.

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CLEARS YOUR SKIN — KEEPS IT CLEAR

Blemishes, coarse pores, and tiresome skin blotches all yield to one simple treatment — regular washing with Rexona Soap. Rexona does more than cleanse the surface skin. Because it is specially medicated, the rich Rexona lather destroys the germs and impurities that hide in the pores and set up skin disorders. Regular Rexona cleansing attacks and conquers skin faults where they start—that's why Rexona alone is a whole skin treatment.

REXONA OINTMENT FOR SERIOUS DISORDERS

Persistent skin complaints need Rexona Ointment as well as Rexona Soap. First wash the affected skin with Rexona Soap, then smear on the soothing, healing Ointment. This treatment quickly ends pain and irritation; restores the skin to perfect health.

Rexona

SOAP, 9d. per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/6 tin (City and Suburbs)

LUXURIANT HAIR FOR YOU

Don't imagine that beautiful hair is just a question of luck. Every woman can have lovely hair by feeding the starved hair roots with Barry's Tricopherous. This fragrant liquid revives the hair, tones up the scalp and promotes luxuriant growth. It drives away dandruff, prevents greyness and falling hair. Excellent as a dressing. Fine for children's hair. Splendid for men. Get a bottle to-day.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth
Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 2/- per bottle.

Piles Go Quick

Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a pleasant tablet, succeeds, because, in 24 hours, it begins to relieve this congestion, and strengthens the affected parts so that broken bloated veins start to shrink and heal, often in 4 or 5 days! Vaculoid has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of Piles Sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell Vaculoid with this guarantee.

Stop Baby's Cough
It may become serious

Tender little throats are quickly soothed and healed the Chamberlain way. Phlegm loosens, throats are soothed. Contains no harsh, injurious drugs—will not upset the stomach. Checks coughs quickly.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

Getting Up Nights

If you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Headaches, Lost Vigour, Burning, Smarting, Acidity, Kidney or Bladder trouble, get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-tex). Must end troubles in 8 days or money back. At chemists.

REINCARNATION CLAIM Follows Screening

Amazing Scene

From Mary St. Claire, by Air Mail.

Do you sometimes have a curious sense of familiarity when you go for the first time into a house?

Do you feel you have previously seen something which is just being enacted?

This is what happened to 18-year-old Dorothy Jordan, a Belfast typist, and caused her to faint during the screening of "Tudor Rose" at a Liverpool cinema.

The scene was the execution of Lady Jane Grey.

"IT'S all wrong," shouted Dorothy. "I was at the execution." Then she fainted.

When she recovered, the girl was vehement in her declaration that she had actually lived in the Tudor days and felt that she had been irresistibly led into the cinema.

Miss Jordan criticised the portrayal of some of the scenes.

"At the execution of Dudley, the film shows Lady Jane Grey as being quite calm," she explained. "But I know that is not right. She was hysterical. I was so close to her at the time that I know I must have been the lady-in-waiting.

"At the execution of Lady Jane Grey herself I have a vivid impression of the executioner, and recall clearly the broad black bands around his wrists, which are not shown in the film.

"I remember the executioner saying, 'Will you forgive me?' and Lady Jane replying, 'Certainly' and not 'Most willingly' as in the film."

Scaffold Memory

THE scene was so real to the girl that she remembered an attendant lifting the curls from Lady Jane's neck. She covered her face with her hands and fainted—to be revived in the foyer of a twentieth-century cinema—not at the foot of a scaffold on a cobbled street of the Tudor period.

Was she really the lady-in-waiting to the tragic Lady Jane?

Perhaps you yourself were a beautiful princess of Egypt, spending your days lying negligently on a golden barge, under a canopy of peacock feathers, with a thousand slaves to gratify your whims as you floated down the Nile.

Or maybe you were the little lady Golden Bells, who fascinated the young Marco Polo when he journeyed to China to teach Christianity at the court of the Great Khan.

Theosophists admit the feasibility of Miss Jordan's claim. They say the fact that she modestly chose to be the lady-in-waiting and not the central character of the drama proves that it is not an ordinary case of feminine hysteria.

The theory is that you may live your life without remembering all the fine people you have been previously, and then, suddenly, a dramatic incident in the present will revive the memory of some highlight of another existence.

One case of supposed reincarnation has been thoroughly investigated by the Theosophical Committee and proved to their satisfaction.

An Indian child, named Kumari Shanti Devi, was born in Delhi, and from the age of four protested she knew the food and customs of a far-distant city.

Her extraordinary statements were carefully checked by the committee. She led them to the house where she had lived, and actually identified her husband of a previous existence, and a then-grown-up son.

Bigamy?

AS her husband had remarried he was then in the awkward position of having to contend with the soul of a former wife and the actuality of the existing one. The adult son was confronted with a mother who was nine years of age.

In Tibet the Dalai Lama is believed to be the reincarnation of the first Chief Lama. It is believed that when the ruler dies, his spirit passes directly into the body of a child born at that exact time.

Next time you see a fan of peacock feathers you may remember a glamorous pre-existence which will shatter all your standards of modern times.

If you go to a psychologist he will probably tell you that this is some strange kink of feminine vanity, or the outcrop of an inhibition.

THIS IS DON AMECHE, a promising newcomer to the screen. Now under contract to 20th Century-Fox, he has distinct possibilities at an actor.

Entertainment, Not Art... Movie Public Demands

Continued from Page 29

"THE Sin of Madelon Claudet" was her biggest profit-maker, but, since, her releases have given the showmen screening them one big pain in the nape of the neck!

Yet the fact remains that she is, without doubt, the most accomplished feminine performer ever to grace the Hollywood Boulevard. Proof of her versatility can be had from the knowledge that, right at this very moment, she is playing the lead in "Victoria Regina" at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York, and it is now in its second year. People are seeing it again and again, to revel in the artistry of Hayes. Which makes one think that only once has she been given an even break to display her talent in Hollywood—in "Claudet."

Another "Also-ran"

ANOTHER male to fall into the category of box-office "also-rans" is Leslie Howard. Perhaps his best piece of work to date is "Berkeley Square," which was, at the same time, one of the biggest financial kicks in the pants that Fox has ever had. Leslie has never meant big money, with the possible exception of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which had such a distinct story value to back him up.

And there are many, many more. Such fine artists as Edward G. Robinson, who has revealed many histrionic cameos, but who has earned very few dividends for his studio; Fritz Kortner, who gave us a fine piece of work in "Abdul the Damned," which didn't earn two bob; Paul Muni, who, with the exception of "The Life of Louis Pasteur," has never made a money-spinning picture.

All of these deserve more kudos than the good-looking he-men who fill out a dress-shirt so admirably, but who fall by the wayside for ability when lined up against some of their less-glamorous confreres.

Perhaps the surprise of them all is Katharine Hepburn. She has proven herself head and shoulders above many of the so-called stars by her portrayals in such films as "Morning Glory," "Spitfire," "Christopher Strong," and others. But none of these flicks has made the accountancy experts at R.K.O. kiss each other with glee from a financial standpoint. Which just goes to show . . .!

No, Mr. and Mrs. Public don't want Art in their screen entertainment. They'll take it when it's combined with romantic virility, as was the case with Charles Laughton in "Mutiny on the Bounty." But give them a flawless piece of fine characterisation that lacks pep and romance, and it's "thumbs down" with a vengeance, to the accompaniment of wails from an out-of-pocket producer who thinks that Art is popular with movie audiences.

Movie Colony Lacks Eligible Men

Continued from Page 28

SO, don't come to Hollywood, girls, looking for a man. Get 'em and bring 'em if you're determined to come to the film colony.

Now, I've pointed out one reason for the dearth of male escorts—the fact that there are more women than men. But there's another reason. The men who are in Hollywood are surfeited with beauty. Nowhere in the world are there so many attractive, well-dressed, smiling young women. Beauty is as dull as sin—and though you might doubt me, that's plenty dull. Everywhere you see gorgeous blonde, red and brunette heads. Velvet skins. Alabaster shoulders.

Picture, if you can, the typical Hollywood man. He sits upon a throne of his own making. It is gilded with his own imagination. He is as supercilious as an hotel clerk. And his attitude is that of "Why shouldn't these dames pay for their own meals? I'm taking 'em out. They've got a chance to look at me through seven courses." He walks the boulevards and accepts, as his just due, the adoring glances cast his way.

Fine Contempt

AND the actresses have a fine contempt for their fellow actors. Deep, deep in their hearts they hate them. Yet they can't lower themselves by appearing socially with any lesser lights. Then, too, there's nothing romantic about being kissed by a man who has just kissed you all day in front of a camera.

Now, here's where the visitor within the gates comes in. The girls meet the trains from New York like flappers meet fleets. They're looking for any young man with money. Or any young man with a nice manner. Or just any young man.

So come to Hollywood, young man, and bring your purse along. And stay, oh DO stay.

She found love

"My dear, I'm a woman with a past."

"A past? O, exciting."

"Oh," laughed Henrietta, "not THAT kind of past. You spoke of my Youth. Well, I'm 37. That's a shock."

"Shock. I'm completely prostrated."

"Well, don't be. That's the past. Creme Charmosan gave me the clear, young and lovely skin you see. That's the present."

"The future is—I'm marrying Kenneth. Now—so what?"

The ageing face made young again. The sweet witchery of a clear, young skin. Lady, that's a pleasant thing to contemplate.

All men love a pretty skin . . . AND THEY FALL IN LOVE WITH IT. Why not give yourself the chance to romance . . . to love . . . to be happy; to thrill to the witchery of a young and pretty skin?

Creme Charmosan for skin youth

The favorite of film and stage stars. Big jars for your dressing-table, 2/6. Handbag tubes, 1/-. Greaseless. Sold everywhere.

P.S.—Charmosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweet witchery hour after hour . . . you can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like . . . Charmosan face powder "stays put." How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder pad for hours. It is the best powder that money can buy and costs but 2/6 per large box. Used by famous film and stage stars. It is the powder of youthful skin charm and enchantment no matter what your age. In all shades and sun tan. Sold everywhere.

"SHOW me your tongue," says the doctor. Why? Because the tongue tells the story of internal cleanliness. A coated tongue, or a tongue which looks unclean, is one of the first indications of constipation. Look at your child's tongue every day—*and your own as well!* Immediately your bowels cease to be absolutely regular in their action; immediately nature departs from at least two actions per day—take Nyal Figsen! Nyal Figsen is the gentle, natural laxative which does not purge or gripe, yet which ensures complete elimination of all waste matter and poisons. Constipation clogs the system, undermines health and saps energy. Figsen ensures absolute freedom from constipation. It is the perfect laxative for every member of your family. Sold by chemists everywhere. Price 1/3 for a tin of 24 tablets.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Figsen, to the Nyal Company, 431C., Glebe Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ W.W.19/9/36.

TRY THIS ANCHOVETTE RECIPE

CHEESE FINGERS

Make some short crust or flaky pastry and roll out three times, each time sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese, then roll out again and spread liberally with Peck's Anchovette. Fold pastry in half and cut into fingers or squares, prick with a fork and bake in a moderate oven till a nice golden brown.

Anchovette is splendid, too, for all sandwich meals. Never be without a jar in the house.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free in 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.

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HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood and London Representatives

A MYSTERIOUS ailment has taken John Barrymore out of the cast of "Camille," and brother Lionel is taking his part as the Baron de Varville in the new Garbo film. Some say it is heart trouble. He is being taken care of in a sanitarium near Los Angeles.

The substitution of Lionel may seem strange, since he usually plays much older parts than John, but actually there is little disparity between the ages of the two brothers.

Through all his troubles, Elaine Barrie is sticking to the story of her devotion to John. She says that when he recovers, she will accompany him on a personal appearance tour.

❖ ❖ ❖

AUSTRALIAN Lance ("Desert Song") Fairfax, singer and film star, is back in London again after a long holiday in Sussex with his wife and two charming kiddies, Brian and Diana. He is rehearsing for the new show at the Palladium in the autumn, "Okay for Sound."

Meanwhile, two large film companies . . . he would not tell me their names . . . have approached him to take leading romantic roles in their new musical productions.

"It would be grand to do both," he said. "But we don't know yet whether we can fit them in successfully. It makes a full day if you start at the studio at 9 a.m. and finish at the theatre at 11.15 p.m."

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WILLIAM WYLER, director of "Dodsworth," has been giving Ruth Chatterton, star of that Sam Goldwyn production, some real thrills lately. As you no doubt have heard, Willie is a motor cycle addict, and after work is over for the day he and Ruth go whizzing up one street and down another in Beverly Hills on the Wyler motor-cycle. William is also seeing his ex-wife, Margaret Sullavan, on occasions, and when he isn't taking Ruth or Margaret out he seems to be rather devoted to Luise Rainer.

DOTS and DASHES

MYRNA LOY back in town after her honeymoon with producer Arthur Hornblow, jun. ● Garbo slipping into Adrian's studio to talk about her clothes for "Camille." ● Madeleine Carroll anticipating her jaunt to Europe and a visit to her castle in Catalonia. ● Robert Taylor selected as the official favorite of the Sigma Theta Pi sorority. ● Lillian Rich, star of De Mille's "The Golden Bed" in the silent days, working as an extra on a carnival set at M.-G.-M.

GLENDA FARRELL has a delightful sense of humor, but it frequently gets her into trouble. Just recently the fact that Glenda was planning to move brought up the rumor she was going to marry. Some aspiring newspaper man asked Glenda about it and she informed him very seriously that not she but her cousin, Gene Farrell, who makes his home with her, was the one who was contemplating matrimony.

She elaborated and told the young scribbler that her cousin had a girlhood sweetheart to whom he had been engaged for ten years and that he was liable to marry most any year now, and that she was giving her house to the young people as a wedding gift. The story came out in print. And as a result Dick is not speaking to Glenda. All his old friends think he has been two-timing them, leaving his fiancee in the background, and they are not speaking to him. Altogether, Glenda is a little sorry she invented this "fiancee" for her cousin.

❖ ❖ ❖

Marlene Dietrich and her eleven year-old daughter are on holiday in Salzburg. Both have adopted a modified version of national costume—peasant frocks with laced-up bodices worn with dainty puff-sleeved muslin blouses. Both have Homburg hats.

❖ ❖ ❖

FREDRIC MARCH cherishes an ambition to do a play on Broadway some day with his wife, Florence Eldridge. When they married, Florence was a famous actress and Fredric merely a young actor who showed signs of talent. For the sake of her husband and the babies, the famous actress gave up her career.

The greatest interest in the life of Fredric March is his wife. Every time she leaves the house, he begins worrying about her, and if she is late returning he works himself into a frenzy. Then she walks in bright and cheery, and he is so ashamed of his panic that he doesn't tell her a word about it.

Freddie is the worrying kind anyway. He worries about his pictures. He hates himself in the romantic roles. He detested his part in "Anna Karenina." He wants to do light comedy. He enjoyed "The Royal Family." But pictures like that don't make money.

❖ ❖ ❖

MOSCOW has begun work in the new Children's Film Studio. The first picture will be "Treasure Island," and after that "Peter Pan." The studio aims at turning out enough children's films to supply entire programmes for youngsters on two afternoons a week in all the large towns.

For pre-school children the studio is making short color-sound films of the animals at the Moscow Zoo.

"It's a splendid idea," says Canon Thompson Elliott, vicar of Leeds, who regards the cinema as "the most powerful single influence on children's imagination," and who in a recent article begged film companies to improve the subject matter and artistic value of film posters.

SPEAKING of Hollywood romances I certainly was astounded at the very open devotion shown by one young lady towards the object of her affections.

Open Devotion

Jackie Cooper was quietly lunching with his mother in the M.-G.-M. commissary when all of a sudden Carol Ann Beery, Wally's adopted daughter who has now reached the advanced age of four, came up and threw her arms around Jackie's neck and planted a resounding kiss on his face. Poor Jackie was so embarrassed and blushed right up to the top of his head. He tried to disengage himself from the young lady's embrace but Carol Ann hung on for dear life.

❖ ❖ ❖

Even mild-tempered Gary Cooper lost his temper when the Publicity Department proposed taking his picture with the feminine hairdresser assigned to him in "The Plainsman." Along with the other men in the picture, Cooper wears his locks down to his shoulders. They curl up slightly at the ends, and have to be kept trim for the camera. Mary Jones is the lucky girl who attends his tresses.

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ONCE a week Norma Shearer goes on a buttermilk diet, not only to lose weight but also to rest her system and build it up.

Luise Rainer took off six pounds in ten days, and still looks radiantly beautiful. Luise tells how she "did it."

"I drink hot tomato juice in the morning. I like something hot to start off the day, so I had two full cups. At luncheon, I had stewed tomatoes, an egg and a fruit salad. At dinner a portion of broiled meat and vegetables and fruit, if I wanted it."

John Loder has just gone over to Paris for a belated honeymoon with his bride, pretty French actress Micheline Cheirel.

"I am going to grow my nails and practise my Scottish accent while I'm on holiday," he told me just before he left. "That preparatory to starting on the film 'Rob Roy,' which is going on location in the Highlands next month.

"It pleases me to think that hundreds of people would give almost all they possess to have a Highland jaunt in September, and I am actually being paid to be there."

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

BACK in America, Helen Vinson is glad she married Fred Perry, the tennis champion. "I love married life, and I really want to learn to cook."

Helen says this not with a smile, but with a clear-eyed, earnest sincerity. She feels so strongly about marriage and family life that she has added the name "Perry" to her blue-ribbon pup, which now goes by the name of Jock MacVinson Perry.

Helen will continue working in pictures while Fred sticks to his tennis.

And talking about tennis stars, Frank Shields was faced with the bitter alternative of refusing to compete for the Davis Cup or losing his chance as an actor. He decided in favor of the movies, and his reward is the role of Tony in "Come and Get It." The handsome tennis expert will have an opportunity to prove whether or not he was wise to forget his tennis.

"Camille" of the hacking cough is now before the cameras. Garbo wears some Adrian creations that will startle the world and bring in a new feminine fashion trend. The hats, particularly, are sensational.

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I'D be willing to bet a great big "cookie" with raisins in it that wedding bells will ring ere long for Dick Powell and Joan Blondell. They were lunching in the Green Room at Warner Bros. the other day and they had eyes for no one else. And furthermore, a little bird told me that Dick has, in his bedroom at his Toluca Lake home, two big pictures, one of Joan and one of Joan and himself, both lovingly inscribed by the lady in question.

"HAVEN'T TOUCHED A LAXATIVE SINCE I STARTED KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN—3 SERVINGS A WEEK CLEARED MY SKIN!"

HABIT-FORMING LAXATIVES make skin troubles worse!

Daily use weakens system. Brings on bad breath, muddy skin, blemishes.

● Miss Bessie McDonald regained her health too. Read how she did it:

"For years I relied entirely on laxatives—took them every day. I was weak, sickly, couldn't function normally. From the first All-Bran gave me relief from constipation. Now it has restored my strength, made me normal and regular. I never need pills now."

(Miss) Bessie McDonald, Dundas St., Coogee.

Doctors tell you that the constant use of harsh, habit-forming laxatives increases constipation, slows up digestion, and ruins your complexion! You are paving the way for serious illness, too, in later life. Weakened intestinal muscles and bowels are the result of this dangerous habit.

Modern diet lacking "bulk" causes constipation. Provide "bulk" and you again function normally. Eat Kellogg's All-Bran, the delicious cereal rich in "bulk." All-Bran exercises the intestines . . . gently stimulates bowel action . . . ensures waste-products being thrown off daily.

Two tablespoonsful of All-Bran, covered with milk or cream, served daily for one week, will relieve constipation. After that, three servings a week ensure regular elimination. Sold by all grocers.

TEDDIE is always with you!

The instruction in my postal course is so fascinating—so simple to understand—that it is as if I were standing right beside you at the piano in your own home! Thousands have already learned and expressed their entire satisfaction. Why not you? Be the envy of your friends! No matter where you live nor whether you are an Absolute Beginner, a Medium Player or an Advanced Classical Pianist—I can teach YOU!

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ADDRESS .....

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WOMEN to-day are clever buyers. They know quality and get what they ask for. It's true of permanents, too—they examine the sachets, just as they do on everything else they buy . . . they MAKE SURE they are genuine, trade-marked Eugene sachets.

Next time YOU order Eugene curls and waves pick up the sachets to be used. Note how uniform they are. Each contains the exact amount of pure wave lotion for one perfect wave or curl.

Make sure that you see on each one the Eugene emblem—the Eugene promise of beauty and safety. Then may you lean back assured that your curls and waves will be a crown of glory of which you can be happily proud.

"This is the Eugene Trade Mark or Emblem."

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Sole Wholesale Distributors: Hillcastle Ltd.

eugène PERMANENT Waves

The warmth and welcome of marigolds give an appropriate air to this tea cosy, while dazzling roses on a pale apple-green background compose a very fresh and feminine tea cloth—practical too. These designs, "Marigold Tea Cosy" and "Summer Time in Cross Stitch" are only two from the gay and attractive range of instruction leaflets—with transfers—issued for Clark's Anchor Embroidery Threads: Anchor Stranded Cotton, Anchor Pearl Cotton, Anchor Soft Embroidery. Ask to see these leaflets to-day at your needlework shop, or use the coupon below.

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I enclose........in stamps for one copy each of leaflets: "Summer Time in Cross Stitch" "Marigold Tea Cosy." Price 3d. each (including postage). A.W.W. ANCHR.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....

PRIVATE · VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three Stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . . . no good.

★★ THE WHITE ANGEL

Kay Francis, Ian Hunter. (Warners.)

KAY FRANCIS has been on the screen for some years, and, in her time, has played a large number of roles. I doubt, however, whether she has ever done as fine a job as she has done in this picture, in which she plays Florence Nightingale—the woman who defied convention to sacrifice her life to the suffering. At not one point in this film did I detect one false gesture or inflection. It was a fine piece of acting.

Coming to the picture, as a whole, it is one that every woman should see, if only out of sex patriotism. This story of a woman's fight and sufferings and final triumph for an ideal is a splendid one, and, to do Warner Brothers full justice, the almost inevitable sentimentalising of such a theme has been kept down to a nearly imperceptible degree.

So much is this so that the picture may suffer financially because of it. There is very little, if any, of the sob stuff which, however inartistic, yet brings in the coin. There is not even a conventional romance.

Nevertheless, I think a great number of women will enjoy this film. They should. The one fault it possesses, the one that keeps it out of the three-star class, is a certain slackness in dramatic tension. But it has a lot to make up for that.—State; showing.

★★ THE CASE AGAINST MRS. AMES

Madeleine Carroll, George Brent. (Paramount.)

JUST good enough to slip into the two-star class, but with nothing to spare. Perhaps this is because we've had such a plethora of American court-room scenes—Hollywood seems to have become a bit legally-minded; maybe it's because so many executives and stars have seen so much of the interiors of courts—divorce courts.

'T'anyrate, this film opens with a court-room sequence. It is not a very convincing one. Madeleine Carroll overacts her appeal to the jury. Once this section of the picture is got over, the offering becomes more entertaining; the story livens up, and more humor is injected into it.

As a woman acquitted of murder who is forced to wage another fight, this time for the custody of her child, Madeleine Carroll does, on the whole, a good enough job. Opposite her is George Brent, a likeable actor, who fills the role of an assistant district attorney, who, starting off by trying to hang the lovely Mrs. Ames, ends by becoming her champion and the hero who wins her battle for her.

Arthur Treacher brings a welcome dash of comedy into the story with his well-known portrayal of an imported English butler. This man has only one rival in parts of this type—Eric Blore. Both of them have more ways of saying "Yes, sir," than a Dionne settlement would have children.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ BULLETS OR BALLOTS

Edward G. Robinson. (Warners.)

THERE have been a whole host of racketeer pictures—most of which have served to illustrate the resource of Uncle Sam's newest law enforcement officers—G men, to wit. This offering, however, reverts for its hero to the old, unglorified "cop," the tough guy who has had a lifetime of experience with the men with whom he is dealing, and who doesn't hesitate to use strong-arm methods to get results. More—this film does not side-step the fact that some of the U.S.A.'s most highly-placed and respectable citizens are concerned in the big-money rackets which are being carried on.

From whatever angle you take this picture, it is a good piece of work. It is good entertainment, good story, good drama, good direction and good acting. The usual sentimental "romance" which ruins most of the films of its type is quite absent. True, Joan Blondell makes a few fugitive appearances, but, miracle though this may be, her part in the action is actually to help build up the denouement, rather than hold it back.

Robinson, as always, does a splendid job, ably backed by a strong masculine cast.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★★ THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE

Eleanore Whitney, Robert Cummings. (Paramount.)

ANOTHER picture listed as a support which gives more honest entertainment than many more fanfared films. It is a song and dance comedy; not overstrong in song, well thought out in dance, and full of bright comedy.

Our old friend William Frawley, in cahoots with Roscoe Karns, provides most of the laughs. There is nothing subtle about the humor—but we see so much sophistication in films that it is a treat, on occasion, to get a full helping of broad farce set before us. Paramount have stinted neither gags nor slapstick action in this offering.

The story concerns the sending of a bright youngster (Miss Whitney) to what is supposed to be a flourishing, exclusive girls' school, but is, in reality, a bankrupt establishment in which she is the only real boarder. The rest of the girls are members of a theatrical troupe managed by one, Milton Shakespeare (Frawley), a gentleman who conceives the great idea of selling himself and his company to Eleanore's father—a Hollywood magnate—by staging a school show in which that young lady will play a leading part.

Without being particularly original in conception, this plot, as I have said, contains plenty of amusement. Moreover, Eleanore Whitney can dance. If Ginger Rogers ever falls out with Fred Astaire, Paramount had better be on guard. In my opinion, the Whitney lass would dance all round the fair Ginger, and that without losing her breath.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ HOT MONEY

Ross Alexander. (Warners.)

THERE is enough amusement in this support to satisfy any normal picturegoer who is long enough in the tooth to realise just what abominations can be unloaded on him—or her.

Without pretending to be anything more than it is—an ordinary programme film—this small offering tells in slick fashion the adventures of a young, high-pressure company promoter, who, for the first time in his life, has a bona-fide proposition to sell to the great public, namely, a concentrate which transforms water into petrol at a cost of only a cent a gallon.

The complications that ensue when the inventor of this world-shaking solution disappears furnish some good fun, although this section of the picture has been rather long drawn out.

The major disappointment of the film is young Mr. Alexander. He fills his role adequately enough, but . . . From one or two jobs I've seen him do, I formed the opinion that he had in him the makings of an actor. From this offering it would appear that he is reverting to the slapdash methods which may make box-office heroes, but which certainly don't make histrions; A pity; I like the boy.—State; showing.

★ ROAMING LADY

Ralph Bellamy, Fay Wray. (Columbia.)

AFTER being a medical man for so long, Mr. Bellamy has at last managed to shed the aroma of disinfectant, and to blossom forth as, of all things, an aviator of forthright manner and hot temper. His outbursts of rage are not over-convincing, but they get by sufficiently well for the purposes of this programme piece.

Ralph's he-man scruples precipitate all the action in this story. With Fay Wray setting every kind of trap but a mouse-trap to ensnare him, the scrupulous Bellamy, although he loves her, refuses to be caught, because, forsooth, her father is an oil king, while he is just a poor flyer. It takes a trip to China, a bandit general and an exciting escape to bring the ship of true love safely into harbor. But once it's there, everyone is happy, even Fay's old man who, when last heard of, was moving heaven and earth to get Mr. Bellamy out of the way.

So there you have a fair specimen of an average, synthetic screen story of romance and adventure, no better and no worse than hundreds of others.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

YOU'D be surprised to know how many Hollywood stars are keen gardeners. Warren William has several acres round his home at Encino simply massed with flowers. One part is devoted to an English rose-garden, and there is also an Australian section.

No DANDRUFF NOW

"YOU WANT TO KNOW what I wash my hair with? I keep to Wright's Coal Tar Soap. It makes my hair beautifully glossy, and it does prevent dandruff."

Undoubtedly, Wright's is the SAFE soap for cleansing the scalp and hair. Its antiseptic properties are a dependable safeguard against dandruff; its fragrant lather stimulates and refreshes the scalp.

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There's nothing so safe and sure in the world—2 or 3 doses in sweetened hot water just before bedtime and many a sufferer from strangling, choking Asthma has found relief and a good night's rest—and that bad, old, persistent, bronchial cough has left you—if you don't believe it get a bottle at any good chemists, with the understanding you must get satisfaction or money back.

Depend on it. Buckley's Canadiol Mixture gives definite quick relief from that choking, gasping struggle for breath.

AT CHEMISTS—2/3 BOTTLE

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WAIST, HIPS, BUST
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Fat goes 1 lb. a Day! On Big Meals. Without Orange or Lemon Acids. Without Nonsense.

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Fat lost the ENJOLA way is lost for good.

Intimate Jottings

Have You Noticed—

The revival of the Alexandra fringe, and how becoming it is to Mrs. Colin Galbraith, Mrs. Alan Smith, and Barbara Robeson?

The easy victory of naturally curly heads, like those of Mrs. Jim Eakin, Mrs. McNaught, Baroness de Tuyll, Mrs. Roy Buckland, and Joy Barrington, over the most perfectly "permed" coiffures?

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Floral Perfection

VISITORS to Bowral are acclaiming the loveliness of the Hugh Poates' garden. It is like a Dutch landscape at the moment, with the bulbs in full bloom.

Dr. Poate spends much time hybridising (or whatever the technical term is) daffodils, and has evolved one of immense size and snowy purity, its long trumpet just tipped with coral-pink, which is the pride of his heart this season.

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Synchronising their arrival in Sydney, Mrs. George Watson and Pat returned from Kabulsher, Queensland, where they've been staying with the Newmans, and "himself" from his trip to New Zealand. They all made straight for their Point Piper home on Monday.

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Caviare and Cocktails

EVERYONE enjoyed the cocktail party given by Mrs. Milgrove at Brailsford last Friday.

Her sister, Mrs. Strath Playfair, was there to help her look after the guests, but as everyone seemed already to know everyone else, the task was not strenuous.

Among the guests were Rhona and Cedric O'Gorman Hughes, Commander Moyes, Commander Carr, Pauline Holborrow, Mrs. Keith Jacobs, Bruce Campbell, Mrs. Alan McGregor, Mrs. Batchelor, and Mrs. M. Roberts.

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Last Saturday the Mooltan, with Mrs. Francis Due aboard, arrived at Colombo —vide the cable received at Craig y Var, Darling Point, by her husband.

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Good Luck, Jean!

LOTS of good wishes will go with Jean Warren when she leaves for England and her marriage with Admiral Gerald Massey.

Mrs. Warren, who goes with Jean, is giving a large cocktail party for her at Elizabeth Bay House on October 8, which will give half a hundred of her friends the opportunity of saying "fare thee well."

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Marjorie, daughter of General and Mrs. L. Wilson, is a Brisbane visitor to Sydney. She is staying with Mrs. Gerald Allen at the Astor, Macquarie St.

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Youth at the Helm

IT'S amusing to "listen-in" to comments from members of the crowds flocking to view a fashionable wedding; some of them certainly hit the nail on the head.

"Wouldn't they look perfectly lovely on the pictures?" was one of the pertinent utterances in the porch of St. Mark's, Darling Point, as John Bruxner armed his bride through the throngs of spectators on Thursday night.

A very handsome lad is John, son of the Acting Premier and Mrs. Bruxner, and Audrey Nicolson (now Mrs. John Bruxner) is indisputably one of Sydney's loveliest lasses. Her shimmering white satin bridal gown enhanced her charm, and never was there a more radiant-looking pair.

Mrs. Nicolson and Mrs. Bruxner, who together received the streams of guests at Buckingham, where the wedding supper was held, registered plainly their mutual joy at this culmination of a very youthful romance.

Newest of the New!

NO gift could have thrilled Enid Hull more than that latest thing in evening bags which came to her from overseas last week . . . Product of a well-known "beauty firm," it is fashioned in gold tissue, satin-lined, and contains (in addition to a jewelled and initialled cigarette-case, match-box, powder-compact, lipstick and mirror), a flask of that intriguing and exclusive perfume—so prohibitively priced in Sydney—"Blue Grass." This type of accessory is designed to supplant the minaudiere of 1935 vintage.

Evergreen Superstition

CARPETS and chair-covers are receiving more intensive thought from Betty Shannon just now than are her own gowns, but she has quite decided to wear a "going away" frock, instead of bridal finery for her wedding with Al Gordon in the last week of September. She is dithering between powder-blue and dusty-pink, Lady Gordon having vetoed the wearing of her favorite green, regarding it as "dreadfully unlucky."

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The fourth of October will be a red letter day in the McMaster calendar as Mrs. Colin Venn and her daughter, Jessie McMaster, are arriving by the Monterey from their trip to Europe and America.

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Flats So Convenient

NOW that Jim Throsby has given up his city job in favor of life in the country, Dr. and Mrs. Throsby and Nancy are going to move from their Darling Point home and try flat life for a while.

The "no pets allowed" ruling won't hamper them in their choice any longer, as their big Persian cat has expired, much to the family's sorrow.

Rotarians Rotate

LIKE the music, the Rotarians have been going round and round for the past week.

Every day has had its special and enjoyable function from the word "go," when local members and country and interstate visitors "got together" at the conversazione aboard the Nieuw Zeeland.

Tuesday's night of fun and frolic was gay with community singing, divers games, and some amusing stunts, notably the "hot-dog" stall with Sir Henry Braddon as its presiding genius.

Sunshine and soft breezes helped the day at the Zoo to be an outstanding success and the harbor to be at its beautiful best.

The big Conference Ball was the highlight of the proceedings, and brought forth smart gowns galore.

Getting Things Shipshape

MRS. HUGH GORDON —no longer of Grageen but of Merriwa—has had a really fatiguing fortnight in Sydney sprinting in and out of furniture emporiums and studying carpet and curtain patterns. She says she'll be really glad when they are settled in their new home.

She went back at the week-end to help on the good work there.

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As a welcome home to his wife, who has been visiting New Zealand, Mr. "Eddie" Read had a delightful party for intimate friends at their Woollahra home last week.

MISS ELIZABETH SHANNON, daughter of Mr. D. K. Shannon, of Lismore, whose marriage with Alexander, only son of Sir Alexander and Lady Gordon, will take place this month.

—Dayne.

Artistic Appreciation Ruined

JERRY BANNISTER and Colin Hall have had to split forces, as Jerry is staying a couple of months longer in England instead of returning via America with his original travelling companion.

His letters are extremely amusing, as he is having lots of fun out of business hours and seeing most of the new shows. A visit to the opera at Covent Garden was complicated by the presence of the Aga Khan and his wife in the adjacent box. Her jewels, "diamonds as big as lumps of blue metal, from knuckles to elbows," distracted his attention from the stage and took his mind off the music. Vide Jerry!

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Following a fashion which has been a proved success in London (notably at the Savoy Hotel), the Radio Industry Ball committee have engaged two bands for the night of September 19 to keep up consecutively a constant stream of rhythm for the dance-minded. All proceeds of this ball will be devoted to charity.

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On With the Motley

"OPERATIC or national dress to be worn" is the rider at the foot of the invitations to the operatic revel at the Club Italia on Thursday of this week. A big committee which includes Mrs. D. Clayton, Mrs. Eric Sheller, Mrs. Fiaschi, Mrs. Victor Macken and a score of well-known Italian and Australian hostesses is sponsoring the event and "Vesti la giubba" is the password.

Here For Spring Meeting

COMING by sea from Melbourne, and arriving on September 25, those attractive sisters, Betty and Phyllis Timmins, will dig in at Wyldefel, Potts Point, for the first week or so of their visit.

Their aunt, Mrs. Alec Spence, is already busying herself about race tickets for them, and seeing to it that invitations to the Australian and Union Clubs' parties are coming their way. They should have just as good a time as they did when in Sydney last Easter.

Perfume and Color

NEDRA RYRIE'S artistic fingers aided Mrs. Hall's in the arranging of those great branches of cherry blossom and cerise azaleas and the huge bowls of varicolored stocks which scented and adorned the reception-rooms at Elizabeth Bay House when Mrs. J. B. Donkin entertained a number of her friends at an evening "At Home" on the Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Hall is having a busy time refuting that totally unfounded rumor that she intends relinquishing her interest in Elizabeth Bay House.

That proverbial "little bird" can be such a perfect pest when he (or she) really gets going!

Have You Heard—

That Mrs. Alan McGregor won three silver cups last week? One for golfing prowess at Elanora, two at the Dogs' Gymkhana. "Whoopee" and she carried off the award for the neatest ankles, though the elegant stilt heels supporting her own prize winners fairly hobbled her into "last past the post" in the final footrace, with "Whoopee" tugging hopelessly at his leash!

Peggy Neill

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THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND.

RICHARD CROOKS

ON

2GB

A PERSONAL BROADCAST APPEARANCE

SUNDAY, September 20
8 to 9 p.m.

ONE HOUR'S GLORIOUS SINGING

OTHER FEATURES FOR SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

6.40 p.m. (Usual Time, 7.30) A. M. Pooley International Affairs. 7.5 p.m. Dr. A. H. Martin Right Religion.	7.30 p.m. (Usual Time, 8.15) HAWAIIAN FANTASIES	7.45 p.m. (Usual Time, 8.00) Play by E. V. Timms "The Night Operator." 9.00 p.m. (Usual Time, 8.45) Theatre of the Air "The Long Chance."
9.15 p.m. (Usual Time, 9.00) RADIO CHARADES B.S.A. Production.	9.30 p.m. (Usual Time, 9.15) Climbing to the Top A Novelty Session.	9.45 p.m. Maori Legends Dramatic Tales of old New Zealand.

FROM THE TRADITIONAL Oriental to the futuristic television. Miss Laurie Devine, ballerina in "Yes, Madam," demonstrates two dance costumes from the amazing variety she has collected. At left she is seen in the Burmese idol dance. The freakish black-and-white costume at right is the one worn for her television work for the British Broadcasting Corporation, simplicity of colors being chosen for the initial experimental tests in television.

DR. MALCOLM SARGENT CAPTURES SYDNEY

By STEWART HOWARD

Some little time ago, the Australian Broadcasting Commission imported the first of its Guest Conductors, Sir Hamilton Harty. Now, the Commission has brought out Dr. Malcolm Sargent, and, in doing so, has placed a great number of people in an awkward position.

For what can those who used up all their superlatives when rhapsodising over Sir Hamilton say about Dr. Sargent? To employ the same adjectives would be hardly fair. For there is a gulf between the two; all the difference—on their Australian showing—between a musically-gifted histrion and a fine, sincere musician.

THIS difference is apparent not only in the quality of the work produced by the orchestra—which can, to a degree, be explained by the fine, if unacknowledged, efforts put in over the last couple of years by our own conductors—but in the attitudes of the two musicians in question. Harty left the impression of having conducted for the benefit of the audience; Sargent conducts for the orchestra.

I cannot recollect having heard a Sydney orchestra play better than was the case last Saturday night under Dr. Sargent's direction. Indeed, I cannot remember ever having heard our musicians do as well. There was in their playing not only a feeling of confident power in the treatment of the more vigorous sections of the programme, but a delicacy and suavity, particularly apparent in the Delius' "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," all too often lacking.

The highlight of the evening was the final item: "Till Eulenspiegel." Here Dr. Sargent's—and, by contagion, the orchestra's—full capacity for gusto was shown.

The Strauss composition was attacked with spirit; the playing reached a fine pitch of controlled enthusiasm and mirth; the fine orchestration of the composer was made beautifully apparent by the way in which the work was handled.

Beethoven was represented on the programme by his Eighth Symphony. This, one of the gayer, lighter-hearted of his major works, was excellently done, although the conductor must have felt his heart contract during the final movement when the brass seemed undecided whether or not to have a game of hare and hounds with the rest of the orchestra.

The situation was saved by the decision being in the negative; they caught up with their fellows in a few bars.

If Sargent Remained

ELGAR'S "Enigma" variations provided Dr. Sargent with an excellent opportunity. This work has to be very well performed not to be clouded by a suspicion of dullness. There was no dullness in Saturday night's performance. Under Sargent's baton the orchestra brought out every nuance of feeling, each change in mood, all the light and shade the composer put into the work.

In this artistically isolated continent of ours the importance of such a concert as this one cannot be over-estimated.

By listening to what has been achieved by one man in a limited period for rehearsals, it is possible to imagine what could be done if a conductor of Dr. Sargent's musicianship, personality, and conducting technique were a permanent member of the community.

It is stimulating to watch him conduct, to observe the decision, authority, and compelling quality of his gestures. It is even more illuminating to watch his face. Here is a man completely under the influence of the music he is conducting, and yet, paradoxically enough, controlling it.

FOOT TROUBLES

A Doctor just recently in the Women's Weekly stated:

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Hour's Broadcast from 2GB

Richard Crooks, famous American tenor, and the world's most popular singer, will be heard from 2GB for an hour's broadcast from 8 o'clock till 9 o'clock next Sunday night.

EVER since Richard Crooks commenced his successful tour of this country, winning the hearts of people by his glorious singing and his happy personality, radio listeners have asked if he would be heard on the air before his departure.

There is no doubt the greatest audience ever known to listen to an artist in Australia will be tuned in to Crooks, for besides 2GB the broadcast will be heard by country listeners through 2KO Newcastle, 2DN Deniliquin, and 2WL Wollongong, as well as through interstate stations.

Richard Crooks is another great artist who owes no little of his success to the help and encouragement he has always received from his wife.

She was his boyhood sweetheart, and when, after filling jobs as varied as iceman and insurance clerk, he went to New York to study singing, she followed him to share in the brilliant career she believed lay before him, and, if necessary, in his hardships. There were hardships, too, in those early days. Mrs. Crooks saved every penny that she could to further his studies, and she played his accompaniments far into the night.

Mrs. Crooks and her daughter and son returned to their home in America a couple of weeks ago, but there is little doubt that she will tune-in to this broadcast and share in his latest triumph.

Timms Writes for Radio

THESE days many outstanding Australian writers are turning to radio. The latest to join the ranks is E. V. Timms, famous Australian historical novelist, whose books, particularly "Conflict" and "Far Caravan," have won him the designation of "Australia's Sabatini."

Although E. V. Timms is best known as a writer of historical novels, mainly dealing with the Stuart period in European history, he has written many stories with Australian settings, and he has been perhaps the only writer to exploit in fiction those nomads of the west, the Afghans and their camel trains.

In his series of radio dramas, which will be heard from 2GB each Sunday night at eight o'clock, with the exception of next Sunday, when the first one, "Night Operator," will be broadcast at 7.45, Mr. Timms will draw on his own personal experiences among the Afghans, as well as taking listeners on excursions into the days of the Stuarts and into various countries in the modern world.

MRS. JACK CRAWFORD, wife of the world-famous tennis champion, who will broadcast an interview with Dorothea Vautier from 2GB during The Australian Women's Weekly session on Monday, September 21, at 11.45 a.m. Mrs. Crawford will tell of her many interesting experiences while abroad.

Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier)

WEDNESDAY, September 16: 11.45 a.m.: "London Calling." 2.30 p.m.: "The Fashion Parade."

THURSDAY, September 17: 11.45 a.m.: "People in the Limelight." 2.30 p.m.: "Russian Ballet Music."

FRIDAY, September 18: 11.45 a.m.: "So They Say." 2.30 p.m.: "Musical Moods."

SATURDAY, September 19: 6.15 p.m: "The Music Box." 9.30 p.m.: "Famous German Artists."

SUNDAY, September 20: 6.10 p.m.: Ellis Price and his players in scenes from the forthcoming Australian Women's Weekly novel.

MONDAY, September 21: 11.45 a.m.: Interview with Mrs. Jack Crawford. 2.30 p.m.: "Highlights of the Week."

TUESDAY, September 22: 11.45 a.m.: "News and Reviews." 2.30 p.m.: Featuring Florence Austral.

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This is our 51st Anniversary Gift to the public for fifty-one years of continuous support, and it means that all CASH buyers at Grace Bros. will have 2/- in the £ deducted from their bills until the end of 1936.

Please note that this discount is for SPOT CASH PURCHASERS ONLY. Excepted from the 2/- in the £ discount on account of our extra low "mark-up" on cost prices are our CASH AND CARRY GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENTS, "QUICK SALES" SECTION, and "SERVICE" DEPARTMENT. A few Proprietary articles are also excepted.

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A POT of TEA

Continued from Page 7

"IT'S a curious thing," said Tommy, "how very few people there are whose real name is Smith. Personally, I don't know anyone called Smith. But nine men out of ten who wish to conceal their real name give that of Smith. I am writing a monograph upon the subject."

At that moment a buzzer purred discreetly on his desk. That meant that Tuppence was requesting to take hold of the case.

Tuppence, very neat and demure with smooth black head and dainty collar and cuffs, tripped in. Tommy made the necessary introductions and departed.

"A lady you take an interest in has disappeared. I understand, Mr. St. Vincent," said Tuppence, in her soft voice, as she sat down and took up Mr Blunt's pad and pencil. "A young lady?"

"Oh! rather," said Mr. St. Vincent. "Young — and — and — awfully good-looking and all that sort of thing."

Tuppence's face grew grave.

"Dear me," she murmured. "I hope that——"

"You don't think anything's really happened to her?" demanded Mr. St. Vincent, in lively concern.

"Oh! we must hope for the best," said Tuppence, with a kind of false cheerfulness which depressed Mr. St. Vincent horribly.

"Oh! look here, Miss Robinson. I say, you must do something. Spare no expense. I wouldn't have anything happen to her for the world. You seem awfully sympathetic, and I don't mind telling you in confidence that I simply worship the ground that girl walks on. She's a topper, an absolute topper."

"Please tell me her name and all about her."

"Her name's Jeanette—I don't know her second name. She works in a hat shop—Madame Violette's in Brook Street—but she's as straight as they make them. Has ticked me off no end of times—I went round there yesterday waiting for her to come out—all the others came, but not her. Then I found that she'd never turned up that morning to work at all—sent no message, either—old Madame was furious about it. I got the address of her lodgings, and I went round there. She hadn't come home the night before, and they didn't know where she was. I was simply frantic. I thought of going to the police. But I knew that Jeanette would be absolutely furious with me for doing that if she were really all right and had gone off on her own. Then I remembered that she herself had pointed out your advertisement to me one day in the paper and told me that one of the women who'd been in buying hats had simply raved about your ability and discretion and all that sort of thing. So I toddled along here right away."

"I see," said Tuppence. "What is the address of her lodgings?"

The young man gave it to her.

"That's all, I think," said Tuppence reflectively. "That is to say—am I to understand that you are engaged to this young lady?"

Mr. St. Vincent turned a brick-red.

"Well, no—not exactly. I never said anything. But I can tell you this, I mean to ask her to marry me as soon as ever I see her—if I ever do see her again."

Tuppence laid aside her pad.

"Do you wish for our special twenty-four hour service?" she asked in business-like tones.

"What's that?"

"The fees are doubled, but we put all our available staff on to the case. Mr. St. Vincent, if the lady is alive, I shall be able to tell you where she is by this time to-morrow."

"What? I say, that's wonderful."

"We only employ experts—and we guarantee results," said Tuppence crisply.

"But I say, you know. You must have the most topping staff."

"Oh! we have," said Tuppence. "By the way, you haven't given me a description of the young lady."

"SHE'S got the most marvellous hair—sort of golden but very deep, like a jolly old sunset—that's it, a jolly old sunset. You know, I never noticed things like sunsets until lately. Poetry, too, there's a lot more in poetry than I ever thought."

"Red hair," said Tuppence unemotionally, writing it down. "What height should you say the lady was?"

"Oh! tallish, and she's got ripping eyes, dark blue, I think. And a sort of decided manner with her—takes a fellow up short sometimes."

Tuppence wrote down a few words more, then closed her notebook and rose.

"If you will call here to-morrow at two o'clock, I think we shall have news of some kind for you," she said. "Good morning, Mr. St. Vincent."

When Tommy returned, Tuppence was just consulting a page of Debrett.

"I've got all the details," she said, succinctly. "Lawrence St. Vincent is the nephew and heir of the Earl of Cheriton. If we pull this through we shall get publicity in the highest places."

Tommy read through the notes on the pad.

"What do you really think has happened to the girl?" he asked.

"I think," said Tuppence, "that she has fled at the dictates of her heart, feeling that she loves this young man too well for her peace of mind."

Tommy looked at her doubtfully.

"I know they do it in books," he said. "But I've never known any girl who did it in real life."

"No?" said Tuppence. "Well, perhaps you're right. But I daresay Lawrence St. Vincent will swallow that sort of slush. He's full of romantic notions just now. By the way, I guaranteed results in twenty-four hours — our special service."

"Tuppence—you congenital idiot, what made you do that?"

"The idea just came into my head. I thought it sounded rather well."

She went out, leaving Tommy profoundly dissatisfied.

Presently he rose, sighed, and went out to do what could be done, cursing Tuppence's over fervent imagination.

When he returned weary and jaded at half-past four, he found Tuppence extracting a bag of biscuits from their place of concealment in one of the files.

"You look hot and bothered," she remarked. "What have you been doing?"

Tommy groaned.

"Making a round of the hospitals with that girl's description."

"Didn't I tell you to leave it to me?" demanded Tuppence.

"You can't find that girl single-handed before two o'clock to-morrow."

"I can—and what's more, I have!"

"You have? What do you mean?"

"A simple problem, Watson, very simple indeed."

"Where is she now?"

Tuppence pointed a hand over her shoulder.

"She's in my office next door."

"What is she doing there?"

Tuppence began to laugh.

"Well," she said, "early training will tell, and with a kettle, a gas ring, and half a pound of tea staring her in the face, the result is a foregone conclusion.

"You see," continued Tuppence gently. "Madame Violette's is where I go for my hats, and the other day I ran across an old pal of hospital days among the girls there. She gave up nursing after the war and started a hat shop, failed, and took this job at Madame Violette's. We fixed up the whole thing between us. Her name is Jeanette. She was to rub the advertisement well into young St. Vincent, and then disappear. Wonderful efficiency of Blunt's Brilliant Detectives. Publicity for us, and the necessary fillip to young St. Vincent to bring him to the point of proposing. Janet was in despair about it."

"Tuppence," said Tommy, "You take my breath away! The whole thing is the most immoral business I ever heard of. You aid and abet this young man to marry out of his class——"

"Stuff," said Tuppence. "Jeanette is a splendid girl—and the queer thing is that she really adores that weak-kneed young man. You can see with half a glance what his family needs. Some good red blood in it. Jeanette will be the making of him. She'll look after him like a mother, ease down the cocktails and the night clubs and make him lead a good, healthy, country gentleman's life. Come and meet her."

TUPPENCE opened the door of the adjoining office and Tommy followed her.

A tall girl with lovely auburn hair, and a pleasant face, put down the steaming kettle in her hand, and turned with a smile that disclosed an even row of white teeth.

"I hope you'll forgive me, Nurse Cowley—Mrs. Beresford, I mean. I thought that very likely you'd be quite ready for a cup of tea yourself. Many's the pot of tea you've made for me in the hospital at three o'clock in the morning."

"Tommy," said Tuppence. "Let me introduce you to my old friend, a missing girl with lovely hair called Jeanette Smith."

"Smith, did you say? How curious!" said Tommy, shaking hands. "Eh? Oh! nothing."

"Pull yourself together, Tommy," said Tuppence.

She poured him out a cup of tea.

"Now, then, let's all drink together. Here's to the success of the International Detective Agency. Blunt's Brilliant Detectives! May they never know failure!"

(Copyright)

"How I Keep My Linen Snowy"

writes Mrs. R. Mancell, of Coveney Street, Bexley

HERE IS HER LETTER

"For a long time I used to hate the very thought of washing-day. But then I happened to read about Rinso in the paper, and I thought it might be some help to me. Well I soon discovered that a Rinso wash was just about twice as white, as well as twice as easy. Now friends often ask me how I keep my linen so snowy, and I'm happy to tell them 'Rinso'."

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OPERATION LEFT HER CONSTIPATED

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Constipation is an evil at any time. When it follows upon an operation, it is a condition that simply must be remedied. This woman tried various remedies, but found relief only when she took a regular daily dose of Kruschen Salts. She tells of her experience in the following letter:—

"I have used Kruschen Salts for about 10 years every morning without fail. I had an operation 10 years ago (abdominal), and found when getting over it that I should have to take aperients, as constipation developed. I took various medicines and pills, which somehow did not do much good.

"Finally, I tried Kruschen Salts, and found it very satisfactory, and have carried on with it ever since. My health is much better since I started using it." —(Mrs.) E.T.

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WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President of the Astrological Research Society

They Like Being Sick, but they Usually Make Money

Virgoans—those born between August 24 and September 23—seem to grow more financially secure as life advances.

This may be due to their ability to work systematically and intelligently towards any particular goal. They are seldom "go-getters," but are reliable, temperate, methodical and industrious.

Incidentally, a legacy—or wealth which comes through the marriage partner—usually comes to the aid of Virgoans at some time in life.

VIRGO folk make excellent business people when their talents can be expressed through their intellectual faculties. They shine as confidential secretaries, accountants, merchants, publishers, writers, instructors, chemists, nurses, doctors, cooks, or other cafe-workers, inspectors, shop assistants and dietitians. Also as commercial travellers, or sellers of public commodities.

They usually make their own positions in life, quite frequently rising above the state in which they were born. They seldom know actual want, seeming able to prove superior to difficulties, and to prosper through their own energy and general worthiness.

Strangely enough, although Virgo people love to "play" with drugs, medicine, or treatment, for health disorders, they should avoid the use of drugs for themselves, and concentrate on careful dieting and exercise.

They are unconscious healers, so that they make excellent chemists, analysts, dietitians, nurses, doctors, and get good results when connected with any sphere in which hygiene and cleanliness are essential.

Virgoans seem to know all about ordinary ailments, and how best to cure or ease them. They thoroughly enjoy being ill, and are therefore inclined at times to fancy themselves afflicted with all sorts of ailments.

Being sympathetic and kindly, and desirous of helping the sick or unfortunate, they can usually produce a well-stocked medicine chest, and plenty of curative suggestions. What is more, their advice is well worth taking.

Virgo people should overcome any tendency to imagine ailments, since their imaginative faculties are so keen that they actually do suffer many of the pains and symptoms of the supposed disorders. Instead, they should concentrate on protecting the body against the complaints which most often afflict those of this sign.

A careful diet and judicious exercises are the best preventives. The diet should include plenty of fresh vegetables, salads, and fruits, and a goodly supply of cereal and other roughage. They should drink great quantities of water—pints of it every day.

Sometimes they are apt to be delicate in early life, but have good recuperative powers, particularly if the digestive organs are not abused.

Between September 21, 1936, and September 1, 1937, Virgoans are likely to experience a rather "mixed" state of affairs. All told, however, unless the individual horoscope happens to show otherwise, this period should prove rather happy and productive of pleasures.

Unmarried Virgoans may experience rather unexpected love affairs and monetary gains. Travel is possible.

Talents and reliability may bring additional responsibilities and promotions, but misunderstandings or unfair competitive methods will produce disagreements, and lack of co-operation from co-workers.

Parents may incline to worry over children, and problems connected with the home or family will demand wisdom and patience.

Guard against trouble through misunderstandings during late October and early November. Try to avoid extravagance, over-generosity, and losses.

Work hard during late December and most of January, for during that period you can lay the foundations of later successes.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES PEOPLE (Mar. 21 to April 21): Get important matters completed on September 21 (night) and 22.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Work hard. Utilise your opportunities. Be confident, optimistic, and energetic, especially on the 15th and 16th. Live cautiously on the 19th, 20th, and 21st.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be on guard. Avoid new ventures and delays, upsets and difficulties, especially on the 15th, 16th, 21st (night), and 22nd.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Clean up important matters this week. The 15th and 16th to dusk, fair; the 19th, 20th, and 21st should be good.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Poor on the 19th, 20th, and 21st to dusk. Fair on 21st late, and all 22nd.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Be constructive, confident, and energetic this week. Seek promotion or opportunities, especially on the 15th and 16th.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Make plans for next week. Fair also on the 17th and 18th.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Very fair for you on the 19th, 20th, and 21st.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Live quietly. Upsets and annoyances are especially likely on Sept. 15 and 16.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Speed up affairs of importance. If begun on the 15th or by dusk on the 16th, they should succeed. Be venturesome. Seek advancement. 17th and 18th poor; 19th and 20th fair.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Fair on the 17th and 18th. Make plans this week. Act on them next week.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to Mar. 21): The 15th, 16th, late 21st, and all 22nd may be very poor unless you are cautious. Try to avoid losses, estrangements, and disappointments.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Actress gives recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture

Miss Nancie Stewart, whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles, gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it without the use of "crude" dyes:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and 1 oz. Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It cannot be detected; does not discolour the scalp; is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."***

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they tone and strengthen stomach and liver.

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SEND *For* SUSAN

Continued from Page 26

SHE turned, and set off at a run down the terrace toward the stables and the shed in which she kept her bicycle.

Then, as she reached the western corner of the house, she heard a motor-car horn, a near note in the still air. She judged it, accurately, to come from the entrance to the drive.

She paused and waited, impotent to stop the rush of circumstances she had engineered.

A long, thin red car swept round the corner—a car she recognised as neither belonging to anybody in the district nor to any guest in the house. It swung quietly to a standstill below the terrace, and a young woman in a bright red coat and skirt jumped out of it at precisely the same moment that William emerged from a french window bearing the red-and-blue parasol.

The young woman had golden hair—a blonde—and she possessed a sharp, pointed nose which she now turned towards the young man crossing the terrace.

"Bubbles!" she cried. "Oh! Bubbles!"

William stopped dead, tottered on uncertain feet at the top of the short flight of steps, and put his hand to his forehead as one who is suddenly confronted with a fearful, terrifying vision.

ESME EMERALD EVE reached his side in a single, lithe bound.

"You haven't forgotten your Sweetie Sugar?" she demanded shrilly, and pressed her lips to his.

He dropped the parasol, perhaps to loosen her arms from about his neck, and at the same moment Molly Gresham-Tooke rose from her chair on the lawn. Those about her watched petrified as she stalked slowly towards the steps.

It was very unfortunate in view of Molly's proximity that he should have found it necessary, merely to avoid falling down the steps, to put his arms round Esme Emerald Eve. He was as powerless as anybody to stop the swift flow of her words, and considerably less able to think what to do next.

Molly Gresham-Tooke, on the other hand, was in better command of herself. She knew precisely what to do next, and she did it. She said loudly:

"You may keep him!"

She stepped past them, and walked with a very straight back into the house.

For once in a way she had failed to get what she wanted.

WILLIAM spent a remarkably painful morning, what with one thing and another—and Sweetie Sugar, who was disposed to spend the rest of the day at Caister Hall in order to make quite sure that the mauve limousine, in which Miss Gresham-Tooke had departed for ever at a quarter to twelve, did not return.

"I'll teach her," she said, "to steal my Bubbles!"

She consented, finally, to return to town, and went triumphantly in her long, red chariot.

William was almost beyond further sensation by this time, but the few well-chosen words with which his father expressed his opinion of the affair penetrated his reeling brain.

He rushed from the library, relieved that the Guv'nor had somehow forgotten to stop the allowance, and sought sanctuary in his room.

He found Susan there—Susan, holding a piece of paper he vaguely remembered having seen before somewhere. In silence she held it before his goggling eyes.

> I will pay £50 (fifty pounds) to Susan Caister if she brings it about that I, the undersigned, see the last of Molly Gresham-Tooke.
>
> (Signed) William Caister.

"You—you did—you got her down here!" he said thickly. "That—that—"

"Blonde," Susan agreed. "I'll take a cheque."

"I—I—rot—I—haven't any money! It isn't quarter-day for a week, and anyhow, what—I——"

"Post-date it," said Susan equably. "I can wait a week."

He collapsed. He was far beyond argument. He post-dated it.

And Susan, with an expression of considerable pleasure, presently wrote carefully in her note-book:

Cash in Hand—£50 0s. 0d.

She spent the afternoon on her stomach among the rhododendrons, "The Financial Times" spread out in front of her.

The million was on its way.

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Continuing

RISING STAR

from Page 5

EVERYONE began to work over her—kind, flattering, concentrated, eager to do their best with material which was, they made her feel, not very good. She couldn't bear to interrupt with questions.

At last, however, when the grinding of the camera had ceased, she drew the good-looking young man aside and asked:

"Would you explain what all this is about?"

"Do you mean to say Mr. Gallup didn't tell you?"

"I don't know any Mr. Gallup."

"He said he talked with you outside of Stage 5."

"There was a rather cross man who asked my name."

"Didn't he ask you to take a screen test?"

"No, he just grunted."

The young man laughed. "Isn't that just like J. D.?" he said to Miss Roberts, who smiled and shook her head admiringly. "I thought, of course, he had explained to you. He's been looking for weeks for someone to play the beggar maiden in his new picture, and production starts at once. She has to be wistful, you see, and the moment he laid eyes on you he came to me in great excitement and told me to arrange a test for you at once. You are exactly the type. I do hope you're not hooked up with anyone else."

"No, I'm not hooked up," said Felicia, "but I have my own job. I'm a trained nurse."

"Yes, so J. D. said," replied the young man, as if no statement were valid without the boss' endorsement. "But I think you'd find the screen more fun than nursing. I'm sorry he didn't make it clear, but great men are like that, you know, and J. D. Gallup is about the greatest producer we have. Let me have your name and address, and if the test is good, you'll hear from us."

"But I'm going home to New York on Tuesday."

"Oh, we'll let you know before that," said the young man.

Suddenly the lights were turned out, the young man disappeared, the make-up expert took away his great box, and Miss Roberts said brightly: "That staircase is the quickest way down." The whole incident had closed as astonishingly as it had opened.

THE only form of deceit that Felicia ever practised was that of holding her tongue. She wanted to tell someone of her adventure, she wanted to confide and ask advice—in fact, as soon as they were in Gloria's car, on their way to the house, she did begin:

"Mrs. Beach, such a strange thing has happened——" But she got no further. It appeared that during her absence Gloria had quarrelled with the Five Star company; had announced her intention of breaking her contract and, incredible to relate, had been met with no violent opposition. Betsy was horrified at such an idea, but Felicia gathered that Mr. Smernoff had taken it with the greatest calm.

"It's the stupidity of it that baffles me," Gloria was saying. "To bring me out here to act the part of a lady—a great lady, as they keep telling me—and then not to let me behave as a lady would."

Felicia found that to insert a syllable about her own affairs into the flow of Gloria's words was like trying to turn a horse-drawn vehicle into the great stream of a main motor highway. When they reached the house, she still hadn't told Mrs. Beach that she was about to change her profession. She had no further opportunity, for Mr. McRea was telephoned to at once and arrived to spend the rest of the day.

The next morning, however, Felicia went into Gloria's bedroom while she was still eating her breakfast. Gloria was sitting up against lace pillows, with her tray on her knees, looking lovely and elated.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came in, Miss Alderby," she said. "I was just going to send for you. I knew you'd be interested. My affairs are settled. I'm going to do Helen of Troy in Mr. McRea's new picture—that is, if he can get the money for it, and, of course, he can—a great artist such as he is. A great part. Isn't it thrilling?"

"Very thrilling," answered Felicia politely, "but I came to tell you——"

"You must read the script," said Gloria. "Such an entrance. Paris, you know, had come to visit the court of Menelaus——"

Felicia began to lose heart again. It was not that Gloria talked loud or rudely; it was simply that her own affairs seemed to her incontestably of more importance than those of anyone else.

Fortunately, at this moment Ellen entered, to say that Mr. Gallup was on the telephone. Felicia coloured deeply, but Gloria did not see her. She sat straight up in bed. "Mr. Gallup" she exclaimed.

PEOPLE who are aware of social castes in one group will be aware of them in another. If Gloria had been set down in the centre of Africa among savage tribes, she would have known instinctively who were the chiefs and who were the medicine men. No one had instructed her that J. D. Gallup was the most important and dominating figure in Hollywood; she had simply absorbed the knowledge from the air she breathed, and this knowledge was apparent in something slightly excited in her manner as she reached for the telephone.

"I thought so," she said. "They're sorry, now it's too late. The curious thing out here is that the more difficult you make yourself——"

"I think it was Miss Alderby he asked for," said Ellen from the doorway.

"Nonsense," answered Gloria, leaning her shell-like ear against the receiver. She smiled at Felicia. "Forgive my being so rude," she said, "but I don't suppose J. D. Gallup even knows of your existence."

"Well, yes, in a way, he does," Felicia began, but was, as usual, unheard, as Gloria spoke into the instrument: "Yes, Mr. Gallup, good morning. How nice to hear your voice. I hope you understood my attitude yesterday." Suddenly she stopped speaking and her face changed. "Miss Alderby?" she said. "Why, yes, she's here. You want to speak to her?" She held the instrument out to Felicia. "How very odd," she said. "He wants to speak to you."

Please turn to Page 42

By a Girl of 17

The Truth

I said I did not love you now,
And thought that it was true,
Yet wished your lips were not so red,
Your eyes not quite so blue.
I spoke of being free again,
That love can quickly die,
And then you turned and smiled at me,
And oh—it was a lie!

Rosemary Price.

BLOTCHY SKIN?

"My complexion used to be awful till I found this simple way to clear it"

Complexion and skin blemishes are caused by tiny specks of impurities which have been allowed to get lodged in the pores. Once the pores are cleansed and sweetened right to their depths, the complexion clears, blemishes die away, and the skin becomes radiantly fresh, clear and smooth.

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BONKORA has brought priceless relief to many run-down, nervous, pale folks who couldn't sleep—who had no appetite, and suffered from headaches, biliousness, gas-pains, and other unpleasantness due to intestinal poison caused by retention of waste poisons in the body. These relieved sufferers are loud in their praise of BonKora. And we know what BonKora will do for you, if you suffer from the nervous, run-down, sleepless condition brought on by faulty elimination, or stopped-up liver bile. So—here's a proposition that you'll hardly ignore. Get a bottle of BonKora from your chemist at once. Use it as directed—and at the end of one week you must be sleeping better, feeling better, looking better—or we lose. You risk nothing.

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I tried lots of other medicines, but they have done me no good, so I tried BonKora and I am feeling much better now and I have a good appetite; after taking three bottles I felt better. I will continue taking BonKora to keep myself in good condition.

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RISING STAR

Continued from Page 41

FELICIA was now so embarrassed that she could hardly articulate; still, she made out that Mr. Gallup was sending a studio car for her. She must come at once. Hurry, hurry; no time to be lost. She had no trouble now in holding Gloria's attention. She told her story haltingly, but clearly.

"I must say you've been very close-mouthed about this, Miss Alderby."

"I know, but it all seemed too silly."

"Grotesque, if you ask me," said Gloria; but whether it was grotesque to conduct a great business so casually, or grotesque that Felicia should be supposed to be able to act was not specified. "Miss Alderby," she went on in a second, "I think I ought to warn you. These people are very tortuous, you know. They are undoubtedly using you in order to get me back. You mustn't be too hopeful."

The telephone rang again, and her whole face changed and softened. "Oh, Marc," she said.

Felicia left the room, thinking: "Can it be that she is falling in love with that man?"

At the front door the largest black car she had ever seen was waiting. The driver, a man of a size to match the car, wearing a neat business suit and a sports cap, leaned back without getting out, and said, "Miss Alderby? O.K.," and they were sliding down the road almost before she knew it.

Again they entered the vast space of the Five Star lot; again they drove by lagoons and ocean liners and a corner of Broadway, but this time they stopped before the executive offices. The good-looking young man, who turned out to be Mr. Selby, Mr. Gallup's assistant, was waiting in a sort of patio for her like a guardian angel. Indeed, with his ridged yellow hair, kind smile and regular profile, he was not unlike an angel in modern dress.

He led her up a flight of stairs. "Your tests were fine," he said over his shoulder.

"You know," said Felicia, still docilely following him, "that I'm still in a good deal of a daze about all this."

He laughed as if she had made a joke, and stopped at the end of a long corridor before a door marked: "J. D. Gallup."

A DARK girl with a thin, clever face was standing in front of it. She held up one finger and said: "Hush. He's talking to London."

Selby whispered back. "Miss Abrahams, this is Miss Alderby."

Miss Abrahams smiled. "I saw your tests," she said. "They were fine."

A deep voice came booming from behind the closed door. Then a new figure approached down the corridor—a small man hardly as tall as Felicia, with an eye like blue lightning, and a hard upper lip. He was instantly introduced as "Mr. Shaw, our casting director." Hearing her name, Mr. Shaw achieved a smile as if the extending of his upper lip caused him pain.

"I saw your tests," he said. "They were fairly good. Have you ever acted?"

"Never."

"Well, thank Heaven for small mercies. It's these people who have acted with local comedy clubs that cause all the trouble. If you don't know anything at all, it may be we can teach you."

Then the office door opened and the great J. D. blocked the entire opening. He held out a thick heavy hand to Felicia.

"Glad to see you. Come in. Sorry to have kept you waiting. Talking to Sir Bernard Wells in London. He's coming out to work for us."

"He'll be a bust," said Mr. Shaw, but no one noticed him.

Gallup went on, smiling at Felicia: "So you're going into pictures, are you?"

"Well, am I?" said Felicia, and again everyone laughed as if she had made a joke.

"It looks like it," said Gallup. "It looks pretty good. Want to see your tests? They'll show them to you in the projection room any time." He opened a drawer and took out a great pile of glossy photographs, every one of which, Felicia discovered to her surprise, was a picture of her. To her, they seemed strangely hideous—gigantic; monstrous even—but the three men hung over them in admiration. "It's just what I said," murmured the great man; "she's pathetic before she says a word; you start that much to the good."

"Yes, whatever she has gets over," said Mr. Shaw. Praise was evidently not his talent.

"And now," Gallup went on, "I'm going to turn you over to the tender mercies of Miss Roberts and Mr. Shaw. Pay attention to every word they say, for they know their business."

FELICIA made a desperate effort to be sensible: "But oughtn't I to have a contract before I go to work?"

"Well, it's this way," said J.D. "If you turn out t be any good—and, of course, you might"—out of the corner of her eye she could see Mr. Shaw gloomily shaking his head—"you'd be sorry you'd signed a contract with us, when no one knew what you could do. On the other hand, if you're no good at all, a contract won't help you much. You'd better leave it all to me. I'll take care of you."

It was just the sort of thing that villains in stories always said to the innocent, the slightly idiotic heroine. Felicia knew this, and yet she agreed at once. It was very difficult not to agree to anything that Mr. Gallup said. He seemed to be pleased with her docility.

"Whatever hapens," he said, "you'll earn more than you do as a trained nurse, even though you did graduate second in your class . . . Second, gentlemen; that takes brains."

"How in the world did you know that?" asked Felicia, and saw that this was exactly what she had been intended to ask.

"Oh, I had you looked up; we've got to know about people's pasts, you know. Not much to yours, though—good girls and happy countries."

They all smiled at her. She felt a good deal as she imagined a bride must feel when welcomed into a family of total strangers, or as a small child who is allowed to play a game with, not grown-up people, but much older children. No one—not her own mother—had ever taken such a deep, constructive interest in her. She felt surrounded by a warm, nourishing atmosphere. She was deeply grateful.

Then Miss Abrahams came back into the room, and with a regretful smile at being obliged to interrupt, she said:

"That Indian prince—about the Indian Mutiny picture—he's been waiting almost an hour."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Gallup, without undue distress. "We can't keep maharajahs waiting, of course." Everyone ignored the fact that the maharajah had already had this experience. "I'll see him at once." He stood up. "See that Miss Alderby finds a nice place to live, Sally, not too far from the studio."

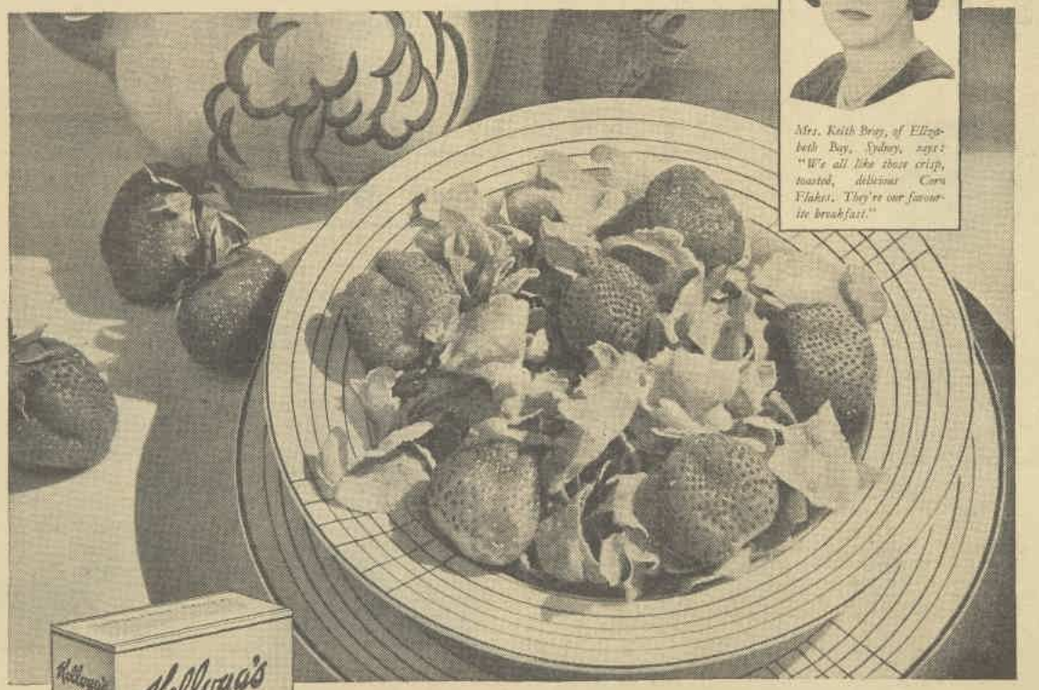
"But I'm staying at Mrs. Beach's," Felicia began.

The great man's eyes began to twinkle at the name. "What? That proud beauty who walked out on us yesterday."

"Well, I'll say this for Mike," observed Mr. Shaw—and it was the first word of cordial approval that he had so far spoken—"that though he gets us into a lot of messes, he's very clever about getting us out again."

Please turn to Page 43

"Crisp Toasted Delicious —our favourite breakfast"



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Your Chemist Sells

CREAM OF YEAST

RISING STAR

Continued from Page 42

FELICIA'S eyes opened wide at the implications in this speech, and she found, to her surprise, that a certain loyalty to Gloria moved her to say: "Mrs. Beach has accepted a wonderful part in McRea's new picture, 'Helen of Troy.'"

"He's been about to do 'Helen of Troy' for ten years," said Mr. Shaw. "Where's the money coming from?"

"I don't know," said Felicia stiffly, "but I believe they start at once."

"I bet she's financing it," said Shaw.

"I'm sure she isn't," said Felicia almost crossly, and she held out her hand to Mr. Gallup. "I can never thank you enough. And can you tell me anywhere nearby where I can telegraph to my mother? She's expecting me to be on my way some to-morrow."

"Right here," answered J.D. "Sally will take it down for you."

"But I'm not sure how much it will be," said Felicia, taking out her purse—a gesture that made everyone laugh.

"Oh, that's all right" said Mr. Gallup. "The company always pays for all telegrams to mothers; there are not so many of them sent."

Miss Abrahams was standing by with the point of her pencil on her pad. Felicia felt embarrassed; she was not used to dictation. She began rather faintly:

"To Mrs. John Alderby, Warfield, Connecticut. Shall not be home for several weeks. Have small part in a motion picture." She stopped.

"Go on," said Mr. Gallup.

"That's all."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Gallup. "That wouldn't satisfy any mother. Here, Sally, scratch all that out and take this: 'Dearest mother,—You will be surprised to hear that I am not coming home. I have just had some extremely successful tests made for the screen, and it now looks as if I might be offered a part in J. D. Gallup's production of 'Diamond Dust.' It may lead to even more important things. You had better be considering the possibility of coming out to spend the winter with me in California, where——'

"Oh, but that would upset her dreadfully," said Felicia. "She's never been anywhere except——"

"She'll love it," said Mr. Gallup, and continued dictating: "'——in California, where the climate is so wonderful. Am very happy. Love. Sign—what's your name?"

"Felicia."

"Sign it 'Felicia.'"

Felicia was horrified to think how much money the message would cost the company. She could not remember ever before having sent a telegram longer than the allotted ten words.

The whole incident confused her so much, remained, during her drive home, such a dreamlike adventure, that she found herself prepared to believe the explanation which Gloria offered her on her return—that it was a clumsy manoeuvre of Gallup's to regain a great beauty's services. Very graciously, however, she urged Felicia to stay on in her house. "After all," she said, "by your own account, this engagement won't last very long, and it will be a comfort to me, when I'm out in the evening, to think that there is someone here with Betsy."

THIS DISTINCTIVE gown of ruby-red velvet worn by Helen Wood is designed on severely moulded lines. It features a tunic effect of three tiers around the hips and extreme back fullness. It is covered by a luxurious cape of white ermine.

Felicia noted the implication that she would never be asked out of an evening. That was characteristic of Gloria's little digs—you never could answer back.

BUT it was not Gloria, but Betsy who made Felicia decide to stay. That evening, when she went to say good-night, Betsy was in tears—and, she was a child not given to crying. "Don't go away, Miss Alderby," she said, clinging to her. "I don't like it here. You can't think how I miss 'father.'" Miss Alderby did not answer but Betsy could feel that she held her more tightly. "And when I said to mother the other day isn't father ever coming out to see us?" she answered, 'Oh, dear, yes, I suppose so,' as if she didn't really want him, and I don't know what to think."

Felicia didn't know what to think herself, but she decided to stay on—to sleep at the house anyhow. Fortunately, Gloria had discovered a school, kept by an English lady, a graduate of Girton, who had come to Hollywood some years before to give advice on a picture from English history, and had given it so candidly that she had immediately lost her job. Though Gloria condemned the accents of the other children she felt that here Betsy would come to less harm than running wild.

Gloria, who had taken her natural position of leadership in the social world of Hollywood, was rarely at home in the evening; or if she was, she was having a party. To these she always invited Felicia, very civilly, and Felicia always refused.

It seemed to her that she had never known before what hard work was. After a week of training with Miss Roberts, she was plunged into the picture—on the set at eight; often working late into the night under the pitiless glare of the lights; doing the same piece of business over and over again; trembling at the director's shout of "Cut."

Please turn to Page 44

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Neuralgia used to drive me crazy

but now I never let it get beyond the first twinge. I just take a 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powder and in a few minutes the pain disappears. If you have never tried 'Bayer' A.P.C. a revelation in quick relief awaits you.

The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders in relieving Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness and those prostrating attacks to which many women are liable. To doctors and chemists the world over the name 'BAYER' on any remedy is the Hall Mark of reliability, and it is your best guarantee of quick relief from pain.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6.
Box of 24 powders, 2/6.
Of all Chemists.

'BAYER' A.P.C.

QUICK-SURE-SAFE

A GERMICIDAL SOAP *for daily use*

- **INEXPENSIVE**
- **LONG-LASTING and**
- **PLEASANT**

There is every reason why you should use Protex Soap every day of your life. It is an inexpensive safeguard against germ infection — priced at only sixpence per cake and French-milled to make it long-lasting. Such a delightful soap to use, too! A perfect deodorizer, yet it leaves behind no pungent smell to disclose its use—just a pleasant, slightly medicated aroma, redolent of the bush on a Spring morning.

Use PROTEX to cleanse away body poisons that exude through the pores. It makes you feel CLEAN, FRESH, INVIGORATED.

Knees barked and scratched in play need PROTEX to keep away the germs of infection.

Heads want a regular shampoo with PROTEX to destroy the germs present in dandruff and keep the hair bright and healthy.

CONTAINS GENUINE TI-TREE OIL 11 TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC AND NON-IRRITANT

The powerful Australian antiseptic, distilled from the ti-tree, is blended skilfully in Protex, the latest Colgate soap, sold at a price to enable everyone to enjoy continually its benefits.

9/726

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR STOREKEEPER FOR

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THE SAFETY SOAP AT SIXPENCE

SMART ECONOMY...

Undies made of

COURTAULDS RAYON

They stay lovely for ages

Here's exciting news for those who love luxurious undies and yet can't afford to be extravagant! You can now buy the most glamorous undies made of Courtaulds Rayon that will wear and wear and stay lovely for ages.

Exquisite undies made of Courtaulds Rayon have been designed by the leading Australian underwear manufacturers. You'll love their daintiness and the slender way they fit! Look for the Courtauld Housemark when you buy undies and be sure of getting loveliness that lasts.

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SHE TOOK A WOMAN'S WAY

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY risk bad breath? Use Colgate's Dental Cream. Its *penetrating* foam removes the decaying food deposits in crevices between your teeth — the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel — makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate's Dental Cream — to-day!

11/206.

LARGE SIZE 1/3
GIANT SIZE TWICE THE QUANTITY 2/-

IF YOU PREFER POWDER— *Colgate's Prophylactic Dental Powder gives the same results. Its oxygen content prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhoea.*

RISING STAR

Continued from Page 43

HAD she been wrong? Often she had; often the great Mr. Perry himself was at fault; sometimes it was only the squeaking of an arc light. Yet somehow it was all co-operative and exciting, like a great game of some sort.

One evening, coming home, having lost all track of time, she met Gloria on the stairs, on her way out to dinner.

"Oh," she said, with just a faint reproach in her tone. "I am glad you're back at last. Betty doesn't seem to be well. She has a bilious attack, I think. They probably allow her to eat imprudently at that school. Don't wake her if she's asleep, but keep an eye on her."

"Where are you dining?" asked Felicia quickly. She had had some experience with so-called bilious attacks. Gloria stared at her a second as if the question were an impertinence, and then decided to answer it.

"I'm dining at the Thistle Club with Mr. McRea," she said, and swept on.

Felicia went straight to Betsy's room. The child was not asleep. She was lying with her knees drawn up and that slightly grey look about the mouth that Felicia knew only too well. Ellen had no doctor's address at hand, but a telephone call to Mr. Gallup brought a name and address.

Felicia was not surprised when the doctor came, that his verdict was for an immediate operation for appendicitis.

All through the hours that followed, while she was making Betsy as comfortable as possible, while she was telephoning and getting Gloria back from the Thistle Club, she was ashamed to find that she was saying to herself: "I shall see him again. I shall be in the same room with him. He'll have to come now."

Gloria insisted that the operation should be done in her own house; she explained that, caught in the beginning of a great picture, she couldn't drive fifteen miles to the hospital two or three times a day; that the only way she could hope to spend any time with her child was by having her in the house. The doctor reluctantly agreed. The operation was not in any sense a critical one, except, as Felicia murmured, that all operations are critical.

THIS one, however, was perfectly successful. As dawn, very cool and grey, came up over the Sierras, everything was safely over, a young doctor left in charge, a competent nurse established. Felicia and Gloria came slowly out of the sick-room, and found Ellen in the hall with a tray of hot coffee.

"You ought to go right to bed, ma'am; it's dying on your feet you are," she said.

Everyone had behaved perfectly, displaying her best quality—Ellen, devotion, Gloria serenity, Felicia practical common sense. They were drawn together—three such different people—by this knowledge. Felicia felt that she might hazard a question.

"Have you telegraphed to Mr. Beach?"

Gloria's face hardened. "No," she answered, and then added more graciously: "What was the use of alarming him? Now, of course, I shall telephone to him at once."

They separated presently. Gloria had been able to suspend action on "Helen of Troy" for one day, but Felicia was up at seven o'clock after two hours' sleep, and on her way to the studio as usual. The shooting of "Diamond Dust" was over, but there was still talk of retakes.

When she came home that afternoon, Gloria was sleeping. Not until after dinner did Felicia find herself able to ask whether Mrs. Beach had been in touch with her husband.

"As a matter of fact, no," said Gloria. "I tried for half an hour to get him early this morning, but of course he has arranged it so that no one can hear the telephone. That is so like Leonard."

"And you haven't telegraphed?"

"No," said Gloria, and the monosyllable conveyed that what she did was no affair of Miss Alderby's.

"Would you mind if I telegraphed?" said Felicia.

"Yes, to be candid, I should mind very much indeed," Gloria answered. The two women looked at each other almost fiercely, and then Gloria smiled; she was so sure of herself that she could almost always smile. "That seems strange to you, but let me explain what the situation is. I have done something that will distress Leonard—not that it's really any of his business, but he will disapprove. I have put all my capital into this picture of Mr. McRea's."

Felicia's two little hands flew up to her throat. "Oh, Mrs. Beach, all your own money?"

"EVERYTHING I have in the world," Gloria answered, almost gaily. "Of course, Len will disapprove. I don't want him to know until the profits begin to come in—I shall double my money—but I can't bear to go through all the scenes I shall have to go through with Leonard—not while I'm working so hard and still worried about Betsy. I really don't feel as if I could stand it."

Felicia couldn't answer. In all her discussions of finances with Leonard, she knew how much comfort he had derived from the fact that Gloria was safe; that whatever happened, he had given her enough capital in the days when he had had capital to secure her against the future. That she should have taken Leonard's money and thrown it into this picture, just because she wanted to act, just because she was in love with McRea —— Felicia found herself trembling with a sort of sacred rage. She was thinking up a set speech of defiance, which was going to begin: "Mrs. Beach, trained nurses have a certain code of professional ethics, and I must myself telegraph——" when suddenly, to her surprise, she found that Gloria was yielding.

To be Continued

GIRLIGAGS

"SOME women are so careless that the only part of their weekly allowance they can account for is the threepence Junior swallowed."

Dreaded Age Signs first appear Under Your Skin

1 Lines, wrinkles 2 Coarseness
3 Spots, blemishes 4 Blackheads
5 Dryness 6 Sagging Tissues

If you could look *under* your skin, you'd see where skin faults and age signs begin. There's where circulation slows—oil glands lose tone. To avoid these faults, you must give immediate help to your *under* skin. Pond's Cold Cream does this. Its oils sink deep into the skin, sustain the failing nutrition underneath, aid the functioning of the oil glands. Pond's refines the skin, wipes out lines, clears away spots. Use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning. It flushes away skin impurities, stimulates circulation, renews youthful smoothness. You'll look years younger!

TRIAL OFFER: Mail Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted; Brunette (Rachel) [ ] Light Cream [ ] Rose Cream (Natural) [ ] Naturelle (Light Natural) [ ] Rose Brunette [ ] Dark Brunette (Suntan) [ ].
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Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser is the basis of the perfect manicure. Use it to shape the cuticle and cleanse under the nailtips.

Remove old polish with Cutex Oily Polish Remover.

Next apply Cutex Liquid Polish. It wears longer, and it is so easy to apply.

Follow this manicure regularly and watch the beauty of your nails increase.

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Manicure Preparations

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

September 19, 1936. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers—Page One

Just the Perfect Summer Frock For You

Slenderising, Cool and Exquisitely Decorative

Designed expressly for our Readers by
BERTHA MAXWELL

THE shops are filled with rolls of the most alluring silky linens and thick washing silks, just begging to be taken home and sewn into something beautiful to wear. A little good needlework is all they need to turn them into frocks which are charming, durable, and expensive-to-look-at.

THERE is just time to make yourself one of these perfect garments for your midsummer holiday. Here is the design you have been longing for, simple, easy, and yet opulent in its rich stitchery, with a pattern so slimming, so youthful and so chic that you will wear it as long as it lasts.

Linen is the pre-eminent material for these jolly frocks. It is so delightful to sew into rich embroideries, and returns again and again from laundering looking even better than ever. Makers of the newest linens have eliminated all the old faults of creasing, so that the last small objection to the use of this glorious fabric has been removed. Today's linens are lustrous, soft, and strong, dyed in colors of every shade in the garden, the rainbow, the sunshine and the moonbeams. And always so strong and faithfully woven.

Crepe-de-chine is a beautiful background for needlework of this kind, and makes a frock to be proud of—the kind of garment which attracts attention, and is lovely to wear. The correct quantities of materials are given in the price list below, but if you decide to work up a frock in silk stuff, it is a very good plan to do the embroidery on double materials, so that it will last much longer. Add another quarter of a yard for this purpose.

Hand-cut pattern of this exquisitely pretty frock, in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 40-inch, price 1/1.

Transfer as shown, on a 15 x 20 inches sheet, price 1/6.

Cutting and Making

FOR the long-sleeved frock, 4 yards of 36-inch material will be required, and for the short-sleeved frock, 3½ yards of 36-inch material.

There are eight pattern pieces, half-back and half-front bodice, long and short sleeve, cuff, half-back and half-front side skirt, and half-front panel, which is also used for the back.

Allow for seams and hem when cutting and match notches.

To cut and make: Lay centre-front and centre-back of bodice and skirt panel to the fold of material. Cut sleeve, cuff, and back and front-side skirt double.

For the short-sleeved frock, join shoulder seams to within 1½ inches of neck. Join underarm seams, leaving left side open for two inches for placket. Pleat sleeves with notches matching. Join seams and sew in sleeves. Sew cuffs to lower edge of sleeves.

Join front panel to front sides of skirt, and repeat for back. Join side seams, leaving four inches open at left side for placket. Join bodice and skirt at waist, easing any fullness to the sides.

Turn in right side of placket and stitch. Face left side with a crossway strip of material. Fasten with press studs. Finish shoulder plackets in the same way, and face neck with a crossway strip of material.

Turn a hem at lower edge of skirt to required length.

The long-sleeved frock is made in the same way, with the exception of the sleeves. These fit plain into the armholes and the lower edge is faced with a crossway strip of the material two inches wide.

Note: Frock should be embroidered before making-up. Cuff motif to be stamped to one-half of cuff only, the other half turns under to make a double cuff.

A sash or belt may be added if desired.

White linen at once occurs to one's mind as a lovely subject for this embroidery, with scarlet flowers and light green leaves; or deep geranium-pink blossoms. Pink material may have all pink stitchery or pinks and greens in natural shades; blue linen is delicious with pink flowers and dull green leaves; yellow linen is not excluded, as there are many geraniums with a mauve tint in the blooms which would be perfect on yellow; and on all the greens, white flowers have an ethereal beauty which is charming when set amid lighter green leaves.

SUMMER FROCKS enjoy a flower. And when the flowers are sweet old geraniums and their round, scalloped leaves, what lovelier frock could you have? Remember, expertly-cut patterns are available for 1/1 each. Full instructions for embroidering the rich design shown top-right are given in this article. Transfer costs 1/6.

THREAD COLORS. — The cotton makers have a group of pure pink threads which are known as the "geranium shades." Their numbers are F.465, F.466, F.467, F.468, and F.469, the last one being the deepest, and so deep in tone that it may be used to express soft scarlet. Lovely rose-mauves will be found in F.491, F.492, F.493, F.494, and F.495. If blue is liked when working in all one shade on blue material, choose a thread to match the cloth or one a little deeper for monotone. Suitable greens are F.496, F.497, F.498, F.463, and F.464.

The Transfer

AT first glance you may think there is a great deal of work in the design, it is so covering and so massed; but look again with an analysing eye, and you will notice how easily it splits up into simple units of a few flowers here and there, with a leaf or so to fill up the space, and scarcely a bar to think about as you work—just a few tiny open curves about the edge as a framework. If you do about three flowers and a leaf a day the work should be well done in a very short time; and it is so easy to do. If you want to create a sensation among your girl friends, just turn out some morning in a salmon-pink frock like this, and you will not complain of lack of notice!

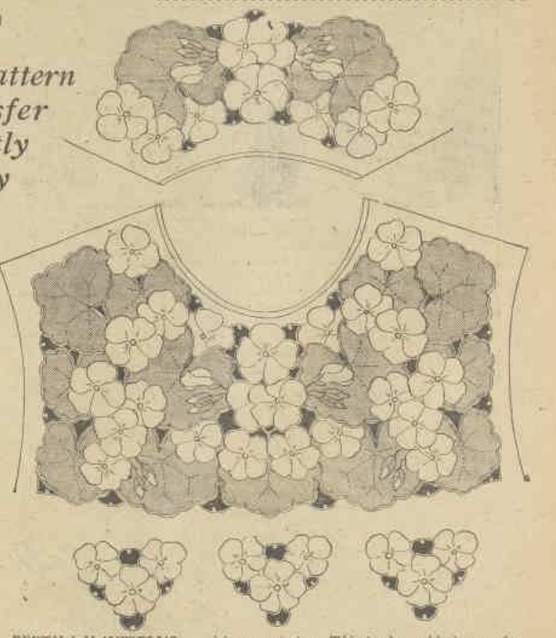
STITCHING.—The design is unconventional and very informal, so kind to new workers; for however badly you work you will still get a gay loveliness of gardens and color into your embroidery.

The flowers are just buttonholed all round over one thread to keep them firm and safe; a stitch or two for the centre and radiating lines will finish each bloom. The leaves are made up of quaint little scallop effects, also buttonholed, with the lightest little outlining for veins, even a single thread being sufficient.

Watch the illustration on this page when you are cutting out: Work the flowers first, then you will notice how the leaves and remaining parts simplify themselves so that you will have no trouble about placing colors or turning the buttonholed edges.

OTHER PURPOSES.—Could anything be sweeter for an underwear set than this design? There is just enough to suit all the usual pieces in a set. Your own ingenuity will tell you how to arrange them, and suggest delicate colors for yourself.

EXPERTLY-CUT pattern and exclusive transfer for rich yet swiftly worked embroidery available



BERTHA MAXWELL'S exquisite new design. This is obtainable in transfer form for 1/6, post free. If you do not wish to use it for decorating a frock, why not use it for a lingerie set? Nothing could be more enchanting.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4611174

Age has little to do with that priceless look of youthfulness. Figure beauty — or lack of it — alone counts. Thousands of women to-day have made their figures over to contours of real and lasting beauty with Gossard's MisSimplicity. This model, with slender panel of "Fastidia" at back of hip, is scientifically designed to remould your figure and posture.

The model illustrated has the new built-up shoulder for a smoother bosom line.

Sold by:

Farmer & Co. Ltd. McDowell's Ltd.
Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd. Grace Bros. Ltd.
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GOSSARD LINE OF BEAUTY

SNAPPY RECIPES

In This Week's Competition

Is your name featured among the prizewinners? Remember, every week cash prizes are awarded for best recipes received!

Six clever cooks win cash prizes each week for their bright new recipes. Why not send us your special favorite? You, too, may be a lucky winner!

PRIZES each week include £1 first prize, 10/- second prize, and four consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

VEGETABLE ROLY-POLY.

One and a half cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 2 heaped tablespoons dripping, salt, squeeze lemon juice, 2 potatoes, 2 onions, 1 carrot, 1 stalk celery, seasoning (dry herbs) to taste, 2oz. bacon, salt and pepper.

Crust: Rub dripping into flour and salt and make into firm dough with water. Roll into an oval about ¼-inch thick.

Vegetable Mixture: Peel potatoes and onions, cut into dice, grate carrot, rub herbs finely, and mince bacon, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Spread mixture on pastry to within ½-inch of edge. Pinch edges well when rolled up. Place in large, greased piedish with one cup stock or vegetable liquor. Bake in moderate oven for ¾ of an hour. Serve with parsley sauce.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Evans, Evandale, Come-by-Chance, N.S.W.

BOSTON HOT CAKES WITH SPICED CHEESE.

Take ½lb. self-raising flour, 1 egg, 1 teacup milk, pinch of salt.

Sift flour and salt and form into a stiff batter with the egg and milk. Pour into greased Swiss roll tin and bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes. Cut into squares and serve hot with spiced cheese, made as follows:—

Shave 2oz. of cheese into saucepan with a nut of butter and two tablespoons milk. Hold over gentle heat and stir until cheese is melted. Add a pinch of cayenne.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. E. Challenger, Garden Street, Hawthorn E3, Vic.

FRUIT TRIFLE

Line a deep dish with thinly-cut slices of preserved pineapple. Then fill up with slices of sponge cake. Spread the cake with raspberry jam and soak with the syrup in which the pineapple has been cooked. Top with blanched almonds cut in strips, then with a knife grate or scrape some plain chocolate over the whole. Cover with a nice boiled custard, saving the whites of the eggs used for the custard for a meringue for the top. Decorate with jelly.

If preferred, substitute whipped cream for the custard, or, if an extra rich trifle is desired, pile whipped cream on top of the custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Ellwood, Woodell, Applethorpe, South Queensland.

HIGHLAND EGGS

Shell three hard-boiled eggs. Cook one sheep's fry, mince, and beat it up with one raw egg. Coat the boiled eggs with the mince, roll them in fine oatmeal, then drop into a pan of boiling fat and fry to a golden brown. Take out and drain. Fry six small rounds of bread, cut each egg in half, and place on bread. Serve with brown gravy or mayonnaise sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Henderson, 195 Cowper St., Waverley, N.S.W.

CELERY CHEESE

Half-pint milk, 2 dessertspoons flour, 2 tablespoons finely-grated cheese, 1½ dessertspoons of butter, about 8 or 9 stalks of celery, breadcrumbs.

Make a good white sauce by melting the butter in a saucepan, adding flour, and do not allow to brown. Add milk gradually, and blend well. Stir until it comes to the boil. Cook about five minutes. Wash the celery, cut into one-inch lengths. Cook in boiling salted water for 20 minutes. Strain. A good idea is to boil celery first and use some of the water in which the celery was cooked to make the white sauce, and use a little less milk. Grease a casserole or piedish, put in a layer of cooked celery, then a layer of sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Continue these layers until the casserole is almost full. Sprinkle on top with breadcrumbs and dot with several pieces of butter and bake for 15 or 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Shearing, Richmond, Tas.

BURNT BUTTER AND WALNUT BISCUITS

Quarter-pound butter, 1 small egg, ½lb. sugar, 5oz. self-raising flour, essence to taste.

Burn the butter in a saucepan until light brown. Allow to cool, but not set. Beat in sugar, add egg, and beat well. Next sift in self-raising flour.

Roll in small balls and place half a walnut on each. Bake in a slow oven 10 to 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Hemmings, Box 49, Kalangaroo, S.A.

'Pass the Salt please'

Joan's Nursery party is a grand affair. Everything has to be of the very best. That is why she has insisted on Cerebos Salt with her egg. She has often heard Mother say that there is no other salt to equal it and it is well worth the money.

CEREBOS
TABLE SALT
Saves in the long run

Issued by Cerebos Limited, 79 Pitt Street, Sydney.

You'll never forgive yourself, Mothers, if that captivating smile disappears later on, because of humiliation over bad teeth. You will have only yourself to blame! For it's in these tender years that the foundation of sound lasting teeth is laid—and there's only Mother to depend on to do it!

To ensure strong beautiful teeth and healthy gums, see to it that children visit the dentist every six months, and that they use a germicidal tooth paste night and morning. Euthymol Tooth Paste kills dental decay germs within 30 seconds—that's why it's the family tooth paste chosen by so many careful Mothers. If you've never tried Euthymol, get some to-day — don't take chances with anything as precious as teeth!

1/3 per tube

Use This

Coty

Ensemble for Loveliness
Coty Face Powder, fine and smooth 2/3 and 3/9
Coty Face Rouge, in 12 Natural Shades 3/6
Coty Lipstick, 9 Attractive Shades 3/-
Refills 1/9.

SPECIAL COTY OFFER
Perfumes Reduced
from 4/6 to 3/9

END THAT BACK, SHOULDER AND NECK TORTURE

Get Rid of Sciatic, Lumbago, and Rheumatic Pains — Win Back Strength, Hope, Comfort

Cleanse, soothe, heal and restore your inflamed, weakened kidneys and bladder with Harrison's Pills. At once, if you do this those nagging pains, distressing headaches, that ageing puffiness under the eyes and that inability to sleep at night will be countered. Well-proven over many years by hundreds of thousands, nothing equals Harrison's Pills as a safe, effective, Home Treatment for Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Backache, Joint Pains and Swellings, Aching Groins, Dizzy Spells, Disturbed Rest, Frequent Itching, Scalding, Smarting, Urination, and the loss of vital activity which comes from Kidney, Bladder, Acid, and allied disorders. Harrison's Pills begin to act more quickly, more beneficially, than other remedies. No complicated methods. No dyes. No danger. New, active health comes promptly in even severe cases. During all the many years Harrison's Pills have been on this market, they have always been sold on a guarantee of satisfaction from the very first bottle or money back. No remedy that wasn't 100% effective could maintain that guarantee for years. Waste no time with plasters, liniments or "sleep tablets"—Ask your chemist for—

HARRISON'S PILLS

2 Inexpensive sizes. Good for young or old.

Christmas Tour to Ceylon

YOU don't associate India with frosty mornings, but Christmas at Nuwara Eliya will show you some of the crispest a.m.'s of your life as you look upwards to the crest of Pidurutalagala, 8290 feet high.

Six miles away are the famed Hakgala gardens taken in on the ride to far-famed Kandy, which was a city in the 14th century.

These are places included in the special Christmas vacation to Ceylon arranged by The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, leaving Sydney on December 19, and returning in time for school reopening.

The inclusive prices are: From Brisbane, £51/5/-; Sydney, £50; Tasmania, £47/10/-; Melbourne, £47/10/-; and Adelaide, £45, including exchange.

The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, St. James Building, Elizabeth St., Sydney, will give you full particulars.

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THE *Finer* POINTS *of* GRILLING!

All these Recipes have been tested in our own Kitchen.

Close attention to these details will ensure success!

By RUTH FURST
Cooking Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

LIKE everything else, grilling is an art, but it can be mastered by the beginner provided specific rules as laid down by an expert are followed.

It is the quickest and most wholesome method of cooking small and tender cuts of meat, but, remember, it is not the most economical method as only the best cuts of meat can be used.

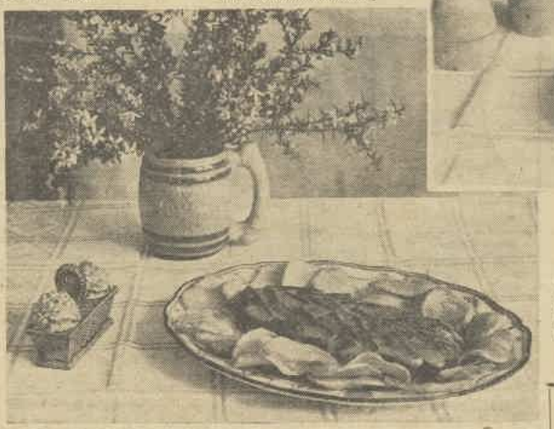
GRILLED STEAK, expertly cooked and served with green butter and chips, makes a tempting and satisfying meal. The menfolk love it. Follow grilling directions given on this page, and you'll achieve consistent success.

FOODS suitable for grilling include rump and fillet steak, short loin chops, cutlets, bacon, small fish, small birds, chicken.

Grills may be accompanied by green butter, sauce, rolls of bacon, fried tomato, chip potatoes, or, if fish, with slices of lemon and parsley.

Follow these rules:—

1.—Wipe the meat with a damp cloth.
2.—Heat and grease the bars of the gridiron.
3.—Expose the meat to great heat at first on both sides to keep in the juices.
4.—Lessen heat.
5.—Turn frequently to cook evenly through, using a knife and spoon. Skewers make holes in the meat and allow the juices to escape.
6.—Grills take from 8 to 12 minutes to cook.
7.—The inside of a grill should be tender and juicy.



STEAK WILSON matched with hot hollandaise sauce and garnished with chillie looks delicious, doesn't it? Try it. Recipe for hollandaise sauce was given in our issue of February 22, 1936.

GRILLED CHOPS

Short loin chops, 1 teaspoon butter, salt, cayenne.

Remove skin from the chops, but not fat. Make into a round shape, fasten with a skewer made by sharpening a used wooden match. Grease and heat the gridiron. Place meat on and expose to great heat at first to harden the covering, thus forming a crust to keep in the red juices. Allow to cook from 8 to 10 minutes, turning every 3 minutes with a knife and spoon. Remove skewers. Place on a hot dish and serve at once. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne and butter.

GRILLED CHOPS ready to be served. Follow closely the recipe given on this page, and you'll cook them to tempting nicety.

GRILLED STEAK

Rump steak, green butter, chip potatoes.

Heat the grilling burners on a gas stove. Grease the bars of the gridiron to prevent the meat from sticking. Expose the meat to great heat at first to form a hard covering on the outside. This prevents the escape of the red juices. Turn every 3 minutes with a knife and spoon. Cook from 8 to 12 minutes. Serve on a hot dish with green butter, or butter, pepper and salt, and potato chips.

GREEN BUTTER

One teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt and cayenne.

Mix all ingredients well together and spread over the meat.

MARINADE STEAK

One pound steak, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon worcester sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, salt, cayenne.

Have the steak in one piece, cut about 1½ inches thick, lay the meat in a pie-dish, mix all the other ingredients well together and pour over the steak. Allow it to remain for one hour. Turn frequently with a knife and spoon. When ready to cook, drain well and grill. Boil up the mixture, thicken with a little plain flour. Serve the steak on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over.

PORTERHOUSE STEAK

One pound steak cut from the sirloin, 1½ to 1½ inches thick, salt, cayenne, salad oil.

Brush steak on both sides with oil. Grill in usual way. Place on a hot dish. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Serve at once with horseradish sauce.

STEAK WILSON

One and a half pounds undercut steak, 1 cup hollandaise sauce, gherkins, chillie, potato straws.

Prepare the steak. Grill from 10 to 12 minutes, turning frequently. Place on a hot dish, mask with the hot sauce. Decorate with gherkins and chillie. Cut into thin strips. Heap potato straws round the dish. Serve very hot.

FRENCH CUTLETS

Seven cutlets, chip potatoes, green butter, rolls of bacon.

Trim cutlets, leaving 1 inch bare bone. Grease gridiron and grill 7 to 10 minutes. Turn frequently while cooking. Remove rind from bacon and cut into thin strips. Roll up, thread on a skewer, and grill till the fat is clear. Place the chip potatoes in the centre of a hot dish. Stand the cutlets which have been masked with a little green butter, up round, and place the rolls of bacon between the cutlets. Serve very hot.

MIXED GRILL

One cutlet, 1 sheep's kidney, 1 tomato, rasher of bacon, 1 sausage, small piece of steak.

Trim cutlet, remove rind from bacon, cut in half and make into two rolls. Skin the kidney and cut in half. Cut tomato in half. Trim the steak. Place all items on a hot grill dish. Place under a hot griller. Turn frequently with knife and spoon. As each item is cooked remove from griller and keep hot till all are ready. Serve on a hot dish. Sprinkle with butter, salt, and cayenne.

GRILLED SAUSAGES

One pound sausages, ½lb. bacon, brown sauce, mashed potato.

Remove rind from bacon and cut into small pieces; roll up each piece and thread on a skewer. Either grill or place in a hot oven and cook till fat is clear. Grill sausages in usual way, turning them frequently to ensure thorough cooking. Make a mound of mashed potato on a hot meat dish. Place sausages round, garnish with rolls of bacon, and serve gravy in sauce bowl.

TO GRILL FISH

Have your grill burner well heated. Lay the fillets in grill dish, brush with butter, expose to heat for a few seconds. Turn, brush with butter, expose to heat. Continue turning and brushing with butter to prevent from becoming dry. Serve at once on hot dish with slices of lemon, sprigs of parsley. Serve any sauce such as tartare in a sauce bowl.

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THESE *Easily-grown* PLANTS *Prefer* SHADE

They'll bring Color and Charm to the Sunless Window and Shady Spots of your Garden.

—Says the Old Gardener

FORTUNATELY, the sun is not necessary for the healthy growing of every plant, and when we have a shady corner or a bare-looking window which the sun doesn't reach, there are many beautiful, hardy flowers which thrive best without the sun. Among them are the aspidistra, rex begonia, fuchsia, coleus, and many others. Read how easy it is to cultivate them.

HAVE YOU a shady, sheltered corner in your garden? Then make of it a cool, pleasant retreat by filling it with ferns and other plants that do not need the sun.

LEFT: If you haven't time to cultivate plants that will bring life and color to the bare, sunless window, pot a few flowers, give them a few hours of morning sun in order to keep them strong and healthy, and then place them at the windows. They'll bring color and charm to your home.

SOME weeks ago I wrote about window-boxes, roof gardens, and balcony gardens to brighten up those homes where space is limited. To-day I want to have a chat on sunless windows and shady positions and how to brighten them.

The main factor towards success in gardening is to place the plant in its natural surroundings. Certain plants grow in certain climates, localities, and under certain conditions, and it is necessary to reproduce these same conditions when you are cultivating them in your garden.

Seed germination, for instance, will take place more quickly if the seed beds or boxes are kept dark, but once germination takes place the light must be allowed to enter.

Some flowers require plenty of sunshine to thrive, some very little. Petunias, phlox, dahlias, and others would never bloom without benefit of the sun. Yet the Japanese balsam, for example, loves the shade and will give a bright display of flowers in a dull corner with very little sunlight.

New Balcony Petunia

THE balcony petunia, a species being offered this season for the first time, is most suitable for pot-plants and window-boxes. It is a prolific bloomer, with small, compact flowers. Sow seed now for early success.

The aspidistra is another lover of the shade. This leaf plant with its beautiful, long, evergreen foliage adds beauty to any corner of a shady garden or in the sunless window. Then there are graceful palms and ferns of which there are hundreds of varieties, all excellent for sunless positions.

Gold Dust Tree

AUCUBA japonica aurea, or the gold dust tree, is one of the best ornamental and decorative plants, and it thrives in the shade. This species has beautifully-marked leaves, sometimes mottled, and may be grown out-of-doors, so long as kept in a shady position.

Particularly effective is this plant when it produces large red berries, which are only found in the female plant. If you desire such berries, you must secure both male and female plants, and have them flowering at the same time.

The evergreen European laurel is quite hardy, and does well if given plenty of fresh air and is not placed in too warm a room during the winter months.

Rex begonia thrives in shade, and with various-colored leaves is most attractive; fuchsia and coleus—plants of rare beauty—also do well in sheltered positions and for shady window decorations. If grown for window-boxes, they can be moved from one position to another, and give color and charm with very little sunlight. A couple of hours of morning sun will be quite sufficient.

All Easy to Grow

ASPARAGUS fern is another attractive shade-lover. The trailing fern or sprengeri does well in pots or hanging baskets and requires little or no sun. Staghorns and elkhorns are splendid for sunless corners. Spleniums in tubs, boxes, or pots, is evergreen, and gives a fresh touch.

And so we can go on, naming dozens of plants which would be suitable for sunless windows and shady corners of the home, where sun-loving plants will not grow.

You will find these plants easy to grow. All you need is good, thorough drainage, the bottoms of the vessels well-crocked, then filled with rich loamy soil, incorporated with plenty of leaf mould.

Tend them carefully during the growing period, and with indoor culture, change them from place to place.

Keep them away from draughts, and in the case of palms and aspidistras, the washing of the leaves periodically will keep them robust and healthy.

Hanging Baskets

WITH very little effort the shady spots in your garden can be transformed into the most fascinating green nooks imaginable with staghorns and elkhorns.

Very effective hanging baskets can be made by planting small pieces of elkhorns round the rim of the basket, and then filling the basket with soil. Then plant an attractive fern, and as both grow they give a very striking effect.

Davalea, or hare's foot fern, is an ideal specimen for planting in a pot at the base of a palm. It will soon cover the ugly trunk with its attractive foliage. It is also splendid for hanging baskets and pots, and will bring charm to a sunless window.

The flowering begonia tree is a welcome addition to a shady garden, and it is also popular grown in large pots, in the corner of a room. It grows three or four feet high, but can be kept down to two or three feet if so desired, and is seldom without a vivid mass of flowers. The foliage, too, is ornamental, and there is a wide selection to choose from, including Smithii Lucerna, Beatrice Rosby, President Carnot, and Corallina.

Bring your problems to The Old Gardener—he will help you solve them. And should you have difficulty in procuring seeds locally let him know and he will see they are forwarded you at 1/- per packet, plus 2d postage.

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TREATMENT. Smooth Rexona Ointment over the inflamed surface. Then apply hot fomentations—this brings the boil to a head. When it has burst, bathe with warm water and Rexona Medicated Soap, and smear on Rexona Ointment. Cover with lint or clean, old linen.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By Evelyn

SANE SLIMMING

Diet and Exercise the Safest Ways to Reduce

Although every now and again the powers who determine the fashionable silhouette predict a return to popularity of the fuller figure, there is no abatement in the enthusiasm of the plumper woman for slimming. Even the young "eight-stoners" go in for the reducing crazes.

ABOUT a fortnight ago two young girls of my acquaintance became all-enthusiastic over the "famous" 18-day diet. They started out and were joined by a third. At the end of the first week, one girl had lost five pounds and looked tired and drawn, the second had developed lovely blue circles 'neath her eyes, and the third, feeling haggard and drawn, gave in.

To-day all are back on a normal diet, after several extravagant lapses from the stringent diet. And they are becoming normal people again, their days not obsessed by the thought of consuming half a hard-boiled egg, a cup of black coffee, or half a grapefruit.

I had a chat with a doctor about this problem of reducing. He says that to try to reduce below your average standard weight is dangerous. Should you become ill you then have too little body tissue to draw on. In the process of reducing below what you should be, you also tend to weaken yourself.

No woman should be criticised, however, for wanting to reduce if she is decidedly overweight. What all physicians criticise, though, are some of the methods which women employ to accomplish this.

Dangerous Drugs

TAKING drugs is certainly to be deplored, and in this connection special mention should be made of thyroid extract, although it is not strictly a drug, but a gland product. Thyroid pills and capsules—and these are manufactured from the thyroids of hogs and sheep—certainly work as reducing agents in many women since they speed up catabolism. That is, they increase the breaking-down processes in the body.

But under no circumstances should thyroid, or any drug for that matter, be taken unless it be prescribed by the doctor, then taken *exactly* as he says, and with the patient constantly under his care.

For the heart is very easily affected by thyroid. This doctor states he has seen several cases where improper use of thyroid weakened the heart to a dangerous extent, and produced alarming nerve symptoms.

Exercise and diet, he considers, are the best all-round reducing agents, as well as the most harmless known.

It should be borne in mind that the bulk of the food consumed is not as important as its caloric value. A small piece of butter, for instance, contains as many calories as a plate of tomatoes and lettuce. Although the latter will satisfy the sensation of hunger better, the former will put on more weight.

ONE POUND of chocolates, it is said, contains over 1200 calories. So beware!

OVERWEIGHT AS WELL as underweight is undesirable. It is therefore wise to weigh oneself regularly each month on the same scales and with approximately the same amount of clothing. A better plan is to buy a bathroom scales and weigh oneself in the nude.

Overweight people should avoid as much as possible fats, milk, sugars, starches, pastry, sweets, nuts, salmon, pork, goose, fat meats, milk by the glassful and all cream. Water should not be taken at meals except in small quantities.

Strange as it may seem, a good way to reduce is to eat six meals a day instead of three. However, the total food intake from the six meals should be less than that of the three. The underlying principle of the six meals is in the fact that the appetite is never allowed to increase to such a degree as to require a great quantity of food.

Exercise also helps reducing, but that is what women are often reluctant to take.

Simple Exercises

OFTEN people complain that exercise makes them more hungry than ever. This is because they are exercising too strenuously. Simple, monotonous exercises, like the "daily dozen," are best. In fact, there is danger to fat people from overstraining at violent exercises.

If you are in earnest about reducing, try to cut down your caloric intake from the usual amount to about half as a starter.

A sedentary person consumes about 2500 calories per day. Now make your intake about 1200 calories, and exercise to use up, say, 3500 calories, and you can see that decrease of body weight is sure to follow.

The following foods yield 100 calories in the amounts indicated: One-half cup egnog, one large orange, one cup orange juice, one ordinary griddle cake, one-quarter cup peach ice-cream; an ordinary piece of apple pie, half an ordinary helping of potato salad; one-half of a large baked potato.

Did You Know This?

POTATOES contain about 14 per cent. of fattening starch; white bread contains 75 per cent. Brown sugar is more easily assimilated than white crystal, is easily digested and less fattening. Honey is considered to be non-fattening. It can take the place of sugar; it is easily digested, and is excellent for cleansing the system of poisons and waste products.

Specimen Diet

THOSE of you who think it is necessary to exist on black coffee and grapefruit (or less) in order to reduce your figure (and perhaps irretrievably damage your health), will be interested to read of the specimen diet used in one of the most famous London hospitals with satisfactory results.

Ten minutes' gentle exercising accompanies the diet regime.

It is stated that the "patients" remain quite well, can continue with their everyday life, and lose from two to six stone in two months:

BREAKFAST—Tea with two tablespoonfuls of milk, two eggs, one thin water biscuit with a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and a quarter of a pound of tomatoes.

MIDDAY MEAL—About three ounces of lean meat or cheese. A good plateful of green vegetables or salad. One small apple, orange, pear, or grapefruit, and half a dry water biscuit.

TEA—Tea with two tablespoonfuls of milk, one egg, one water biscuit with a piece of butter half the size of a walnut.

SUPPER—About six ounces of steamed fish, a piece of butter the size of two walnuts. A plateful of green vegetables or salad. One small apple, orange, pear, or grapefruit, and one dry water biscuit.

This works out at 11,500 calories a day. There are at least six kinds of water biscuits that can be eaten instead of bread, so that one need not get tired of them. One teaspoonful of meat essence should be taken every day. Foods to avoid are puddings, sugar, and floury foods such as macaroni.

Ten minutes' exercise night and morning will help to keep the muscles firm and healthy.

Compacts

SKIN tonics and astringents seem doubly refreshing if they are sprayed on the skin. The ordinary perfume spray can be used for this purpose.

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HERE is a home remedy for excessive perspiration: Sponge the armpits with hot water, followed by cold water with an equal part of methylated spirit added, or a little toilet eau-de-cologne. Allow to dry, then dust with a powder consisting of equal parts of boric acid, orris root, and talcum powder.

o o o

TO make the upper part of your arms smooth and white, scrub your arms with hot soapy water, using a nail brush. Scrub until the skin tingles, then rinse in warm, followed by cold, water. Dry, and rub in a tiny bit of skin food. Repeat night and morning for a week.

o o o

FOR a good complexion, variety in meals is important. Fresh fruits and green vegetables are beauty aids. Sugars and starchy foods make the skin greasy when eaten to excess. From one to two quarts of water between meals makes for a healthy skin.

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(Mrs.) W. A.

Original letter on file for inspection.

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Measles May Result in Serious Complications

PATIENT: What is the cause of measles? The recent mild epidemic of this complaint might have been avoided if mothers had known how to prevent the spread of this disease among children.

THERE are few adults who have not had measles. In fact, measles is the commonest of all diseases in childhood. Yet, markedly prevalent though it is, the cause of measles remains unknown.

That is primarily why it is impossible to control its spread from one person to another. If doctors knew the organism or poison which produces measles, preventive antitoxins might be made, and definite, precise steps taken to guard against the disease. That time, however, is not yet.

You may wonder why one should bother so much about measles when, generally speaking, everybody gets it sooner or later, and it is regarded as a harmless contagion.

That is just the point. Measles is not as harmless as it is supposed. Measles often runs into pneumonia. Besides, the heart may become weak, convulsions may occur, there may be coma. In short, children may and do die of measles!

Symptoms of Cold

MEASLES usually begins with an acute cold in the head with the ordinary symptoms. A few days later the rash appears.

This often starts behind the ears, spreading rapidly to the neck, the forehead, later the chest and back, the whole trunk, and finally the arms and legs.

This rash is very characteristic. It first looks like flea bites; that is, a few small, dark red spots here and there. Soon, however, these spots become broader patches, and run together. Often they become raised and look like water-blisters.

The rash lasts about four to six days, and then so-called "desquamation" sets in. During this stage the rash fades and the skin becomes scaly, like coarse powder. After a week of this the skin is again clear and healthy looking.

Throughout there are symptoms of a cold as regards the nose and throat. This varies in severity in different children.

Avoid Complications

THE fever in measles may run quite high—to 105 degrees in severe cases; in milder cases, to 102 or 103 degrees.

Digestive disturbances often accompany measles, and during the summer months this complication of diarrhoea may become even more serious than the complication of pneumonia.

Another serious complication, often seen in epidemics, is disease of the middle ear, called otitis. Other serious complications also may follow, and therefore parents should not belittle the importance of measles.

Now and again one hears of mothers deliberately exposing their children to contagion on the theory that, since every child gets measles, the sooner he gets it over the better.

Every child, however, need not get measles, and all children should be protected against "catching it" as much as possible.

One attack of measles usually confers immunity against a second attack. This rule, on the other hand, is not absolute.

Pertinent Diet Hints

Some Advice From a Doctor . . . Take Heed!

DESPITE all warnings, people still hurry too much with their meals. Particularly is this true of breakfast and lunch. An extra fifteen minutes for slow eating and proper chewing added to these two meals would benefit the health of everyone. In fact, if at all possible, a fifteen-minute rest period should be taken after each meal.

THE proper chewing of food is as important as its preparation. In fact, it is a good plan at each meal to add something to the diet that requires a great deal of chewing in order that the flow of saliva may be promoted. Such articles are toast, crackers, dry cereals, celery stalks and meat.

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PERSONS of 55 or 60 years of age would do well if they stressed in their diet the foods that were good for them when they were children. Such foods are milk, fresh fruits, as well as stewed ones, leafy vegetables and cereals. Less food should also be eaten than, say, at the age of forty or forty-five. Particularly should the middle-aged be careful not to leave the table feeling uncomfortably "full."

☆ ☆ ☆

ALTHOUGH over-eating is distinctly bad for children, it is true that, in proportion, they should eat more than adults. It has been estimated that about one-third of what a child eats is used for the building up of its bones and tissues. A child should not, however, be allowed to "stuff" itself under any circumstances.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE eating of cheese every day is to be recommended. Topping off a meal with cheese instead of a sweet dessert might well vary the routine. Cheese contains protein, fat, and mineral elements, and is readily digested when not eaten in excess. In fact, bread, cheese, and fruit really constitute a well-balanced meal.

☆ ☆ ☆

MANY women seem to believe that they require less food than men. This is only true when their physical work is less arduous. When both sexes are doing about the same kind of work they usually require about the same number of calories per day.

☆ ☆ ☆

USUALLY too much of the following foods may produce or continue constipation: Potted, preserved, smoked or salt fish and meats, eggs, liver, fresh white bread, biscuits, rice and sago pudding, pies and pastries, nuts, cheese, sweets in general, alcoholic beverages, excessive tea-drinking.

☆ ☆ ☆

SINCE the meat of fish is soft, and its skin thin, fish is readily broken into finer particles, and mixes easily with the digestive juices. For this reason fish is not only most nutritious, but is readily borne by the stomach and intestines. Fish should, however, always be well cooked, and absolutely fresh.

Banish it instantly

"Smoker's Breath

ENJOY your Cigar—but don't let it haunt you afterwards! Safeguard yourself from the unpleasantness of Smoker's Breath—sweeten and purify your mouth after smoking—with May Breath. May Breath is the name of little tablets that instantly remove all odours from the breath. After smoking, eating, or drinking, they banish tell-tale odours promptly.

Carry May Breath always and guard against giving offence in your daily contacts. In a handy little tin that will slip into your pocket or purse.

1/- AT ALL CHEMISTS

May-Breath

An Antiseptic Mouthwash in Tablet Form

M7351.

End Eczema Tortures Forever

No Need to Suffer Another Day

There is one simple, yet inexpensive, way to stop the itching and torture of Eczema instantly, and that is to apply Moone's Emerald Oil night and morning,—and people who suffer from any embarrassing skin trouble would be wise to banish it before it reaches a chronic stage.

Ask any chemist for a bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength)—and refuse to accept anything in its place. It is so highly concentrated that two ounces last a long time, and, furthermore, if the first bottle of this wonderful discovery does not give you satisfaction your money will be refunded.

Special Note: People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil at once. By applying as directed, they will quickly notice an improvement until the veins and bunches are reduced to normal.***

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. Instead take two good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing is making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only. 1/3 and 2/-. Resent a substitute.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4611179

SO DECORATIVE *and Useful*... *Covers* MADE from FELT

Designed for your home and for your personal use. And, remember, they'll make distinctive, yet inexpensive, birthday or Christmas gifts for your friends.

By
Our Home Decorator

HOME lovers are always interested to learn simple ways of making attractive items for the home. Here, then, is your chance to make artistic and colorful felt covers to hold magazines, papers, your telephone directory, library books, or a decorative affair to hold the free novels which accompany our paper each week.

IT is important to remember that the whole secret of achieving really artistic results lies in the skilful selection of the right color combinations. For this reason—and also for your convenience—the material can be supplied you in complete sets, consisting of the cover itself, and the requisite brightly-colored felts for the design.

All you have to do is to send to our offices the small sum of 2/6 plus 4d to cover cost of postage, and the material for making one of these covers is yours. Half an hour's pleasant and simple work is all that is needed to complete the article.

The materials for making the library book-cover (see description below) can be purchased for 2/- plus 3d postage.

The covers are available in black, brown, or blue, and are made of heavy-quality felt. Besides being serviceable colors, they are the ones most likely to fit in with any color scheme—either furnishing or frocking.

In addition to this, the colors suggested, especially black, are good backgrounds to contrast with the brilliant cut-out motif, or conventional design. The material used for these trimmings is made of a very light quality art felt.

The covers as shown in the photographs are carried out in the following color schemes:

Black, with motif featuring light green, rose, blue, and flowers with black centres and jade green leaves.

Brown felt cover also designed to hold magazines, or The Australian Women's Weekly free novels, is decorated with orange, yellow, and emerald-green, brown centres and green leaves.

Conventional Design

THE telephone book-cover, same size, pictured, is blue with scarlet conventional motif.

You may also obtain this cover in black or brown felt with pieces of felt for the motif decoration in orange, yellow, green, or rose.

The motifs illustrated are in actual size. In order to prevent cutting your copy of the instructions, it is suggested that the design be traced on to a piece of paper (carbon paper, or thin tissue paper is useful for this). Next, cut round the outline of the flower and leaves, pin on to the colored felt, and cut out.

The applique designs can be quite effectively and strongly held in place by liquid glue, taking care to stick the underneath leaves and flowers on first, then laying the remaining ones on top. The same applies to the conventional design.

If you prefer it, the designs can be very quickly sewn to the cover, working from the back—or wrong side of cover—with invisible stitches.

When the cover is to be used for the telephone directory, sew a loop of dark elastic across the middle of the inside of the cover. The telephone book is opened in the centre, and the elastic slipped in. If the book is to hang, punch or cut a hole through the cover to correspond with that in the book, and thread through a piece of cord the same color as the cover.

If the cover is to hold supplements, punch or cut two pairs of holes near the fold of the cover as shown in the photograph. Using a cord the same shade as the cover, thread through these holes, and through similar holes made through the supplements, thus securing them to the cover.

Keep any scraps of felt left over, however small, as they will come in useful for trimmings on other attractive and useful handcraft novelties to be given in later issues of this paper.

The Library Book

WHAT an acceptable gift this library book-cover would make?

The materials for making this, as I said before, can be purchased for 2/- plus 3d postage.

These covers are made of fine art felt in the ever-serviceable color, brown, with material for cutting out initials in either emerald-green or scarlet.

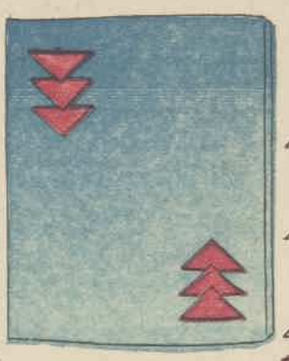
If you prefer it, you can use either of the other designs shown on this page in place of the initials. Be sure and state clearly, when purchasing, which design you wish to use, so the right colors will be sent to you. Also, if you choose the initials, state the color you want—whether emerald-green or scarlet.

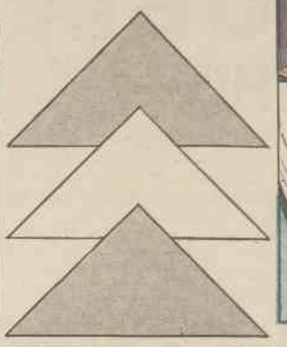
The cover will fit any average book. Besides proving a protection for the book, how it improves its appearance!

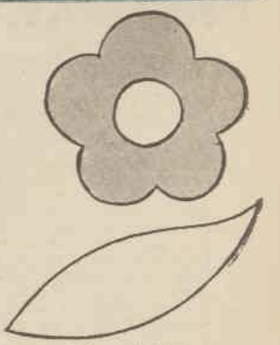
All you have to do is to open up your felt lengthwise, and fold in each end 2 inches. Pin this into position, take a thread of brown working cotton or wool, and buttonhole (with stitches wide apart and with the right side of cover towards you) through the two thicknesses, then continue right across the edge.

Sew both edges of felt in this manner. Fasten on initials or design with either liquid glue or invisible stitches, and your book-cover is completed.

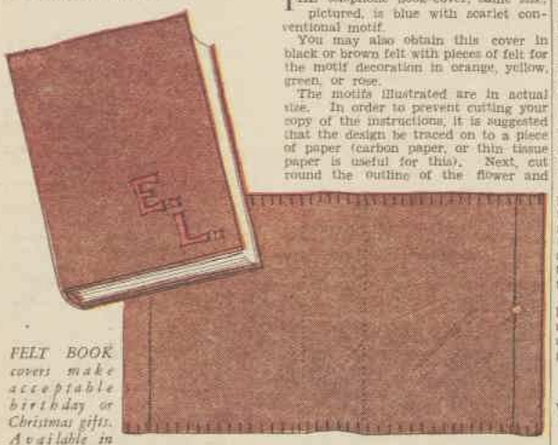
VERY soon we shall be thinking about Christmas gifts. The covers illustrated and described on this page would be found acceptable in almost every home. And if you have friends fond of reading, why not give one of these attractive novelties, with a batch of Australian Women's Weekly Free Novels slipped inside?







THESE ARTISTIC and colorful felt covers would be acceptable in every home. They're designed to hold magazines, papers, telephone directory, or as a smart dress for The Australian Women's Weekly free novels. Materials for swift making available from our offices. Trace your patterns from the black-and-white motifs illustrated above. Full instructions given in article.



FELT BOOK covers make acceptable birthday or Christmas gifts. Available in brown fine quality art felt, with emerald green or scarlet felt for cutting out your own initials. Price, 2/- plus 3d. postage, from our offices. Send also for the 12 x 10 inch felt covers illustrated on this page. Price, 2/6 plus 4d. postage.

gives the illusion of colour BENEATH the skin

Here's headline news for smart girls! Dr. Pacini, recognised cosmetic expert, has evolved a NEW principle of colouring for the Kissproof Lipstick. Clear, glowing shades that give the illusion of colour BENEATH the skin. This NEW Kissproof Lipstick keeps lips soft and smooth, prevents chapping and drying. Four vital shades — Natural, Theatrical, Raspberry, Orange.

KISSPROOF CREAM ROUGE is also made on Dr. Pacini's NEW colour principle. In four shades to match the lipsticks

The NEW Kissproof LIPSTICK

BEAUTIFY YOUR EYES with Delica-Brow. Makes lashes look longer, darker; encourages that fascinating upward curl. Black, Brown or Blue. A Kissproof product.

EACH KISSPROOF BEAUTY AID COSTS BUT 1/- K2-106

INDIGESTION

—THE SPOILER OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

In these days of strenuous work and strenuous play, health is a vital necessity if we want to take our share in the life and happiness of our generation.

Indigestion in its many forms (heartburn, flatulence, palpitation, gastritis, dyspepsia) is far too prevalent, especially when we know proper and prompt treatment will banish it.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has come to the fore as a first-class indigestion remedy because of its three-fold action. It neutralises the excess acidity, protects the inflamed stomach lining from further attacks, and directly assists in digesting your food. If you suffer from any form of indigestion buy a canister without delay. It costs but 2/6

DeWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4611180

THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT ABOUT STOMACH TROUBLE IS THIS—

The digestive system is an intricate machine in which the stomach is one of the "cogs" so to speak. If you have trouble in one of the parts the rest of the system is thrown out of action. For that reason treatment of any digestive ailment must embrace the entire digestive system.

Stomach trouble can become chronic and serious through overlooking this important fact. So if you have pain, wind and other distressing symptoms which seem to be confined to the stomach remember that stomach help alone is not enough.

For Relief to be Complete and Lasting You need Stomach Help and MORE 'BiSoDoL' is a COMPLETE Remedy

After a few doses of 'BiSoDoL' you will find your stomach troubles have disappeared. That is because 'BiSoDoL' soothes the stomach nerves whereby the acidity of the gastric juice is regulated. Food no longer ferments and turns sour, gas ceases to form, you are free from pain and flatulence, and can digest your food in comfort.

But the restorative action of 'BiSoDoL' does not end in the stomach. The headaches, the liver attacks, the mental sluggishness and bodily lethargy, the fits of depression, the abdominal flatulence and distension—all the distressing symptoms of intestinal or bowel indigestion with which most middle-aged and elderly people are only too well acquainted — are quickly relieved and finally vanish when 'BiSoDoL' is taken.

"Thanks to 'BiSoDoL' I am enjoying new life"

Miss E. D. writes:—"Having suffered for many years from acute indigestion I feel you would like to hear from one who has tried 'BiSoDoL' with remarkable success. I have tried many things without effect, now thanks to 'BiSoDoL' I am enjoying new life."

"No return of Indigestion for weeks past"

Miss G. L. J. writes:—"I have lost my indigestion completely, for I have not had a return for weeks past. It really is a treat to be able to enjoy my meals, also to have full nights' rest. Since I have not had indigestion I have been a new woman altogether."

BiSoDoL (REGD)

TRY 'BiSoDoL' and you will realize what a great stride has been made in the conquest of indigestion and gastric trouble by the discovery of this COMPLETE remedy.

1/9 and 2/6 OF ALL CHEMISTS *Pronounce it* BY-SO-DOL

LUMBAGO

I USED TO SUFFER DREADFULLY ONCE

But now, even after long hours of hard work, SLOAN'S prevents my muscles from getting stiff and sore.

When your muscles ache, put SLOAN'S on the affected area. Right away you will feel the warm beneficial effect – aches and pains vanish as if by magic after using SLOAN'S.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

Help Your Child to AVOID MANY COLDS

At the first sniffle or sneeze, quick! a few of these amazing drops up each nostril. They clear the head instantly . . . relieve the irritation . . . and stimulate Nature to throw off the threatening cold before it can take hold.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

FOR *Young* WIVES and MOTHERS

Complementary Feeding for Baby

By MARY TRUBY KING

There would be few failures to nurse baby fully in the natural way if mothers led a natural life; but with the stress and constant stimulation which go hand in hand with the modern mother's working day, it is often found that the mother has to give baby a little artificial food as well as the breast. This is called complementary feeding.

LACK of sufficient milk is also sometimes brought about by wrong technique in the management of breast feeding. The milk supply tends to increase if the mother feeds her baby in a quiet spot where she is not interrupted by anyone's conversation.

Also, if she takes the trouble to put her feet up and feed baby while lying comfortably on her bed instead of sitting awkwardly in a chair (especially if she happens to be overworked), and by feeding baby absolutely regularly every three or four hours, regardless of social and other calls on her time.

No effort should be spared to keep baby fully on the breast, for artificial food, even in small quantities by way of a "complement," can never come up to the real thing.

Test-weigh Baby

THE first step in complementary feeding is, of course, to find out exactly how much extra food baby needs, taking into consideration his age, weight, and general condition.

This we do by test-feeding—i.e., weighing baby before and after each breast-feed for 24 hours, to ascertain what amount he is taking in the natural way.

Suppose your baby is six months old and weighs 15½lb. to 16lb. (which is the average weight for that age). By looking up your Mothercraft instruction book you will find that he should be having 32½ ounces of breast milk in the 24 hours. That is, five feeds of 6½ ounces each.

Test-weigh baby at every feed for five feeds, making a note each time of the amount he has consumed. After the fifth feed, add up the amounts consumed and compare the total with the total he SHOULD have for the day.

Suppose you find that he has had 6 ounces at 6 a.m., 4 ounces at 10 a.m., 5½ ounces at 2 p.m., 4½ ounces at 6 p.m., and 4 ounces at 10 p.m.—the total works out to 24 ounces for the day, which is 8½ ounces short of the 32½ ounces which he should be having.

Always Be Accurate

THIS means that, until your breast milk increases to meet his needs, baby will require 8½ ounces of humanised milk daily as a complement. (This amount will need to be decreased in proportion to the increase of your own milk, resultant upon special treatment for increasing the natural supply.)

As you have now found that baby sucks almost his full amount at the first feed of the day, there will be no need to give a complement at 6 a.m.; but the 10 a.m., 2 p.m., 6 p.m., and 10 p.m. feeds should be complemented.

This means that you will divide the 8½ ounces more or less evenly between these four feeds, giving 2 ounces of humanised milk, by bottle, after three of the feeds, and 2½ ounces after the remaining feed. **Always give the breast first,** and the humanised milk afterwards.

The next step will be to prepare the 10-ounce recipe of humanised milk each morning, using 8½ ounces of it during the day for baby, and making use of the other 1½ ounces for any household purpose.

One should have very accurate scales for test-weighing. They should balance to within a quarter of an ounce. Most Mothercraft Centres have scales which they will hire out at about 2/6 per week, and it is very well worth the mother's while to borrow them for a few days. A spring balance is hopelessly inadequate for this purpose.

If possible, test-weighing should be carried out under the supervision of a Mothercraft nurse, who will also guide the mother as to the correct way to make the humanised milk and the correct amount to give.

In test-weighing baby it is necessary to exercise great care that his garments are not changed in any way between the time he is weighed before going to the breast and the after-feed weighing, or the value of the test will be lost. (Baby is, of course, weighed in his clothes for this purpose.)

Don't Overfeed!

WHEN giving a complement, it is most important not to give too much, for baby should go to the breast hungry in order to increase your milk supply by vigorous sucking.

Therefore remember that it is better to slightly under-complement than to slightly over-complement. (We are speaking of the normal, active baby. Should baby be delicate or under weight, it would be necessary to give him his full complement in order to build up his strength.)

Use a fairly slow teat on the bottle, for baby must not get his food more quickly and easily from the bottle than he does from the breast, or he may turn against the breast out of sheer laziness!

Even should your milk supply fail to increase under the best possible Mothercraft instruction, do not contemplate taking baby from the breast altogether, for the amount of human milk which he takes very greatly aids the digestion of the humanised milk which he has to have. Even a few ounces of human milk daily helps.

Remember that the purpose of complementary feeding is to tide baby over till the natural supply of milk increases to meet his needs.

CLEVER IDEAS

GAS ECONOMY: A sheet of tin can be a great help in your kitchen, and will save you a great deal of gas. Have the tin exactly the right size for the top of your stove, then several saucepans, once they have been brought to the boiling point, can stand on it and remain boiling with the use of only one gas jet.

❖ ❖ ❖

A BURNING QUESTION: If you have burnt yourself, and provided the skin is not broken, you will find, if there is no oil available, wet cooking salt will relieve the stinging sensation, and prevent inflammation.

❖ ❖ ❖

A LEMON-CLEANER: If the glazed tiles round your fireplace have become soiled, there is no more satisfactory way of cleaning them than this. First rub them over with a cut lemon, and then leave them for a quarter of an hour or more. Give them a final polish with a soft, dry cloth.

MENDING STOCKINGS: Schoolchildren are so apt to tear the most enormous holes in their stockings, but this does not mean that the stockings must be thrown away. Take a piece of strong net, black or brown to match the stocking, and place this over the hole on the inside. Then with wool that exactly matches the stocking, darn the hole very carefully on the right side through the net. You will find that the repair will be scarcely visible.

❖ ❖ ❖

REJUVENATE VELOURS: If your velour hat is looking shabby, here is an easy way to brighten it. Make a lather with warm water and good soap, then brush the hat firmly with this, and afterwards dry with a clean cloth. Repeat the process until the hat is quite clean, and then allow it to dry thoroughly, and finish off the treatment by bringing up the surface with a wire brush.

Happy Mother and Child

A happy and contented Baby means a happy mother—but a tearful, suffering little bit of humanity causes mother so much worry and anxiety that she looks forward to her Baby's teething period with fears and forebodings.

Ashton & Parsons Teething Powders are wonderful in their results—they check stomach disorders—relieve pain—and afford easy teething and restful nights to the advantage of child and parent alike.

They can be used with the utmost confidence as they are perfectly harmless and have been administered to children of *Royal Families* throughout the world.

See that you get ASHTON & PARSONS Infants' Powders—You cannot obtain better—They are perfectly harmless.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

Box of 20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

"MOTHERCRAFT"

Book for expectant and actual mothers.
By MARY TRUBY KING.
Of inestimable value to mothers all over Australia. Price, 3/10 posted from the publishers.
WHITCOMBE & TOMBS, LTD.,
189 Little Collins St., Melbourne.
154 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

SILVO

Will keep your SILVER lovely

This kindly polish will bring back the radiant beauty of your Silver—make it glow with velvet sheen. Silvo is quick, safe and gentle.

Because Silvo contains no mercury, no acids nor any harmful substances, it cannot harm the most delicate Silver surface.

SILVO

LIQUID SILVER POLISH

Made in Australia by the Makers of Reckitt's Blue

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4611181

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Filmy Loveliness for Sunny Days

You can make yourself this little blouse in chiffon and lace, or net and lace. Pattern available. Directions for making hereunder.

THE designs featured on this page are exclusive to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.

IF YOU'RE planning a dainty wardrobe, here's the very blouse to help it along . . . Chic under your new spring suit, or enchantingly cool for the summer combined with a slim-fitting linen skirt. Send in for the pattern (price 1/1) and make it yourself!

WHEN you're feeling frivolous, wouldn't you just adore this insouciant befrilled blouse?

There has never been anything more youthful and dainty and utterly charming in the way of blouses than this little model, which you can make of chiffon, georgette, or net.

SVELTE and trimly made, this blouse depends on the softly-fluted fichu for its individuality, and would be equally attractive in coffee, black, navy, cream, or any pastel tonings.

And quite inexpensive, too: For a 34-inch bust size you would require 14 yards of chiffon, georgette, or net, 8 yards of 2-inch lace, sewing-silk to match. And by writing to our Pattern Service you may obtain the blouse pattern in any of three sizes—32, 34, or 36 inches—for 1/1.

How To Make It

PIN-TUCK half the material and cut it into strips 2½ inches wide. Lay alternate strips of lace and material onto the pattern (taking the front first) until the pattern is completely covered, cutting shorter pieces for the underarm and front.

Join all the pieces together, press, lay pattern on top, and cut out, allowing for seams. Repeat for back and sleeves. Join shoulder, underarm, and sleeve seams; sew in sleeves, gathering fullness at the top. Then sew a 2-inch band of tucked material to the end of each sleeve and face the neck with a crossway strip of material.

Carefully Note

FROM the remaining material cut a piece 4 x 12 inches on the bias, picot both sides and cut down the centre. Then, slightly gathering the cut edge, sew a piece to either side of the V front, as shown in the illustration.

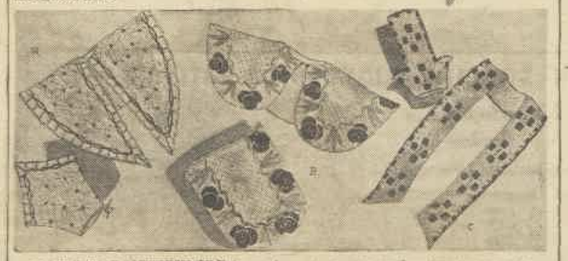
INDIVIDUALITY *and* CHARM

In These Ultra-Smart Little Sets

ADD one of these bewitching net collar-and-cuff sets to your last season's frocks, and they will take a new lease of life.

You may obtain hand-cut patterns for only 9d. each at our needlework department, so why not make them now and be ready to welcome spring with confidence and charm?

WITH the simplicity of frock lines, so much depends on accessories to give your clothes that added "kick." And what more charming than any one of the sets illustrated here?



QUITE THE NEWEST IDEA are these dainty sets embroidered in wool or silk. You can do them so quickly, and it's really fascinating work. Paper patterns are obtainable from our offices, price 9d. per set. Please state clearly when ordering which set you require. Reading from left to right they are numbered "A," "B," and "C" respectively. The set illustrated on the model above is numbered "D."

With summer just around the corner you will find they'll look enchantingly cool on the hottest days.

Brief Description

READING from left to right:

(A) Starry daisies worked in pastel wools or silks ramble with gay abandon over this youthful little set of filmy white net, which has a smart fluted edging.

(B) Reminiscent of schooldays, flamboyant berries lend an intriguing note to this chic collar and cuffs, which should look especially smart added to a simple black or navy frock.

(C) Here's a set guaranteed to supply glamor and charm in goodly doses. Suitable for young or old, the conventional design is worked in black, white, and jade.

(D—shown on model above) Orchids—the palest of mauve on green—sounds attractive, don't you think? And so it is when cunningly worked onto the very latest in net collar and cuffs.

Two Suggestions

A SENSIBLE type of holder for oil-treated dusters can be made from oil baize and cretonne this way: Take two pieces of each, place the right sides of the baize together, cretonne on each side, and bind all together with colored bias tape. Attach a handle of the bias tape and a small ring to hang it up by. The dusters can be placed in this bag or holder without fear of the oil soaking through.

To lengthen the life of a schoolgirl's skirt when it is beginning to wear thin at the bottom, remove waistband, unpick hem, and turn upside down. Make a hem in what was once the top of the skirt, press well. The middy or sweater will cover the worn part of the waistline, and a few extra months of wear will reward your effort.

My secret for quick skin cleansing

..Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Cleansing Oil

Here is the answer to women who have always hoped for a liquid skin cleanser that would quickly and completely remove dust, dirt and make-up. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cleansing Oil penetrates deeply into the pores, and dirt and stale make-up vanish instantly. It leaves your skin soft, smooth and immaculately clean. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cleansing Oil is especially convenient when traveling or when you wish to refresh your skin in a hurry. Try this modern way of keeping your skin beautiful.

Daggett & Ramsdell

YOUNG WIFE GIVES SOUND ADVICE

It's a fact! PERSIL does get things whiter, and without rubbing. The little oxygen-charged bubbles, released as soon as PERSIL is mixed with water, course through the clothes. They chase out even worn-in dirt, leaving the clothes whiter than you ever dreamed they could be. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

Persil

PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

WHITER WHITES—WITH LESS WORK

IF YOU SUFFER WITH YOUR FEET

You Should Use

Zam-Buk

IF you want to get through your daily work in comfort and enjoy your recreation to the full, you must look after your feet.

The best way to avoid sore, aching feet and swollen ankles is to bathe the feet in warm water and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. Do this every night before retiring and you will be surprised at the immediate relief you get. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Corns, bunions, and hard growths are softened; blisters are healed; joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable and walking is again a pleasure. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. At all chemists & stores

"Since regularly using Zam-Buk I no longer experience the misery of aching feet. At the end of a day's work or a factory overseer, my feet are as comfortable as at the beginning of the day."—Mr. F.H.D.

"For soothing and healing tender, blistered heels I have found nothing to come up to Zam-Buk. Rubbed well into the skin, Zam-Buk is fine for keeping the feet sound and healthy."—Miss L.S.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

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SMART BOLERO

WW1329.—Enchanting little bolero effect on a floral frock, with leg-of-mutton sleeves. Vest and collar of contrast add to the smart appearance. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

MODISH TUNIC

WW1330.—A very youthful and becoming tunic, smart wear this spring. Note frilling round collar and sleeves. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SMART COAT

WW1331.—Spring coat, giving a redingote appearance, with a single button fastening, which is very new. Note stitching. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR THE FULL FIGURE

WW1332.—Matrons and women with larger figures will appreciate this chic, simple style for everyday wear. Bust sizes, 40 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PLEATS VERY NEW

WW1333.—This charming, simple style is very youthful and very new with its pleated panels. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

TENNIS OUTFIT

WW1334.—Tennis outfit, blouse, shorts, skirt. Skirt buttons at the waistline to discard if required. Shorts are pleated back and front. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: Blouse, 2½ yards, 36 inches wide; shorts, 2 yards; skirt, 2 yards. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR MISS 6 TO 12

WW1335.—Charming little frock for girls aged 6 to 12 years. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

EVENING ENSEMBLE

WW1336.—This evening ensemble comprises jacket, bodice, and skirt. Jacket has the new, popular leg-of-mutton sleeves. Bust sizes, 32 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide, for jacket, 1 yard lace for bodice, and 3¼ yards for skirt. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

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This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it with a 3d. stamp enclosed, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A further charge of threepence will be made for Concession Patterns over one month old. Note: The following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers should be used when sending for all patterns.

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BETTY'S "*Racey*" NARRATIVES!

A Woman's Best Friend at Randwick is the Tote

By BETTY GEE

They say the horse is man's best friend. That might have been right, too, in the days of hansom cabs. But what about the tote? That's woman's best friend.

Lots of horses let you down, but the tote, never. Not at Randwick, at any rate. Take my tip and come to the Spring Meeting, and give the housekeeping money a fling for the four-days' carnival, and you can't help coming out a winner—if you pick enough winners and placed horses. But, above all, just placed horses.

That's enough! Look at Saturday. It's made me that enthusiastic I'm going to become a first-nighter in the tote queues from now on.

YOU could have fired a machine-gun through the betting ring while the Hurdle was on, and it wouldn't have got a single punter. They won't bet on hurdles, and don't want them.

But I was one who would have stopped a bullet. Yes, I was there with ten shillings for Bonnie Rollux on a tip from Jack Nailon. He's Pat Nailon's son, and foreman to the stable, and thought Bonnie Rollux a real good outsider. I got 14 to 1, and he had the race well won and the prize given out when he got to the front at the last hurdle. But he died on the road home, and Musician beat him into second place—and only then I woke up that I should have had my money on the tote.

Haven't I been telling everybody the tote at Randwick gave the best place odds of any in the world? But I forgot to listen to myself. It served me right. Bonnie Rollux paid 20/- for 10/-.

Everybody knew what a nut Brazilian was for the first Novice. This half-brother to Peter Pan has had more publicity than a radio personality, and I knew there'd be a rush to get on. So I decided I'd better stand near some bookmaker not so keen, where I could see Brazilian's barrier draw before he woke up, and still get the best odds.

I took up a position near an old odds-layer who was short-sighted and deaf, but it's funny how the loss of these had sharpened up his meanness, and he wouldn't budge from 2 to 1. So I hitched up my skirts when a nearby bookie offered half a point over, and took £5 to £2 at a blow.

Of course he won.

Left — Two Ways

I CAME a buster on the second Novice, though. Jim Hackett, sen., looking very junior, told me about Quizzical, that he and Alec Williams own. So in I went with my £1, and got 4 to 1.

But her rider, Ted McMenamin, was having some difficulty with a woollen tunic he was knitting, with the result that when the barrier went up Quizzical was left behind, and so was my £1.

Who should I bump into just before the Tramway but Mr. Herbert Engelbert, who has Panax. I had a shrewd suspicion Panax might be all right, but he said to back it on the tote. He's never confident. He's had too many disappointments on the Turf to think his calico horses are crepe-de-chine.

So off I ran to the tote and put my £1 each way.

Well, I went through the anguish of the tortured watching Panax. He got a foot tangled in a loose bootlace, or something, and was last.

But suddenly he came loping past his horses and got up with The Marne just near the post. They flashed by it together, and I was hoping the judge might be leaning his head a bit the wrong side of that iron sighter they have in the box. But he wasn't, and he gave it for The Marne.

Anyhow, I got £5/4/- back for my £2. Aren't I always telling you what a great thing the place tote is!

Good Interest

I SIMPLY had to suspend a motion to suspend standing orders before the Chelmsford Stakes. I mean the one which prevents my taking under 2 to 1. And the reason of it was Gold Rod.

Such a hurry I was in, I found myself in the ring before the bookmakers. And when they came, the best they would offer was "take six to four." That means you've got to lay on 1½ to win 1 unit.

Well, I reckoned that pretty niggardly, but they weren't going to cheat me out of backing Gold Rod, so I laddled out £3 to £2 on him, and he won it safely enough, although Maurice McCarten did give us a bit of a shock when he eased up and Mala came at him like a hungry dog rushing a kid's biscuit. But he was too late, thank goodness, and I collected £5.

It was good interest on £3, wasn't it, for lending it to the bookie for 1 minute 51¼ seconds?

I knew that Bailey Payten thought Wykeham was a good thing for the Spring Handicap because I heard Mrs. A. W. Hurd, the owner, telling her husband, and he rushed into the ring hot foot like a man stung by some good information.

That was good enough omen for me, so I toddled over to Barney Fay, the newest, handsomest, most debonair bookmaker in the Randwick ring. From Brisbane he comes. And such a nice, smooth-voiced, obliging bookie. Anyhow, he laid me £7 to £2, and I know other women (not so handsome as I, perhaps) who walked their feet off for 5 to 2.

But it didn't matter in the long run. Wykeham had it won all right until Darby Munro started to do a bit of moving picture posturing to show us what a handsome jockey he is when he's riding a good thing. And while he was looking in his little hand-mirror, Satmoth came up and took it off him.

There were 23 in the last race, and I think I had them all tipped to me by one and the other, baring the odd three.

I would have let it alone. But it's no use. You can't be certain of anything on the racecourse. So I found myself queued up at a tote with £2 in my hand ready to put on Bobby, one each way, of course.

Bobby was a long way back in the race right to the straight. Then he came like a pink streak, but just when he looked the winner something cut across his bows and he trembled from stem to stern. But like the good ship he is he shook himself and came on again. And even then Golden Chance beat him by only a long nose.

But it might have been worse. The darling paid £4/2/- to £1 for a place, so I showed a profit.

Bobby is a good colt. And so pretty, just like a lovely man in dress clothes with his lustrous black coat broken up with such dainty showings of white. And, believe me, he'll win a good race between this and Christmastide. He might come to light with a place in the Rosehill Guineas on Saturday, and if anything in it is going to shake up Gold Rod at the end, you take my tip, it'll be Bobby.

One who's titivating herself up for the occasion is the Gay Blonde, and it won't surprise our butcher if she wins the Camellia. That's the name of a race, not a flower.

Tim Brosnan's looking after Spear Prince this trip, and you never saw either looking better. Tim cut a dash with his pearl-grey on Saturday. Spear Prince didn't go so hot, but eleven furlongs is a better proposition for him. That's the distance of next Saturday's Rosehill Handicap.

MARTHA VICHNES, 15, of Brooklyn, shown here, had a great celebration when she took £100 of her father's soldier's bonus and spent it on a plane trip to Hollywood to see Clark Gable.

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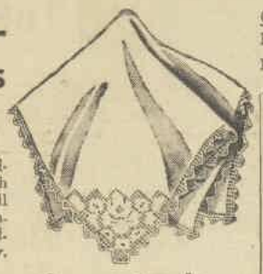

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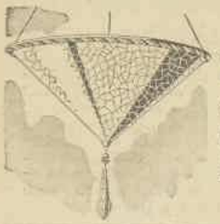

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The Frock (above) comes in fadeless "Spring-time" cambric; saxe, lemon, pink or apple, and has its own panties. 2½ to 7 yrs. **10/6** **Hat,** saxe, rose, green. **5/11**

The Flag-holding young man (above) wears a fadeless linen-finish suit of British Linn-cloth. Brown, saxe. 1½ to 5 years. **9/11** **Hat.** Fawn, underlined. **4/11**

Young man at right looks his best in pure silk tussore, biscuit shade. Pants strongly lined. 1½-5. **16/11** **Sou'wester** of tussore, **5/11**

Watching the frog is a young lady in a fadeless lawn frock with matching bloomers. In vieux rose, saxe, green. 2½ to 7. **17/11**

4/6

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RED HARVEST

By NEWMAN FLOWER

"SUPPOSING——" The man at a London club looked towards his colleague, as he put the question: "Supposing you were heir to a quarter of a million sterling, but on the day of succession a child was born, and robbed you of your inheritance. What would you do?"

"What would I do?" replied the other. "I would do what Paul Cazalet did."

"Aye. It was of him I was speaking."

A few days prior to this conversation four men were sitting at a small table in the Toledo Restaurant. Everyone knows the Toledo. That night it was crowded.

Pentelow was there, Marchant sat opposite, Fenning lounged in the far corner, and Paul Cazalet was facing him. The first three were enjoying the reverie which comes with the coffee and liqueurs, when Cazalet strode in fresh from the House of Commons.

"Been letting off steam again, Cazalet?" said Marchant. "I heard something about it when I came up the street, but I was too infernally hungry to buy a paper. What's it all about this time?"

Cazalet smiled, and the strong, clean-shaven face flushed with pleasure. The mouth was a thin, firm line, and the eyes reflected the determination of the man.

"Same old theme—blood-taint," he laughed. "Kenwood has been bullying his way too far; half the House is afraid of him. He has a fine vocabulary, that man, and it carries conviction. Yes, I suppose I did let off steam to-night. But Kenwood forgets that there are criminals and criminals; half deserve all they get, and as for the other half—huh! we don't understand."

"And what do you know about it, anyway?" asked Fenning. He seemed little more than a boy, for although he was twenty-seven his face had failed to record the march of years. His features were finely cut, and some would have traced in them a certain type of beauty, effeminate yet attractive.

"I hate to hear a man condemn who has probably never been tempted," returned Cazalet. A waiter swept down with a pot of caviare, and he stopped him. Then he turned his attention to Fenning again. "Well, Jimmy, what are you doing outside Paris?" he asked.

"Habit, dear boy, only habit. Paris is unendurable when she is not there." He flicked the ash from his cigar and looked up.

"Ah! The latest affair!" Cazalet said with a laugh. He watched Fenning's nervous fingers clutch the stem of his liqueur glass and tip the crimson contents down his throat. Who is it this time?"

"A duchess very much bored with life," broke in Marchant, the Jew stockbroker, under his breath. "Has a little money, a husband she contrives to lose at every opportunity, and, her pet spaniel having died, she has adopted Fenning."

"Marchant's a fool, or very drunk. He doesn't understand pretty women," exclaimed Fenning. "She's a queen, Paul; that describes her—a queen."

"They're all queens till you compel them to abdicate," said Paul. "Fenning's in love for the ninetieth time; and you, Pentelow, why aren't you at the National, discussing my speech?"

Pentelow pulled his long, grey moustache and tilted his bullet head. His was a hard, brutal face, typical of the man who has built up his position in the world from the lowest depths of poverty to an exchequer running into untold thousands.

"I'm just a bit sick of your preaching," he grunted, and the smile on Cazalet's face broadened. He knew Pentelow's mood when an empty champagne bottle stood at his elbow. "An arch humbug like you ought to have a licence to speak on sane subjects. I listened to half your speech and then came out. Arrant roc—a re-hashed sermon, and, as Fenning says, what the devil do you know about blood-taint, anyway? I'm blunt, but I'm honest. I don't cant."

"I'm not quite sure whether your honesty or mine is the worst form of that virtue," Cazalet replied with a laugh. "I've got one or two cold truths docketed against you concerning those Drayton mills. I could give you a column next week that would make you desire to see the color of the Mediterranean water in your yacht—that is, if you wish me to be scrupulously honest."

PENTELOW flung back his head, an ugly flush creeping slowly across his forehead. Cazalet's words were beginning to whip to life the devil in him.

"I should never run away from the ravings of a crazy political journalist," he said bitterly.

"Because it would be confession. Dear old Pent., how I love thee!"

Cazalet turned his attention to the sole colbert, and carefully spread the liquid butter with the edges of his knife. He ate two mouthfuls, then leaned across the table and spoke in an undertone to Pentelow.

"I don't want to stir up muddy water, but you've pitched a challenge at me, more or less. Of course the case of Jessie Philpot," he said, but Pentelow put up his hand with an angry gesture. "I'm sorry if that touches you," he continued. "You think I am in a quarrelsome mood to-night, friend Pentelow, but I am feeling rather the reverse. I'd like to shake you hand and remember you as the best pal at a dinner-table I know. But I want you to understand why I have never taken up that horrible business in print. I have too much respect for your daughter. That's the whole stupid reason. I do not strike indiscriminately without thinking of the dependents of those who will be disgraced by the publicity of scandal. I know what your daughter would feel—she who is just about to marry a man who loves her. No, I am not honest, but sometimes, dear Pent., devilishly tender-hearted. I hate causing either a woman or an animal pain, but I would torture a man to any extent if he deserved it."

"Then I wish you would make a start on Fenning. He is getting sentimental about his little duchess," broke in Marchant, to clear the air. "When you consider the wistful expression in his eyes——"

Apparently Fenning did not hear the words, for he was intent on watching two men who were just rising from the table at the other side of the room. His eyes were half closed, but Cazalet knew the mood of the boy. He turned and looked round. The two men, obvious foreigners both of them, were in evening dress, well groomed, too, and handsome. The elder of the pair was a short, military-looking man, his moustache grey and partially concealing a strong mouth, and his eyes keen as those of a hawk.

"Some old army colonel out for an evening's amusement," Cazalet said laughingly, as he laid down his knife and fork. He looked across at Fenning, who was watching the pair disappear through the curtained door.

"Wrong, friend," said Fenning. "That man is the future king of Servia."

Cazalet was incredulous.

"Servia?" he repeated.

"Yes, Servia. And don't talk so that the whole room may listen. The fellow who is speaking abominable English to the waiter at the next table has sharp ears. You could scarcely open an illustrated paper in Vienna just now without seeing his portrait."

"So he has come here to escape from himself?"

"He is not quite so modest," Fenning said. "But it must be a relief to him to fancy he is unrecognised. If he had not decided to take a little trip to London—shall we say for his health?—I might be dreaming in my bed in Paris at this moment. Don't talk any more, Cazalet, but enjoy that excellent fillet of beef which is getting cold in front of you. Later on, glance to the far corner of the room—to the extreme right—a girl is sipping coffee there. Don't let her see you, but if you like a little comedy, watch her."

Cazalet began to eat in a desultory fashion, but his appetite had vanished. He muttered maledictions on the cooking, which was unimpeachable. Then, swallowing a glass of Niersteiner, he began to look round the room, till his eyes fell on the table in the far corner.

THE girl who was sitting there had just put down here coffee cup, and their eyes met. She had a small oval face, with delicate coloring and skin soft and unspoiled.

She turned away, but he continued to look at her for some time, believing himself unobserved. Nevertheless an adjacent mirror enabled her to see his interest in her, though he was unaware of it.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"That is what I've been trying to find out for the past hour," Fenning drawled back. "It has cost me precisely five liqueurs to pass the time in which to study her. I have my suspicions as to why she is dining here."

"Tell me?" said Cazalet.

Fenning yawned.

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"Isn't she ripping?" he answered, and lit a fresh cigarette.

"Very well, my fine diplomat, keep your secret. But wouldn't your little duchess like to see the admiration in your eyes for the lady with the copper hair? Lord, wouldn't she pull your ears for you?"

"My ears would have to be very long to let her, Paul."

Cazalet produced his cigar case and began to smoke; he tipped the cognac the waiter had brought into his coffee and swallowed it at a gulp. Then he leaned across the table and touched Marchant's arm.

"Do you know what's happened to me to-day?" he asked.

"YOU mean the Penstone demise? Yes, convenient, isn't it? Someone told me about it at lunch."

"I almost fancy my creditors—and they are legion—giving me the finest dinner in London," rejoined Cazalet. "They have been very patient and so genially polite. They knew, most of them, that when a certain peer died, I should probably be a very rich man, and this morning's paper must have made them happy. And don't forget that a journalist who retains a seat in the House on Grub Street guineas isn't exactly the man to bank on for choice. If it weren't so undignified, I'd have the brutes out and feed 'em."

"You always wandered under a lucky star. It's a habit with some men," explained Marchant.

"As a matter of fact the circumstances are rather peculiar," Cazalet said. "Penstone was an old man—a very old man—and two years ago he married a young girl of twenty-seven—carried away by his wealth and position, I believe she was. She is a Russian or something. I have only seen her twice; the last time was about a year ago, when I went down to Penstone Place to lunch. I remember her well—tall, dark hair, and strong, very strong eyes. Cold as a frozen statue, but handsome. You have to look at her. She compels you, and Penstone asked no more than that."

"Talks English?"

"Oh, like a native; speaks several languages—all that sort of thing. Travelled a good deal, I believe—at least I always gathered as much. Penstone unearthed her somewhere abroad, found her luggage for her at a railway station in Bavaria. Regular old gallant, Penstone. Couldn't help butting against a romance some time or other; lucky to have escaped so long. Well, he told me after his marriage that he was going to cut his fortune into two halves. I, his only nephew, was to have one half in the event of his having no issue, and she the other. In the event of issue, however, I was to have little or nothing. Pretty fair arrangement I thought. As I told you, I have seen neither of them for a year. The old chap was ailing, and he would have thought I was there to grab. So I just kept away."

"And you got a wire to-day?"

"This morning. There will be the usual legal points to be settled, I suppose. Then the widow will take her half and I shall take mine. I don't know what she will do, let loose with a quarter of a million, but I know that my share, Marchant, is going to make a man of me. And heaven knows I need it."

Pentelow leaned across the table his eyes wide open, and his arms folded on the white cloth, a sardonic grin on his face.

"Do you think you are worth a quarter of a million by Lord Penstone's death?" he asked.

"I do."

Pentelow got up silently, crossed the room to where his coat hung, and came back with a copy of an evening paper in his hand. He sat down without speaking, and began to turn over the pages idly, till, finding what he sought, he folded the paper back and half held it out.

Cazalet took the paper and looked at the stop-press column on which Pentelow laid his finger. Slowly, and with the expression changing on his face as he did so, he began to read. It was a short telegram printed in blurred type:—

LORD PENSTONE'S DEATH

Lady Penstone prematurely gave birth to a son this evening, due to the shock caused by her husband's death. We are glad to state that both mother and son are doing well.

Cazalet dropped the paper and lay back in his chair. His cigar dropped from his hand and fell to the floor, where it rolled under the table unobserved; his face was white and bloodless.

"What a jest!" he choked. "Who would have thought that the most infernal luck could have dealt the cards like that? And I never knew—I never guessed!"

"What are you going to do now?" Marchant asked in his even, businesslike voice. He was always looking to the future, always weighing the chances, the one faculty which had made him a rich man when every other he possessed would have ruined him.

"DO now?" Cazalet glanced up, the growing color creeping into his cheeks, the old debonair manner, the happy-go-lucky courage renewing their power. "Do now? Saints above! What can a man do when he's hit sideways like that? Do now! Why, go to the devil—and go like blazes!"

He lounged back and closed his eyes, but there was a smile on his lips. He was unaware that the bearded foreigner had risen from his seat and, approaching the table, had laid a card on his plate. He touched Cazalet's shoulder.

"Then may I show you the way?" he said in a quiet voice.

Cazalet gave a start, sat up and laughed. The man before him was bowing; and with the exaggerated courtesy of a foreigner he bowed again and walked out.

"Silly fool!" exclaimed Cazalet. He picked up the card and looking at it for a moment was about to put it into his vest pocket.

"I say, some people have queer ideas of humor, haven't they?"

"You will give him a call?" said Fenning. "Look, man, there's something scribbled on the back. Don't lose sight of that chap."

Cazalet pushed the card into his pocket. He looked round the room seeing nothing. Marchant nodded to Pentelow. "He's dazed," he said.

The girl at the far table had left the room; only when Cazalet glanced across to where she had sat was he aware of her absence.

"Good lord! She's gone!" he said, turning to Fenning.

Cazalet got up slowly. He wandered aimlessly across the half-empty room to where his coat hung on the peg. Then he clambered laboriously into it and nodded to the three at the table.

"I'll be in the House to-morrow, and I'll make them sing," he said by way of farewell. "I've changed my plans. I'll be in town for your daughter's wedding, Pent." Then he went out.

He walked slowly down the stairs, pausing at almost every step. He did not know where he wanted to go; he only felt that the bottom had dropped out of everything.

The thirst for air sent him down to the street. And there the touch of the cold wind on his face made him stop and open his lips to drink it in. He crossed the small hall to the open street and stood waiting, picturing to-morrow as he had imagined it and to-morrow as it would be when it came to him. He scarcely felt the light touch on his arm, but he looked down into the bright eyes of the girl who had occupied the table in the far corner of the room above. Her white hand, with no rings upon it, rested on the sleeve of his arm.

"Don't go," she said.

"Where?" he asked her, and wondered at the miracle that had brought her to his side.

"I saw that man give you his card. I heard what was said. I know——"

"Yes?" Weird-looking chap, wasn't he? Might have been an anarchist or a Tower Hill prophet."

She gripped her hands together, and he looked at the weft her long white fingers made.

"Oh, you are nothing to me," she exclaimed. "We shall probably never meet again——"

"We will," he assured her. "By the living Jingo, we will!"

"No," she answered; "we won't. But——"

"There are no 'buts.' Do you think I am going to let a divinity steal into my life and stroll out again without even leaving a card?"

"Tear up that man's card," she said.

"I won't," he flung back; "but I'll escort you to the uttermost ends of the earth—in a taxi."

"Tear up that card," she said again.

He pulled it out of his pocket and kissed it with a laugh.

"Dear lady, I'll keep it if only to remind me of you," he answered. "If you would give me that pink carnation . . ."

She went from him without a word. He saw her climb into a taxi, and saw it sweep round the corner.

He stood looking up the street. The memory of her face seemed to cling to his mind; the perfume she used still lingered in his nostrils.

HE walked for some time along the street, which teemed with the mystery of London late at night. He crossed silent squares, but little pictures of her face—the half-profile, now the features in strong relief against a background of the dark—were living memories still. He walked on and on. It was the crowd of vehicles outside Lady Chesney's house in Berkeley Street that reminded him of the fact that he had promised to look in there during the evening.

Even as he passed through the heavy doors he could hear the subdued echo of a string band, and the mutter of a hundred tongues engaged in animated conversation. The whole world of moneyed London seemed to be gathered here. Yet he entered the crowded room, a silent figure alone, till the human tide caught him up and bore him to the side of his hostess before he was scarcely aware of the fact.

He found himself peering into the face of a woman upon whom the heavy lights—flaming remorselessly from every angle—revealed a thin, ascetic expression, a pasty complexion covered with an obvious layer of powder. The slight rouged lips, curled into an unconscious sneer which an attempt to smile could not straighten out; her sharp

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nose emphasised the puffiness of her cheeks.

She was holding out her hand, and he took it and smiled.

"Ah, Mr. Cazalet, you dear, kind man," she said with a little flutter of excitement, and, sidling up to him, she looked into his face. He knew by her forced enthusiasm that the echo of his speech in the House had already extended here. "I knew you would come. I told Toby all along you would." The dark eyes warped to points of jet. "I heard of your speech to-night; they are discussing it everywhere. What a steady climb up the political ladder yours is! And it's good of you to bother to come on here."

"I hoped I would have been in front of the speech," he laughed. "And you, Sir Toby——"

He turned aside to shake hands with Sir Tobias Chesney, a little man who had crept nervously round his wife's tall figure and stood meekly at her side, biting the fragment of his grey moustache.

Paul looked quickly round the crowded room. There were dozens of faces that he knew, dozens more he remembered having seen in the illustrated journals. Politicians from opposite benches, musicians, writers, medical men, and actresses.

The sight sickened Paul. The absolute insincerity of the whole gathering filled him with a passing sense of disgust. He knew that Lady Chesney had scraped together everyone with a name with whom she had any acquaintance; he knew that she had asked him there merely to show him off as one of the strong men of the Opposition.

"You must know everyone here." Her words drew him back to the knowledge that she was still by his side. "But if there is anyone you don't know . . ."

Paul was not listening. He caught the mention of his own name, muttered in an undertone a few yards away.

"That's Paul Cazalet—the tall chap there. Fearful rotter, really, but he has the strength of his convictions. I admire the scoundrel for his brazen effrontery. He thinks he's reforming the earth. Has big ideas about criminals, blood-taint, and all that sort of thing. But, mark my words, he will never do any good in the world. I would put up a party of respectable citizens to shoot him, and bury him as a hero to his cause!"

PAUL glanced at his hostess, and knew by the expression in her eyes that she had overheard. He laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"Popularity, Lady Chesney!" he said. "Just that! To stick to one's convictions is to some a sin. But do not think I mind. Young Fremlin meant me to hear every word."

"I think his manners are appalling!" Lady Chesney replied, and strove to turn the subject. "That interesting girl over there," she added, nodding to the far corner of the room. "No one has been able to discover exactly what she is or what she does."

Looking across Paul saw the girl of the restaurant standing in the centre of a group of men and women. She was laughing, her eyes full of fire and merriment; but suddenly the grave expression settled on her face, and she was talking in a rapid undertone.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"Who is she? You don't know her? I'm glad. She's frightfully interesting." Lady Chesney became impressive. "Her name is Jean Lorimer; you must meet her. People say she's mysterious, but I have found her to be just an unassuming English girl, full of cleverness, full of charm. She has no living relatives, enough money to make her independent, and you will hear her name in Paris, Berlin or in Vienna. Her brother was of the same roving disposition, and he died miserably in prison in Servia."

"In Servia?" exclaimed Paul. He remembered what Fenning had told him about the strangers at the Toledo; remembered, too, how this girl had urged him to forgo the appointment with the foreigner whose card he carried in his pocket. He felt that he was on the threshold of discovery.

"About this brother," he said. "Tell me. I've a reason for asking."

Lady Chesney shrugged her shoulders.

"It's a horrible story," she replied. "I've only heard bits of it. He was given a life sentence; she had the chance to save him."

"And she failed?"

Lady Chesney nodded.

"The price was too high. Do you wonder, then, that the ambition of her life is vengeance? Look at her now! She's lovely; she ought to make a big society match. Lord Temperley raved over her till he married an actress."

"HARDLY a compliment to Miss Lorimer," said Paul. "Will you introduce me?"

He crossed the room, and as they approached the girl looked up. Paul detected the slight flicker of her eyelids, the subtle change of expression in her face. The large eyes seemed charged with a look of inquiry, of reproach. She had recognised him. The single glance from her told him that. And he knew by the movement of her lips that her words were faltering.

"Well, that is my view of the case," he heard her say. "I don't believe there is any woman who is not at some time of her life bored to death by her husband. Marriage isn't really the goal of a woman's life."

"Oh, come now," cried someone. "Love is necessary to the worst-ordered life."

The conversation ceased as Lady Chesney, with Paul at her heels, came up.

"Marriage," Lady Chesney was saying, "we women have been arguing it since Eve taught us housekeeping."

The girl flushed. Yet her eyes were filled with laughter.

"Eve?" she cried. "Must we always follow Eve? She wasn't a woman, or she would have created a Paquin in Eden."

"Could ever a woman defend a woman!" laughed Paul. "What a shambles you would make of a woman's charms."

Paul had swung himself into the argument. He bowed as his hostess slipped away, conscious that she had successfully achieved another social duty.

"If you had argued like that to me when we met on the steps of the Toledo to-night you might have made me change my mind about that man's card."

"Then you intend to go—still?" she asked.

"I think, perhaps—I shall," he said lamely. "But come, we've got to talk it out. That alcove yonder——"

He followed her across the room, and set a chair for her behind the thick screen of palms. Then he balanced himself on the edge of a wicker lounge opposite.

"There is one thing that has puzzled me a good deal," he said.

"Yes?"

"Why do you not wish me to meet that man?"

"Because you will regret it if you do. I have another reason, but that should not trouble you now. Do you think I don't know all about you? I probably know as much about your powers, your abilities, as you do yourself. Don't you know that your future lies here—here in England?"

"Then this man—what's his name——"

"Count Stolpin."

"Ah, yes. He would want me to leave England?"

"The Count wants the help of a clever man in another part of Europe. You are a clever man," she answered tersely.

Paul leant forward. "How do you know his object in asking me to meet him?" he said.

"There are things I cannot tell you—things I would not if I could," she answered under her breath. "Only let me ask you for the last time——"

"Surely if I went it could make no difference to you," he suggested.

"I suppose not. There is no reason why it should. But most women hate to see a man spoil himself."

He was puzzled and bewildered by her attitude towards him. He looked steadily into her grey eyes, but could discover no clue there—only he saw that they were wonderful eyes, wistful and challenging. "You know," he said, "we ought to have you in the House. Your fearless remarks just before I was introduced to you made me wish we had you as a recruit for the Opposition. But you were a little hard on the married section of the community, don't you think?"

She looked up and smiled; there was a note of sympathy in his voice that invited confidence.

"Oh, I think not. I suppose every woman has her ideas about marriage," she said. "I wonder if I understand men better than most women, or whether I don't understand them at all! I might tell you that I shall never marry, and you would probably answer me with the usual masculine exaggeration."

She was studying the jewelled watch-bracelet on her arm.

"It's long past midnight," she answered. "I shall go home."

"And my car will be waiting. Can I drop you anywhere?"

She hesitated a moment.

"It's very far west," she said doubtfully. "I think I'll go alone."

"IT is not too far west for me," he said. "Come, I will take you." He made a movement to lead her back to the room, but still she hesitated.

"I hate to impose a condition on a friend——" she began.

"Name it."

"Will you let me give the driver the address and promise never to ask him for it or seek it out?"

"Of course," he answered. "We shall meet again, I know it. But it will be in your good time."

"I wonder," she said, and walked ahead of him.

A few minutes later they made their way down the broad staircase together, and into the night air. A footman found his taxi, and Paul stood aside while she spoke to the driver. Then he followed her into the taxi.

For a few minutes they sat without speaking, and the taxi rattled through the streets. But he could see the outline of her profile whenever they passed a lamp. She was looking straight ahead, her eyes wide open and thoughtful, the flashing tendrils of light shooting through her hair.

"Why did you say that—about meeting again?" he asked. "We shall, you know."

"Yes. In Servia!"

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"In Servia?" he exclaimed. "Nothing is farther from my thoughts than to go there."

"There is Count Stolpin; he has a wonderfully persuasive tongue," she reminded him.

She had given him the key of the situation, and in a moment the secret was declared. He remembered Penning's words, his interest in the girl, the two foreigners at the Toledo, and could mentally hear Penning saying again: "That man is the future king of Servia." He knew now that he trod the very portals of adventure—knew, too, that this girl beside him had put out a restraining hand to keep him back. And she was going alone. Instantly all the savor of the old humdrum life in London dropped out. The new day had begun.

"You still—intend to—go?" he heard her ask slowly from the dark corner.

"Where you go, I follow."

"Even if it is a trap?"

"Even if it is a trap."

A moment more and they were jerked to a standstill against the kerb at the foot of a long row of houses. He stood on the pavement while she got out. Then she was holding out her hand and looking up into his face.

"Won't you alter your mind and remain true to London and success?" she asked in a quiet voice.

He smiled down at her.

"I think I would prefer Servia!" he said.

"Then good-night, and—good-bye!"

She turned away, and he watched her run up a short flight of steps, thrust a key into the latch, and enter. As the door closed he wondered whether he would ever know the house again, till by the weak light of the street lamp he observed that the steps were painted green, except where a passage about a yard wide was whitestoned up the centre.

For a moment he stood looking at the house, an endless string of thoughts rushing through his mind. Then as he would have re-entered the car he saw the figure of a man walk quickly out of the darkness to the other side of the road and disappear down a neighboring street.

He climbed into the taxi and slammed the door.

"I would know that man's figure among a million," he muttered to himself. "What the devil was Penning doing waiting here?"

THE Dover express rushed wildly through the night, dragging itself round sharp curves with the shriek of tortured metal as the flanges of the wheels bit into the rails.

Paul Cazalet stood in the corridor of a first-class carriage and clung to the window rail firmly with both hands. He put his hand in his breast pocket at last and produced a crumpled card, held it so that the light from the lamp fell upon it, and carefully studied the inscription:

COMTE JOSEF MILOSCH STOLPIN
S.Y. Diomed.

Turning the card over he saw scribbled on the back in pencil:

"If you have courage and seek adventure meet me on the deck of the Diomed, in Dover Harbor, on Friday night. Come alone. Your absolute safety is guaranteed.—J. M. S."

He replaced the card in his pocket, shrugged his shoulders, and laughed to himself.

"Two nights ago she warned me against keeping this appointment," he muttered to himself, "and just because I am so beastly curious, here I am rushing to keep it. Stolpin will have received my wire, and will expect me. And Jean?—I wonder why I ever thought twice about her? I wonder if she had not warned me if I would have been here at all!"

He could find no answer to the question, and turning, glanced back for a moment at the compartment he had left. In the far corner an old man, wrapped almost to the chin in heavy rugs, snored loudly, his head inclined till his white beard, bunched up against his arm, resembled a ball of tow. Near to him was a girl of twenty-two or thereabouts.

Opposite them was an old lady, sharp featured, ascetic, leaning stiffly back against the cushions in an attitude of dignity and unrest.

Against her was a priest, lounging grotesquely in a half-circle like an uncoiling centipede, with his parted lips laying bare a large gold tooth, till any softness there might have been about his features was lost in the diabolical leer that clung around his lips. Paul surveyed the whole group of them. He let his imagination wander till it brought him up at one point; each of these men and women was bent on some definite mission. As for him, the world was wide, and from a yacht lying somewhere in the dark he was to find his path.

THE train rattled into Dover, swung across points, and fell away to an easy speed that dwindled into a crawl. Lights, wrapped in little halos of fog, seemed like bleared eyes staring at him out of the murk.

The train wound its way along the pier and drew up beside the boat. Passengers started one by one from slumber, blinked, rearranged themselves, and clutched at the light luggage on the racks. And Paul, carrying his portmanteau, got out and walked back along the concrete path. On reaching the station he left his portmanteau in the cloak-room and went out towards the parade.

The night was pitch dark, for the moon had fallen. He walked on till he heard footsteps clamping heavily in the shingle near at hand. He waited a moment, and a waterman loomed out of the darkness, and, climbing to the pavement, almost collided with him. Paul touched his shoulder.

"There's a yacht—the Diomed—lying in the harbor."

The other grunted churlishly.

"Know it?"

The man craned his head forward and looked carefully into Paul's face.

"Yes," he said at length, "I do."

"Where does she lie?"

The waterman pointed his thumb over his shoulder to a corner of the harbor, where a single light swung slowly on the heave of the water.

"Out there," he said. "That's it. A white craft." He was staring into Paul's face again. "What do you want with her?"

"My business, I believe?" Paul retorted. "I wish to hire a boat—I want to row out to her myself."

He could just see the face of the man—the long, square-cut beard and the small wolfish eyes gleaming out beneath shaggy eyebrows.

"I could help you—for a sovereign."

"Find a boat and a pair of oars and the sovereign is here," Paul answered.

The man climbed down to the shingle again and walked forward, careless if the other were following him. He made his way to the water's edge, where a boat was lying, and stood waiting there for Paul to overtake him. Then a coin changed hands, and in a moment more a boat slipped quietly out into the darkness. Simultaneously the waterman, clutching the sovereign closely in his hand, stumbled towards a public-house.

Paul was strong at the oar, and in twenty minutes he swung under the stern of the vessel that stood out a white and beautiful thing as he approached. Then it was that he noticed that a boat trailed in the water, and that the rope holding it reached to the deck.

He glanced up and saw a man standing looking down at him. The gleam of his cigarette showed in the dark, and Paul could scent the tobacco. But the man waiting there did not speak until Paul hailed him.

"Ahoy there! Is this the Diomed?" he called.

"Yes. And you?" came the question in a foreign accent.

"Paul Cazalet."

The black figure moved a few steps.

"There is a ladder there . . . Shall I bring a lamp?"

Paul began to fasten the rope, and quickly climbed up to the deck. He was looking into the face of the Count, inscrutable as ever, but the expression was one of friendship.

"Come down into the cabin, and we can talk. We are alone. Knowing you were coming, I let the crew go ashore. We can talk with perfect freedom. . . ."

He stumbled down the gangway, and Paul followed. He had no doubts, no fear of treachery. But the sense of adventure was romping in him. He felt that the hour was good, and that all it might hold for him was only what he would desire.

In the cabin luxury was evident everywhere. A silver electric lamp stood on the table, limning the delicately carved furniture that stood in every corner. On the writing-desk were a pile of papers, a spirit decanter, and a liqueur carafe, with a number of glasses, large and small, clustering around. These the Count carefully moved to the table. Then he drew up a chair for his guest, and sat down facing him.

"Try a cigarette. These are Russian," he said, pushing forward a small silver box. "Or if you would prefer a cigar——"

Paul lit a cigarette from his own case. It was the initial act of caution. He fixed his eyes on the man before him.

"YOU are the first man I have ever trusted in my life," he said, as he threw the match aside. "Not until now have I troubled to ask myself exactly why I am here. And, frankly, I don't know."

"I will tell you." The Count smiled. "It is the hand of Fate."

"With a woman as the divine instrument," Paul answered.

The Count bent forward sharply. He paused, with his hand on the decanter.

"You were a man seeking adventure," the Count reminded him; "and that was the man whose help I needed. Remember, I know of you. I am a foreigner—yes, but my world is your world, the world of diplomacy, of secrecy, and swift action. I brought you here because I knew you were a man of courage, a man at the loose end of things, who wanted something big to do and a motive for doing it. That's why I brought you here."

Paul nodded.

"A good guess, and I like your candor. I see you've got a map there." He put out his hand towards the pile of papers, "Shall we say it's a map of Servia?"

The Count gave a start of surprise. The shot in the dark had told. He hesitated a

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little, studying the Englishman as if he would read what was passing in his mind. His failure to do so framed his next question.

"Be as candid with me as I am with you. Tell me, do you know my reason for asking you to come here?"

"You have already implied it."

"I have named you for the man I want, but I have not told you my motive."

"To discover it is why I came."

Paul watched the puzzled expression of the other. Once he looked round as if he heard a shuffling footstep in the corridor behind him.

"Then you know why you are here?" The Count's mood was aggressive.

"Believe me, I do not," said Paul, with a sudden sense of irritation. "My dear Count," he said, "when I can discover a thing in London I don't come to a lonely yacht in Dover Harbor to look for it. You know, and I know, that certain people connected with a kingdom in the Balkans dined at the Toledo on a night not a week ago. We both watched them. . . . There, I have shown you my hand: now turn up yours."

For a diplomat the Count was unusually dense, or he would have discovered that he had been tricked by bluff. As it was, he smiled in a way that gave Cazalet a knowledge of victory.

"Ah! I understand," he said. "You saw him, too. Possibly you know the story. That is the man they are trying to place on the throne of Servia, and you are here to prevent it."

"AND to whom do you refer as 'they'?" Paul inquired.

"Russia."

"Russia? What's Russia got to do with it?"

"Everything. There have been stories in the Press, but they are inspired. There are not two people in England to-day who know that Russia is about to bring off the greatest coup in southern Europe she has ever attempted. She wants a Karageorgevitch on the throne, and that man is at present at Geneva—a little man who hates turmoil and conflict when he can live the solitary life he has known for years. Offer him a kingdom, and of his own free will he would refuse it. But the party behind him—that party means——"

"Yes?" said Paul, as he paused.

"Murder!"

"Good Heavens!" Paul exclaimed. "What are you telling me? Or are you mad? And you want me to be mixed up in that?"

The Count closed his eyes. He nodded his head slowly to and fro; his nervous, delicate hands moved over the papers on the table.

"I want you to help me—help me prevent the greatest crime of the century," he began in a low, even voice. "I want you to start for Belgrade to-morrow."

The Count stared hard at the man before him, but a flicker of the eyelashes was all the sign he had that his visitor was impressed by the announcement. At length Paul sat upright, pitched his cigarette away, and with the greatest care selected another.

"I fancy I will start for Belgrade to-morrow," said Paul.

"You are prepared for danger?" the Count asked casually.

"We are twin brothers, danger and I," Paul replied. "We have ever been; we could not live alone for long."

The Count got up, and, unlocking a drawer in the desk, produced a little roll of notes; these he pushed across the table.

"That is merely to interest you in the adventure," he said. "There you will find a thousand pounds in your good English money. For the rest, this envelope contains a few rough notes. To-morrow night at six o'clock you will meet a man in the Madeleine in Paris. You will go there ostensibly for Vespers at six. Just inside the eastern door on the right there is a little altar. You will see a man there, dark, and aged about thirty. You will follow him out. And beneath his coat collar he will show you a little silver badge—like that. He will tell you all you wish to know. Will those notes interest you sufficiently to carry you so far?"

Paul picked up the bundle of notes screwed up in the elastic band, and threw it across to the desk. But he retained the enamelled silver badge.

"I have sufficient for a first-class ticket to Paris upon me already," he said. "I believe I have even enough for my return passage, though I don't think I'll need it. But I have not yet made up my mind, Count, as to whether I like the color of your money."

"I rather think my friend, that in the morning you will find the color good," the Count replied. "True, they are English notes, but they come from——"

"Vienna," intercepted Paul.

"And you will be at the Madeleine?" asked the other evasively.

He had crossed the cabin and was pushing the notes back into the desk. There was a break in the conversation. To the Austrian it seemed as if his guest were trying to make up his mind. Then the faintest suggestion again of a footfall on the thick carpet beyond the half-open door preceded a revolver shot. The Count appeared to roll against the desk, and drop backwards heavily to his chair, as a burning wave of powder-smoke crawled slowly up through the atmosphere of the room, playing in little ripples about the electric light globe and vanishing into the darkness of the teak ceiling.

In an instant Paul was on his feet, his ears ringing with the echoes of the explosion. He sprang towards the Count, but he knew by that instinct which comes only with the presence of death that he was to late.

Paul knew he was dead; he felt the possession of death in the chamber. And then as suddenly the light in the cabin expired, and the whip of the darkness upon his nerves hurled him to the door.

It was locked. He was alone in the room with the dead man and his secret. But above the reek of the blending tobacco smoke and flavor of burnt powder came the scent of lilies; at first mild and fleeting till it seemed to be a trick of his imagination, then growing stronger as the atmosphere settled.

The strong, sweet smell of lilies-of-the-valley.

And almost it seemed to him that he could hear the rustle of a woman's skirt.

HE groped in his pocket and drew out a matchbox and proceeded to strike a light. He held the vesta aloft and glanced about the room. Then he picked up the heaviest chair he could see. The match dropped from his fingers and died out, a red spot on the thick carpet. For a moment he hesitated, then hurled the chair above his head and brought it crashing down on the panel of the cabin door. There was a sound of splintering wood, he found the aperture and groped through it with his fingers, then swung the chair against the yielding panels again and again with all the strength his frenzy lent him. In five minutes he had battered a hole in the door wide enough to permit him to pass through.

He went up on deck quickly. At the rail he waited; nothing moved except a few swaying masts, and the outline of his boat bobbing on swirling currents. Yet there must be someone aboard; he gripped his revolver when a little slithering splash of water imitated the sound of a footfall.

He beat forward to where the ladder still trailed down the yacht's side towards his boat. He reached it and began to descend when the moon cast adrift from a screen of watery cloud. And ahead of him he could see the little fleet of torpedo boats lying beyond the clustering smaller craft at their moorings.

He paused. Nothing moved. He dropped lightly down, cast the rope adrift and picked up the oars. But when he looked up a small gliding thing had shot out of the shadows at the far end of the harbor and sidled up to a lone torpedo boat that lay without lights almost at the harbor mouth. He could just discern the pigmy figures moving at the ship's rail. Then another figure climbed slowly, laboriously on to the larger craft. He strained forward, staring through the dark. It was a woman.

He dipped the oars deep in the water. The Diomed was slipping into the blackness. Before him was the big world of adventure. He was running away from evidence that would have hanged a saint. The torpedo boat was moving. He could hear the low mutter of engines, the throb of a propeller. And the light closed down. Out somewhere in the dark he heard a man's shout—he saw the flash of sparks from a moving funnel—for just the fraction of a second a mast cut across the light at the pier head, and then as quickly disappeared.

THE torpedo boat was running for the sea.

He rowed with the frenzy of a frightened man for the shore.

"Hanged if I don't think she's a foreigner! What the blazes . . ."

The words came to Paul from some craft at anchor. Could it be that a foreign warship had crept unobserved into the harbor in order that the crime on the yacht might be carried out? The whole thing seemed so incredible that he would have dismissed it from his mind.

But the scent of lilies-of-the-valley!

A searchlight sprang suddenly out of the dark and rolled in a splendid fan of light over the water. In it Paul could see a small black object, that moved and twisted like an insect driven to frenzy by a ray of sunlight penetrating the darkness of its retreat. He watched it fascinated. He became numb to his own peril, to the sound of stirring in the harbor.

"Ah, the searchlight has found her again!" He was muttering to himself now. "But she'll escape yet. Heaven, what a speed she must be running. The plucky little devil!"

He liked the fight, the small craft running hard before the pack of sleuth-hounds. He watched it till the pitch hid the winnow of sparks.

* * * * *

James Fenning stretched himself and yawned. He was conscious first of the strong sunlight streaming through a window in a cascade on to his face, then of the fact that he had a headache. A conglomeration of noises began to settle and sort itself out into its respective denominations on his ears. He head the sounds of awaking day in Paris—

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the low rumble of handcarts, the crack of whips and the growled curse of the cab-driver.

He shuffled his feet into a pair of wool-lined slippers which in color exactly matched his blue sleeping-suit. Then he sat on the edge of the bed and surveyed himself in the mirror across the room, just as men do when they feel very ill at ease with the world and are slow to admit it.

He began to grope round the room for his razor and shaving-pot, wishing that the headache would go. It was then that he noticed the white glove on the table. He picked it up, examined the seams, the creases where it had folded to the hands, and sensed the faint smell of Parisian perfume.

"Silly little kid," he muttered to himself. "I wonder why she wanted me to keep that glove? It spoiled the pair. And her name—Clarice. Ah, I remember. Heaven! Some girls have eyes! And what was it she was saying about the Toledo—or was it a new liqueur? I forget, anyway!"

He crossed the dark landing almost to fall into the arms of another man who was standing just inside the sitting-room.

"Cazalet! Good Lord!" Fenning came to a full stop, blank amazement on his face. "You here in Paris, by all that's wonderful! How does it come about, you who hate Paris as you hate sin, and what has brought you to me at this time of the morning? And, more wonderful still, how did you get in?"

Cazalet dropped into an easy chair, threw his hat on the floor at his feet, and laughed.

"Walked in, Jimmy. You forgot to bolt your door last night. Lively evening, eh, Jimmy?"

Fenning reached for the orange packet of cigarettes on the table, and tearing back the paper held it out.

"I suppose you would call it that. Anyhow, you know what my life is. That's right, burn some of this bad tobacco."

He pushed the tray containing the coffee jug and rolls to one side, and lounged against the edge of the table. His eyes swam to the pleasure of the inhaled tobacco smoke.

"When did you arrive?" he asked.

"About three hours ago."

"Night boat?"

CAZALET nodded. "Haven't you had your breakfast?", he counter-questioned. "The coffee looks cold."

"My breakfast never varies on occasions like these—four cigarettes and an absinthe at half-past ten. By eleven I am game for anything." He laughed at the disgust on Cazalet's face. "Oh, I know you think I'm killing myself," he said. "But remember the sort of life I have to lead. Most people would call me a spy who gets his living by consorting with the biggest blackguards in the biggest cities in Europe. In some respects they would be correct; on the other hand, sometimes very far from the mark. Many of the best men and women I know flutter through the nether world of Paris. They have no creed except plunder and pleasure, but there is more human nature in some of them than in all the saints of your English middle classes. Lame dogs are either killed or helped over stiles in this world I move in."

"Then it must be a pretty rotten life, yours," Cazalet said. "I thought Fleet Street and Westminster were bad enough. We find some rogues there."

"How long are you staying in Paris, anyway?"

"Only a few hours; then I'm on the move again."

"I remember," Fenning said, with a grin, "that the last time we met—it was at the Toledo, and you had a shock that night—but I recollect your saying that you were going to take a short cut to the devil. Is that why you're here?"

"Not a bit of it. I'm going south—Belgrade."

Fenning lifted his eyebrows with a flicker of surprise.

"For long?"

"I don't know." Cazalet thought he traced a note of curiosity in the question, easily as it had been put. "I came to see if you could help me while away a few hours."

An hour later and they were walking through the Tuileries Gardens towards the Louvre, Fenning chattering on every subject under the sun in his usual careless manner. He gave Cazalet word-pictures of life among the human wolves who haunt the steppes of the nether world—pariahs, most of them, from the social life of the great city. He dressed them with color and pagan ideas all his own, turning them round so that only their better natures were revealed, just as one might turn a puppet to hide the patches in the paint. Fenning did not shield himself. He had no self-excuse; indeed, while he was talking, Cazalet fancied once or twice that he had no shame for his shortcomings.

"THE little duchess—how is she?" he inquired during a break in the conversation. "Another memory of that night at the Toledo. I can't forget that night, Fenning, for forty reasons."

"Oh, Stephanie?" Fenning burst into a peal of laughter. "She was a dear, was Stephanie. She went to Monte on Wednesday."

Cazalet walked a dozen steps before he spoke again.

"Run your mind back to that night at the Toledo for a moment, Jimmy," he said. "Remember that table at the far corner, and the girl——"

"The girl with the corals?"

"I always call her 'the girl in the white frock'—Josephine stepped out of an eighteenth-century miniature," Paul said.

Fenning quickened his pace. He took care to keep his eyes on the ground.

"Yes, the girl in the white frock—well?"

"You were trying to find out something about her. Did you?"

Fenning shrugged his shoulders. He was on his guard in a moment, the old instincts of conflict and subterfuge that had wrapped him about with an armor all his life choosing his words for him.

"Oh, very little," he answered. "Isn't it queer, Cazalet, how women who are by birth and education mapped out for a quiet life, a domestic life, hear the call of adventure, and must respond to it? She's a diplomatic freelance, I should say, and that means perdition for a woman unless she knows the ropes."

"And that's all you know?" Paul inquired.

"Yes, that's about all."

"Then what were you doing outside her house one night about a week ago?"

"Outside her house?"

"Yes. Don't look innocent. The house with the green steps. A house very far west. You were there, because I saw you."

Fenning hesitated. Denial, he knew, was useless.

"And where were you?" he inquired.

"In the car with the girl."

Cazalet glanced at him, but he observed no more than a quick tightening of the lips and a set expression drawing slowly over his face. They went on together in silence. It was as if something had sprung up from the ground that was unseen, yet made its presence felt and walked between them. And so in silence they entered the galleries.

The common interest of both in Art for awhile brought them together again. But in the first gallery their tastes jarred. Cazalet left Fenning staring in silent worship at the Murillos; while he strode irritably ahead till he found his favorite Corots, unaware that Fenning was watching his every movement.

HE was conscious of his friend's hand on his arm at last.

"Come away from that grey daub," Fenning whispered in his arm. "Don't you know, man, that that picture just reflects your mood? You can tell a man's temperament by his favorite artist, and yours is very grey just now."

"Grey?" Paul exclaimed. "All the color in the world can be shown with a brush and a tube of grey paint when a man knows how to use them. Look there!"

He pointed to the picture before him, and Fenning stood looking, preening his head this way and that with the pose of a connoisseur.

"A tube of grey paint and a mood, Paul. Yes, it's there. Give me color, but that—that's wonderful. The man dreamed it on canvas."

"I hate your deep colors. One of your Murillos would kill my appetite if it hung in my dining-room," Paul said. "But just give me those soft-limned branches against the mist, that faint glow leaping from slow waters when day creeps on. I have seen it thousands of times in those Normandy valleys . . . Come, Fenning, I'm hungry."

"An artist would say that picture is a meal," said Fenning. "But I am not an artist. I fancy a trout at the Royale. I want the best dejeuner in Paris; then we shall agree." He linked his arm in his friend's. "I cannot argue on an empty stomach," he said.

They went down the steps and back into the open air of the gardens.

"Do you know," Fenning began, shuffling his stride to suit his companion's, "if you are in doubt as to how far you agree with a man, take him into a picture gallery just one hour before a late lunch." He looked at his watch. "You'll probably be bitter enemies for exactly that hour. But you'll vote your friend the best critic over the Pommard. . . . Yes, that trout, cooked in wine—let us hurry."

"Then you think we'll agree about everything in the world over lunch?" asked Paul, with a laugh. "Jimmy, you gourmet!"

Fenning muttered.

"No; we won't agree about one thing ever," he said aloud. "The girl with the corals. We both think we are the only man she ought to marry. But it's all vanity, Paul. You'll carry the Josephine miniature in your heart all your life. So shall I."

It was frank confession. To Paul they were words of challenge. Yet he loved the man beside him for his courage.

"We men are fools!" he said.

"Not fools, Paul—just slaves. But give a pretty woman her slaves, or she will perish of ennui."

"She isn't that sort," exclaimed Paul. "She wouldn't spoil a man's life. She wouldn't play the fool with a man, because she knows it's a crime. It's not a social crime. Society would call her a brick for turning down an inconvenient marriage. But Society's built that way."

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"And we're nothing to her," said Fenning.

"No, we're nothing to her," Paul answered him.

They walked awhile in silence.

"You know about the hundred others. I suppose you would say she was the hundred and first?" Fenning suggested. "You think I'd just class them all together. You would say I was lying if I said I loved her."

"I might say you were imaginative."

"And you?"

"I've met hundreds of women. She's different."

"She'll jilt you."

"I have no doubt. We blackguards don't mate with the angels, Jim."

They walked on till they reached the Taverne Royale, and each told himself that he could read the mind of the other, each felt a sense of superiority, the growing knowledge of things as he had shaped them out for himself. At the glass doors Fenning stopped and bought a paper from the newsboy as he passed.

"Hear what he was shouting?" he said. He tore back the paper and bent over it. He ran his eye up and down the sheets.

"Wasn't listening," exclaimed Cazalet.

"Here it is. 'Murder of Count Stolpin.' . . . You remember that man, Paul. He gave you his card at the Toledo."

"A foreigner rather excited with wine. No doubt a capital fellow."

Paul knew that his cheeks were white.

"Yes, killed on his yacht, the Diomed, in Dover Harbor last night. No clue to the murderer. But a foreign torpedo boat was seen leaving the harbor shortly after the affair must have taken place. Here's a stop-press about a man seen rowing in an open boat for the shore."

"Usual thing—police bungle," said Cazalet.

"IF you had an atom of imagination, you would say it might be the truth," Fenning retorted.

"I prefer to remain unimaginative, and I'm infernally hungry," said Paul.

They took possession of a small table. Fenning remained studying his paper. "You don't understand what it all means; I do. You don't see the fearful significance of it," he said when the waiter thrust the menu card in front of him.

"Why talk in riddles?" Paul said easily. "Tell me what you mean."

"Oh, nothing. Let's order that trout. I'm starving."

"And after that?" Paul said. He leant across the table and transferred the menu to his friend's plate. As he did so he heard the crinkle of the papers in his breast pocket. The sound irritated his nerves, and made him for a moment afraid.

"I'm for cutlets and petits pois," he jerked out. "Yes, I wonder what the motive was? And the man in the boat—I wonder what he knows? Really, our police are getting infernally slack. And the torpedo boat with the woman in it?"

Fenning looked up quickly.

"Who said there was a woman on the vessel?" he asked. "The paper said nothing about that."

It was a moment of stress. Paul took a coin from his pocket and laid it on the table.

"Fenning, are you so young that you don't know that there's a woman in everything—even a torpedo boat, when there's murder going? See, here's a twenty-franc piece. It's yours if it doesn't turn out that there's a woman at the bottom of this affair, that a woman is the pivot on which it turns."

Fenning flung out his hand with a gesture of impatience.

"I hate losing money, Paul. Put it away," he said.

THERE is nothing that unnerves a man so much as being cooped up in a crowd any member of which may be his enemy. Cazalet had eaten scarcely anything, and his eyes never ceased to watch every person in the room for some sign, some signal that would prove that he was recognised.

"Let's get out of this place; it's stifling," he said. He signed to the waiter, and hurriedly paid the bill before Fenning could remonstrate, and they strolled out towards the Madeleine.

They reached a cafe near the end of the Rue Caumartin, and sat down at one of the marble-topped tables.

"The little green god will put some color into the streets for you yet," Fenning said, when the waiter brought the absinthe, and placed the glasses with a clatter in the ware saucers.

"For which reason you drink this unholy stuff?" Paul pointed to the road. "Is absinthe going to blind your eyes to sights like that?"

Fenning looked in the direction indicated. What he saw was merely an episode in the one long procession of pain of the Paris streets, a cab from which a driver slashed a tottering, limping beast to a gallop, that he might filch an extra sou from the spruce, overfed youth who lolled back in the carriage in an attitude of smug self-satisfaction on his way to some haunt of pleasure.

Fenning laughed.

"You've got to shut your eyes to all that if you want to enjoy life," he said. "What could you do?"

Paul picked up the spoon, and, placing it across the glass, began to pour the water drop by drop through the sugar. He watched it trickle down and turn the green-brown liquid to grey.

"As you say, what can I do?" he said. "I suppose we're all brutes at heart. Civilisation has only given us a gentleman's coat to hide it."

"You've begun at the wrong end. Stop the torture of humanity and then come down to the beasts," Fenning was saying. "You're trying, I know, but things will always be as they are. By the way, that speech of yours was even discussed in the 'Matin.'"

"It's the last I'll make for many a day. I don't think I ever want to see the House again."

Fenning leant across the table.

"Why are you going to Belgrade?" he said.

"Curiosity."

If Paul noticed the expression on his friend's face he failed to translate it.

"When do you start?"

"To-morrow."

"So soon! And what about to-day? I want to show you some of my wolves, my criminals you will never cure. Come with me to-night, will you?"

Paul thought for a moment.

"Yes, I'll come," he said.

They strode off side by side. Almost as they reached the corner of the Grand Hotel Fenning felt a touch on his arm and turned. A man was standing there looking uncertainly up into his face. He was dressed in rough cloth, a little out of keeping with the garments of those who jostled him upon the pavements; one might have met him in Montmartre. The hair of his head, coming down in a wave at the back of his ears from under his tweed cap, was marked with grey. And he glanced quickly at Paul with an expression of doubt flashing across his face, looked again, then pulled Fenning aside and said something in an undertone.

Paul waited, vexed and annoyed at the interruption. But something about the man's face seemed vaguely familiar to him. Somewhere in the many episodes of his life he had met this man and had spoken to him, the very tone of his voice told him. He was juggling with his memory when Fenning interrupted.

"You'll be round at eight, then. I must see this fellow; it's important. You don't mind?"

"As though I should!"

"And you shall watch my menagerie and finish up with a little supper at the Croix d'Argent. I've planned it all in my mind. I'm going to teach you to love Paris to-night, my Paul."

He broke away laughing, but the merriment on his face dropped into seriousness as he joined the waiting man and disappeared down the Rue Halevy.

Cazalet retraced his steps. He had yet an hour to spare, and he spent it at a cafe table, watching, as he loved to watch, the life that changed on these boulevards even as the hour changed.

He got up at length and walked down to the Madeleine. People were passing up the great steps, old men in solemn black, the younger generation in brighter clothes; widows with heads bowed as if their memories were more than they could bear; a maid-of-all-work in a neatly-patched dress; a society woman rubbing shoulders with her, and for the first time in the day forgetting that she was better than those about her. Paul, naturally observant, watched the miracle, amazed at the levelling of classes under the test of reverence. He went up and passed through the big doors.

THREE figures were kneeling at the altar just inside the door. He scanned them one by one; an old man whose knee-joints almost creaked as he knelt, his lips curling in an expression of pain, a woman in heavy mourning, and another whom he seemed to recognise. The hand thrust out along the rail with the large emerald ring on the second finger recalled that of a woman he had once known. Her head was bowed over the rail, one hand covering her face.

It was the build of her figure, the delicate slimness of her hands, and the long narrowing fingers that shaped some picture in his memory. And yet had he not felt a sense of recognition for the man who had accosted Fenning in the street? It was merely the play of his imagination; the stress of the last few hours was making him afraid of his own shadow.

He crept a little way up the aisle and sat in an empty chair. He scarcely knew what was going to happen, but adventure seemed to be waiting at his elbow.

The moments passed, and the worshippers began to go out, and he got up and joined them. A fine rain had begun to fall. Slowly he shuffled his way down the steps, conscious that the mission had failed.

And the first person who greeted him was Fenning.

The two stood looking at each other, a little uncertain, neither for the instant daring to speak. Then Fenning put up his hand to his coat, and lifting the collar showed a small badge of silver and enamel hidden behind it.

Paul drew back a step. "Then he sent you!" he said.

Fenning laughed.

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"Fate's a good jester," he answered. "Or shall we lay the jest to the credit of the dead? I've been carrying papers about all day to give to the Count's messenger." He thrust his hand inside his coat, produced a packet and gave it to Paul. "I had no idea you were the man, but just a suspicion crossed my mind when I met that ruffian to-night."

"What ruffian?"

"The man to whom you gave a sovereign at Dover for a boat in which to row out to the yacht. He recognised you. He even believes you are the man who shot Count Stolpin dead in his cabin."

Paul closed his eyes as if trying to recall the night on that windswept pavement when he had asked a man emerging from the darkness for the hire of a boat. "Yes, I remembered his face."

"The Count sent him there on purpose to meet you, it seems. At first I thought the man was lying. I did not think you would get embroiled in this business; I never believed you would dare."

"A man would dare anything when he is desperate," Paul answered.

Fenning put his hand on his friend's arm.

"Desperate—you?" he exclaimed. "At any rate, you must hide yourself in Paris or leave it quickly," he said. "I am no alarmist, but I mean what I say. I have told you that the greatest ruffian has his virtue; that man's fidelity to the Count is his. It's an eye for an eye, Paul. He is one of my wolves."

"Then I will get back to my hotel. I'm taking no risks with papers about me."

Fenning hesitated.

"No, come with me," he said. "They will never suspect you in my rooms, but they would plunder an hotel in half an hour for a man they wanted. Come, we are being watched. That woman on the top of the steps is a spy; we've been playing hide-and-seek with each other for weeks. And she's on of those women who do know the ropes."

PAUL glanced back and saw a woman looking down at them. There was an expression of half surprise, half fear on her face. He grabbed at Fenning's arm.

"Take me away from here quickly," he exclaimed fiercely. "You can't mean that—it's impossible."

"Impossible? Hurry! . . . You've lost your nerve!"

"That woman—you know who she is?"

Paul staggered through the gates on his friend's arm. His head was swimming, his feet dragging with the heavy slouch of a drunken man.

"Of course I do."

"You lie!" Paul exclaimed with heat. "You don't know. She's fooled you like the rest of us. We're all dupes. She's Lady Penstone!"

Fenning stared, amazed, into his friend's face.

"Man, you're raving. I don't know that you are not stark, staring mad! You are talking like an idiot. Lady Penstone?" He burst into a loud laugh. "Don't you remember the night at the Toledo? Have you forgotten so soon? The sudden birth of Lord Penstone's heir that robbed you of your inheritance. Confound it, man, you're no good at this game! You're mad!"

A wave of passion swept over Paul.

"Mad, am I?" he burst out. "Don't you think a mercenary brute like I am would remember every feature of the woman who robbed him of a fortune? Do you think I don't know her?"

"Then the whole thing's a fraud, and you—you?" Fenning began.

"Yes, Jimmy, and I'm going through with it—I'm going to Belgrade. We'll take our tally of the reckoning when the game's over. I'm going through to the bitter end with it."

"Going through with it when you're probably worth a quarter of a million? And you think you're sane? Little fishes! Men don't do that in their right minds; they fight, fight like the deuce for what is theirs by law. You're going back to prove that will, Cazalet, and open up the biggest fraud the English papers have got hold of for donkeys' years. That's what you're going to do."

"You're wrong, Jimmy—wrong all the time," Cazalet laughed back. He walked quickly forward now like a man sure of himself, sure of his purpose. "I'm going on to Servia to-morrow."

"But why?"

"Because she said we'd meet there," Paul replied.

"Who? Lady Penstone?"

"No, you idiot. The girl in the white frock!"

PAUL was quite certain that the coat fitted him vilely. He turned about in front of Fenning's small looking-glass, better to judge the effect.

"Do you think I'm going to wander through Paris in a get-up like this?"

He turned half-savagely upon Fenning, who sat upon the corner of the bed and rocked with laughter.

"Jimmy, I look a fool!"

"As you like," Fenning answered. "All the same, if you don't assume a dress in keeping with your conscience, you'll have no choice in the matter of life or death. Remember, Paul, I accept no responsibility. I'm not a walking insurance policy for you."

"Yet you want me to go somewhere—heavens knows where—dressed as a buffoon! You want me to defraud your wolves by appearing as one of them."

"Wrong, old man," Fenning answered. "You are one of them. Oh, don't think I have false ideas about you. We understand each other, you and I."

"Too well," said Paul.

"You may be a respectable member of Parliament. Votes made you that, but platform lying brought those votes. You're a fraud; I'm a fraud; but we're going among men who don't burke the truth—ruffians at heart, maybe, but they are honest in their ideals. They believe in anarchy—possibly in massacre: it's their primitive way of looking at things. Aye, you shall see my wolves to-night, Paul. And that coat—why, it clothes your conscience as if it were cut for it."

Paul Cazalet leant against the dressing-table and lit a cigarette.

"You're infernally blatant to-night," he said, irritably. "I am getting tired of this clowning."

"The truth isn't always palatable, even to a political journalist," said Fenning. He got up, put his hands in his pockets, and began to walk the room. "What was that woman doing at the Madeleine?" he asked.

"I don't know. I shall write to England and find out."

"You will write to England after that extremely interesting episode in Dover Harbor? You dear innocent! Of course, you were the man in the boat; you'll give me credit for knowing that."

"You surely do not believe that I——" Paul began.

"Shot Count Stolpin? My Paul, you have more perception. You are so disgustingly scrupulous, and even you would have taken better precautions for getting away. You've got a brain; you wouldn't let it play sluggard while someone cut your throat. Besides, you had nothing to gain, so far as I can see. And you didn't come to France in a torpedo boat."

"Then you believe that story?" Paul inquired.

"And why not? It seems so feasible that the police will probably pay no attention to it . . . Be frank, and tell me what happened."

Paul related every incident of that night's adventure, and all the while Fenning strode the room, his forehead puckered as if he were trying to piece together the threads of clues.

"Now," said Paul, as he concluded, "who shot the Count?"

"I really don't know," Fenning replied.

"You have suspicions?"

"At least a dozen, dear boy. I haven't sorted them out yet. And they all want labelling with their respective merits. Come, now. Stolpin knew you were going to keep the appointment on the yacht. He knew more; he knew you had decided to go to Servia. And yet, how did he know? His instructions to me were most explicit; he knew his man. And if I had thought awhile I might even have recognised you from those instructions, except that I never believed you would go so far."

"That night at the Toledo, Fenning—the girl in the white frock—what became of her?" Paul put the question bluntly.

"You should know. You appear to have been her confidant."

"I don't. I want you to tell me."

"Since you must know, then, she's in Paris."

"In Paris?"

"Aye, in Paris."

Paul grew ashen. He looked at his companion with wide, staring eyes.

"YES," Fenning went on in his cool, even voice, "she's number eleven in my suspicions."

"It's absurd!" Paul cried. "It couldn't be, Fenning. You understand women as well as I; and can you see that girl stealing aboard a yacht and shooting a man in cold blood? That girl, mark you. She had no grudge against Stolpin. Would she commit murder for the sake of ambition?"

Fenning shrugged his shoulders; a wave of smoke from his cigarette, rank and stale, floated out to his companion.

"Some women will sacrifice anything for ambition, advancement; cause any suffering, any pain," he said. "Why should she be different from the others?"

"Because she is different."

"We think so, you and I, since it pleases us; self-delusion is the first symptom of devotion. I have quite an open mind, but she is number eleven in my suspicions. Even you may shoot a better man than Stolpin yet, Paul. When a woman is roused from herself—then you might as well try to dam the ocean, or climb a poplar to touch the stars. And a woman in search of adventure—tchut! I know the whole rabble of them. Tell me, to begin with, why are you going to Belgrade?"

"Heaven knows!" Paul answered carelessly.

Paul produced two wallets of papers, the one given him by Count Stolpin but a few minutes before he took the lead in his heart, and the second thrust into his hand at the base of the Madeleine steps by Fenning.

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"There is no need to open that one," Fenning said, thrusting aside the package worn to the creases of his own pocket. "It contains introductions to a number of people in Belgrade—letters of mark and so forth. The honor of half a dozen of the principal officers in the Servian army is in that sealed envelope; it won't stand the light of day. But they are useful, these men. Prime them with slivovita and black cigars and they'll be very useful."

He took up the other package and balanced it in his hand. "Open it," he said.

"By whose orders, my friend?"

FENNING detected the first note of distrust. He looked up sharply from under his heavy, black-lashed eyelids. His thumb had forced its way under the ungummed portion of the envelope flap, and he withdrew it quickly.

"You don't think I should betray you?" he inquired. His voice was a little unsteady.

"No, I don't think so."

"And yet you hesitate?"

"If I doubted you should I be content to leave those papers in your rooms? My orders were to open this packet in Belgrade. It is the command of the dead, and as such must be obeyed."

Fenning threw the packet across the table irritably. He got up lazily. "That's the worst of our world," he said; "friendship isn't current coin. Not till you know the depth of a man's villainies do you trust him. You think you don't know me yet, so let my wolves convince you. Come; get into that coat again, button it tight, push this cap down over your ears, and let's call a cab. You can go in evening dress and pose as a peer of the realm if you choose; but you'll be happier in that coat. One suspects a villain as readily in evening dress as in rags."

He held out his hand for the packets, and Paul handed them over and waited while he pushed them into a small crevice in his mattress. Then he sat down again and watched Cazalet dress. In a few minutes they were groping their way down the dark staircase.

In the streets the wind hit hard. The cold was sweeping up from the river. The wet chill touched and damped their cheeks. A rickety fiacre with a stumbling horse lurched past, and Fenning hailed it. He let Paul climb in and stood on the pavement, fingering his cigarette case and muttering something to the driver.

He jumped quickly into the vacant seat, and rolled himself up in a corner like a centipede. Neither spoke, but Cazalet could see his little beady eyes staring straight ahead as the splashes of light from passing lamps caught them. They swung down an endless network of streets, twisting and turning till the points of the compass became hopelessly entangled in Paul's mind.

"Have you discovered what she was doing at the Madeleine?" Fenning's words recalled Cazalet from his dream. "Of course, she's a spy, we know that. But the farce of a child? And is her husband really dead?"

"Do you think if I knew I should be here?" Paul argued.

"I think you would, because you mean to see this thing through. There's something of the brute, pig-headed fighter about you. Tell me. If her husband were dead and there were a child she would handle a fortune?"

"Yes."

"Which she might devote to anything. It might pay her way in Belgrade, for instance, supplemented with presents from the Russian bear?"

"I don't know what to think. I hate to think about it at all."

"Of course you do, because you are greedy for your share, and you want the taste of adventure first. Moreover, you hate being tricked by a woman."

"Possibly."

"Well, to put the case frankly, I should say that a very pretty farce has been played in the old country. There was a funeral no doubt, but I would wager there's lead in the coffin. And a few hundredweight of lead will carry a ton of conviction. As for the child who has cheated you out of your heritage—dear boy, how splendidly you have been fooled!"

"I don't think I care very much what has happened just now," Paul confessed. "There will be a day for squaring the account; it may be to-morrow or a year and a day from now; it does not very much matter."

"You appear to be sure; I'm not," Fenning replied doubtfully. "The plot seems to me so infernally clever. For you and I alone suspect that anything is wrong. We know that something is wrong. But you cannot lift a finger to help yourself. For all we know, even Penstone may be alive, still."

"If I thought that——" Paul broke in.

"Don't put yourself to the trouble. We're in Belleville. And here the game begins. That door there—under the broken-down lamp that badly needs a coat of paint—that's where my wolves snarl. And in a moment you shall hear them."

THE cab rasped to a standstill against the kerb and Fenning jumped out. In a moment Paul was at his side on the pavement, his nerves taut and ready for any emergency. They were standing at a black door, down which little streams of rust from the iron clamps had coursed and left their stains. Fenning knocked sharply twice, and waited with a laugh on his face as if to be taken into a very good supper. And he was humming the latest air from the Olympic.

Shuffling footsteps sounded beyond, a lock was drawn back and a grimled face peered slowly round the aperture. Fenning pushed his way through in silence and drew Paul in after him.

No word was spoken. The door was closed and bolted again.

Paul glanced at the man who had opened the door. He had the hard, rugged face of a Serb, the high cheek-bones, and the broad forehead with the bronze skin stretched tightly across it. He bowed as Fenning, turning away, went up the stairs.

Paul, as he followed, contrasted his dress with the apparent luxury of the surroundings. But Fenning was holding back the curtains for him; in a moment he would have passed through, but he felt a light touch on his arm and swung round.

"Miss Lorimer!"

He was looking down into her little oval face. And he drew aside, ashamed of his appearance, but the loveliness of her held him captive. He studied her white throat where the fur cloak she wore was thrown open, then her red lips, her eyes like star-flames. She smiled at his dress till he flushed unconsciously.

"Why this disguise?" she laughed.

"Am I not in the enemy's camp?" he said.

"Or the camp of friends? I told you we should meet in Servia!"

"In Servia, little lady. Aye, you told me that. But we are miles from Servia to-night." He took her two hands and held them. "And since we have met——" he began.

"We are not so far away from Servia as you think," she answered. "The heart of her is here."

Fenning had entered the room unobserved, and for a moment the two stood there. Then Paul followed her through the curtains.

The room was ablaze with lights, and the hot atmosphere passed in waves across their faces. Men and women mingled in clusters around little Oriental tables, talking, laughing, and gesticulating. Russians, Magyars, Serbs, Frenchmen, over there a gaudily-dressed Turk, here a woman with the wonderful fresh complexion of northern Europe; they were all playing their parts in the great drama.

To Paul it was as if he looked upon a strange country from afar. It requires a national crisis to breed patriotism, and there was some factor at work here, some invisible cog in the machinery that gave him wonder. They might cry out for freedom, but he would not understand them. Was not the little nation of the mountains always free? A king's unfortunate marriage—would they turn the State topsy-turvy for that?

His eyes sought Fenning, where he was engulfed in the human tide that surged about him. He saw him there, laughing, his head thrown back, his clear white teeth revealed, a slave to the verve of the hour. That he was worshipped it was easy to see. They loved him, these human wolves.

He had never understood Fenning till now, and he looked on in silence. Then he found a chair for the girl at his side, and set it at one of the tables. She sat down and looked up laughing into his face.

"You didn't know Servia was quite like this?" she said.

"You are wonderful at reading a man's mind," he rejoined.

"You're interested, amused," she persisted. "At any other time you would have called these people ruffians and cut-throats!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"And could you blame me?" he argued. "I almost felt a knife-blade between my shoulders when that long-haired rat offered you some iced coffee! All this, too, in Paris! And I have been wondering why I came!"

Her expression changed in a moment.

"I will tell you why you came." She bent forward and spoke so quietly that he had to lean down to catch her words. "You came here to spy!"

He started and said nothing; he could find no words to answer her. For she had thrown down the glove of conflict, and he knew that he must pick it up.

THAT his life lay in her hands he knew in a moment. The very words she had uttered, the half-veiled threat in them, told him that Fenning had brought him to a hot-bed of anarchy, to the very heart of the enemy, and it needed but a word from this girl and these brutes would turn.

"How long has it taken you to arrive at that conclusion?" he asked carelessly at last. She was still smiling at him, and for the first time it seemed that there might have been all the cruelty of the world crowded into those big grey eyes.

"It was not a very hard riddle to solve, was it?" she said. She whipped out a little filmy handkerchief and passed it across her lips. "The Count commanded you and you came."

"Hardly," he replied. He stood away

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from her, his arms folded, his mouth puckered and angry. "No, hardly. The Count is dead."

"I am aware of it. He was shot in Dover Harbor twenty-four hours ago. The papers are full of the story; to them it's a most wholesome scandal."

"To me a cold-blooded murder," he flung back. "You can't disguise murder as scandal except in the newspapers. Let us flavor the newspaper reports with the truth, and say that he was shot by a woman."

"You know so much?"

"Possibly I know more." He looked at her quizzically, but she did not flinch. It was not a challenge, but an attempt to force his self-importance. "Ah, here's Fenning. He sponsored me. And all your taunts will be like water on a duck's back. No one ever convinced Fenning yet that he had done something he ought not to do."

FENNING came up to the table with a waiter at his heels. He was flushed with excitement, and his eyes were burning like live coals.

"Miss Lorimer," he cried, taking her hand. "If I had known you were to be here——" He gave a naive glance at Paul. "My friend here has never seen anything like this in all his life," he said to Jean. "He'll be telling me presently that I brought him here under false pretences. He expected a tea-meeting, and discovers himself in a bomb-factory."

"Where they make bombs that don't go off," broke in Paul bitterly. "The damper the squib, the more talk about it."

"Pray Heaven your hosts don't hear you," said Jean.

"And why not? Would you have me take them seriously? As I understand it, they are here to enjoy themselves. To me it is a conversazione in Wonderland."

"Wait, my Paul," said Fenning. "Keep your ears primed, for Francois is going to play. If you have not heard Francois you have never heard melody. He's a trimmer on the railway at twenty-five francs a week, and he makes music drop in tears from the strings of his violin in his spare time."

The thunder of applause broke over the crowded room as the violinist lifted his instrument to his shoulder with the tenderness of a child. But he never smiled, the set expression about the mouth never changed.

The first notes burst from the violin.

"The Draga March!" someone cried and laughed. "The humor of the man!" A growl of sarcastic mirth rolled in a wave round the room. Hard by a Serb coupled an oath with a queen's name, and spat on the floor.

"May I inquire what this most excellent joke is?" Paul ventured in a whisper. "I hear a march divinely played, but I see no cause for laughter."

"It's the Draga March." Fenning bent low across the table. "They've gone mad n it in Belgrade; it's almost a national air among the Royalists. It was written to the Queen. The army marches to it when it wants to, and they get drunk to its lilt in the cafés while they talk scandal. Oh, the Draga March is a capital cause for levity, I assure you. It makes patriots of all of us," he mocked.

Shouts of mingling execration for the tune and of applause to the man who had played it rose above the peals of laughter.

"Draga—to the devil with Draga!"

A woman had shrieked it, and the mob took up the cry. Oaths in many tongues were spat out like bullets from a gun. A jester, frenzied with passion, rushed up to the violinist as he climbed down from the platform and bound his arms to his sides with a broad band of red, blue, and white ribbon.

With a quick excuse Fenning got up and rushed into the midst of the jostling mob. He leapt on to a chair, his face pallid with excitement, and called for three cheers for Draga till a dozen hands tore him down. Paul marvelled at the madness of the man. If only these dolts knew that at this very hour their idol had brought in as their guest a spy!

He turned to Jean. When he touched her hand that rested on the arm of the chair it was cold.

"You hate all this?" he said in an undertone. "You're very much of a woman at heart; I discovered as much long ago. And you haven't even touched your champagne."

The weary expression faded from her face. She took a sip of her wine and smiled at him across the rim of the glass.

"Why should I be?" she said. "I hate nothing that makes for freedom."

Fenning came hurrying back. He flooded his glass with champagne from the bottle on the table till the foam ran over.

"My good Paul," he began, "you are about to hear oratory. Faldherb is going to speak, and when Faldherb has swallowed five absinthes he could run Europe. But they tell me he ordered the ninth an hour ago. Already, dear boy, I fancy him reorganising Mongolia."

"So we will prepare for a very maudlin and senseless diatribe," said Paul. "Courage, then. Let Faldherb begin."

"WHAT is the matter?" Jean touched Fenning's arm. "Why does he wait?" She had grown white; her very lips seemed to tremble.

"There is a spy in the room!"

The words sped from the platform like lightning through the chamber. Chairs were flung back and overturned; men and women rose to their feet, a tide ready to hurl itself against whatever object opposed it.

"You must get out. They will tear you to pieces!" Jean stifled a little scream.

The mob forced itself this way and that. Paul felt himself almost lifted from his feet in the press and carried towards the door. He caught a vision of the pale, frightened face of Jean. He put out his arm in an effort to prevent the maddened beasts jostling her. And they were being forced back and back—they were at the door. He tried to speak to her, to shout to Fenning a few yards away; but the howling of the rabble drowned his words.

He must get her out, but he knew not how. A drink-maddened Magyar pitched a dead weight against him, and with a blow of his fist Paul beat him to the ground.

Some invisible force pushed the crowd forward. A man fell headlong down the stairs, half-stunned by a terrific uppercut from Paul's fist. Then from out of the rabble another leapt high in the air, and the light shone for a brief instant down the blade of a drawn knife.

"You spy—you spy!"

He shrieked the words at Fenning and fell upon him. Paul leapt too late. Something had come between them, and even as the knife fell Jean was almost in his arms. He saw the start of blood at her shoulder as she lurched forward.

Fenning caught her when she would have dropped. There was murder in his eyes—a curse on his lips.

"She's hurt!" he cried. "Take her, Cazalet—get her down the stairs—to my rooms. Leave me—to settle——"

Paul picked her up—a featherweight, she seemed—and he felt the blood roll slowly over his hand. He stumbled down the stairs. Something that was red and warm was still trickling through his fingers. He would ever remember it, and the scent of the perfume that rose from the folds of her dress. He would remember her little white face, the closed eyes, the torment that puckered her lips—then the faint smile that slowly shaped itself there.

He was through the door, and climbed with her in his arms into a waiting cab. He flung an order to the driver, and the man flogged hard at the horse.

He saw nothing of the streets as he passed them. He was almost unconscious of the fact that she was leaning in his arms; but the sweet scent of her hair was in his nostrils.

"She did it for him—she did it for him." He whispered the words to himself. It was all he could remember.

And in the days to come he was glad that she did not hear.

They still tell of that fight in Belleville. How a giant at the head of the stairs flew at a welded mass of eighty men, and, like some awful instrument of war, beat with the whirling regularity of a machine at anything in his path; beat and beat again, laughing as the blood started and ran, and men fell stunned and broken; beat and beat again, with fists through which the bones showed.

They would have killed him. Already they had torn his coat in ribbons from his back. But a woman forced her way to the head of the staircase—a woman who laughed in derision, till some slunk away and listened with frightened faces to what she had to say.

"Fools! Dolts! Imbeciles!" She was beside herself with laughter and mingled rage. She hugged the banisters and turned a mocking face towards the struggling crowd. "You idiots!" she shrieked again. "Your spy has gone!"

They made way for the broken specimen of humanity that, crouching, half fell, half leapt down the staircase, and stood at the bottom leering up at the horde from the doorway. He bowed in mock courtesy, yet his every attitude was a jest.

"Friends, patriots—good-night!" His words were smooth and gentle; they knew he was mocking them. "And you, Lady Penstone, my debut into your society will ever be remembered. From my heart I thank you!"

The door opened and slammed. He was gone.

THE light was burning in an upper window when Fenning reached the doorway. He stood for a moment fumbling with the key in the lock, his strength waning, and the blood trickling in a tiny stream from his wounded face.

At the sound of dragging footsteps the door above opened a little, and Cazalet came out. He went down a few steps, and gripped Fenning's arm fiercely and dragged him up.

"The brutes! They've hit you badly!" he exclaimed.

Fenning leaned against the balustrade. The lamp hanging on the wall far down the corridor showed blood upon his lips, but he was smiling.

"They go mad like this sometimes, my Paul. You cannot herd with beasts and expect never to feel their teeth. And yet I love 'em—aye, I love 'em. And I would lead 'em into Belgrade if money did not

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mean so much. I think they've damaged me rather.

He closed his eyes. Cazalet thought his mind was wandering. He half carried him into the small sitting-room, laid him on the couch, and forced some water between his lips. Then he moistened a handkerchief in the jug and began to wipe the blood from the battered face. Fenning winced with pain, but did not utter a sound. "How is she?" was all he said at last.

"Splendid! She's sleeping now. Lord, it'll take a month of Sundays to get that eye right."

"Yes, they rather liked that eye," laughed Fenning. "It had an infernal attraction for them. . . . You got a doctor for her, of course?"

"CERTAINLY. He's cleansed and bound the wound. Nothing serious, he says. A splintered button saved her. A week, ten days——"

"I'm glad we got her out, old chap," Fenning muttered. "I don't know what would have happened to us if——"

"Don't talk about it," said Paul. He pushed his companion back to the couch. "You've got to sleep there," he said. "You need rest. You stood most of the racket, you know. And I'm going to watch—just here. See?"

He took up his position in an armchair outside the bedroom door, but Fenning came back to him. He lowered himself without speaking to the floor till his back rested against the wall.

"No, partner," he grinned; "there's no drones in this hive. We'll both watch. Remember those brutes may not have done with us yet. They let me go because they thought they had enjoyed a fight with the wrong man. But they know that the three of us are mixed up together somehow. They might even come here and make awkward inquiries."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Paul. "What about her?"

"There's a brace of revolvers waiting in that drawer in case the door bangs. I don't think the beasts would reach the head of the stairs unless they climbed over a mountain of dead." He closed his eyes and opened them again. "But I just loved that fight, Paul," he said.

The night crept on. The sounds beyond in the great city hummed away to a whisper. In the room behind him he could still hear the even breathing, the rustle of the bed-clothes as the sleeper swung out one arm, and turned with a little mutter of half-waking pain. Fenning was sleeping heavily. His head had dropped to his chest; the color was slowly breaking in his cheeks again.

The candle guttered and died down, and a faint steel-grey began to outline the curtain at the window. And lounging there, it seemed to Paul that soft fingers were touching his eyelids as if the wings of sleep were fluttering in front of his face. He fought against the inertia, the growing sense of helplessness, then dropped back in his chair.

Suddenly he sprang up with a cry. He felt the touch of someone near him, a presence, it might have been, that had come into the room. He was on his feet, but Fenning was still sleeping; he had leaned over on his side so that his face was nearly level with the floor, and long blue marks were beginning to show on the white flesh.

He went back to the chair till presently he heard the rustle of clothing in the room beyond. Jean came through the doorway. She had slipped on her coat and stood clutching the curtain and looking down upon the sleeping form of Fenning, bending once to listen to his breathing.

She turned, and her eyes met Paul's.

"We must let him sleep," she said. "He was our hero last night. He saved your life and mine."

"You are right," Paul answered. "He saved your life and mine." He wondered if she had read what was passing in his thoughts: had divined the insensate jealousy of the man who slept there. He turned his head away. "Yes—he saved us—your life and mine. We ought to thank him," he repeated.

They sat there in the half light, and talked in whispers. And still Fenning slept. But as Paul spoke to her it was with the knowledge that he was the intruder; that he might be speaking to her across a gulf. The sanctity of the chamber, the heart of her, had been the gods' gift to another.

He led her back to her room and told her quietly and firmly that she must sleep. At the door he paused and held her little fingers to his lips, nor did she draw them away.

Then he closed the door upon her, and went quickly across the room to the cupboard in the corner, and took down his coat. He felt the two envelopes in his pocket where he had replaced them before Fenning's return. Taking up his hat, he crept silently downstairs.

And still Fenning slept on unknowing.

. . . . . .

The Orient express bore Paul Cazalet southward as the sun grew upward and strengthened through the mists. With him he carried the memory of her warm white fingers against his lips, and he asked no more of the day than that.

PAUL had risen early. He wandered leisurely through his toilet, and made his way down the creaky wooden stairs to the stuffy sitting-room below, where a scant breakfast of strong coffee and coarse meal rolls had been placed ready for him by the slatternly maid of all work.

In the small hostel he was the only person beside the fat Serb keeper, his wife, and the servant who had but just left the room. In this he was fortunate. What his mission was or why he had come appeared to be no concern of theirs.

He sat down at the table and began to go through his wallet, and from a little budget of sealed letters he produced one which the Count had given him in Dover Harbor. It was addressed to M. Nichodim, 44 Rue de la Save. He fastened his wallet again and strapped it beneath his vest. Then he went in search of one, Nichodim.

He made his way down the precipitous streets to where the River Save flowed green and turgid to meet the heavier waters of the Danube. The byways narrowed as he walked till they became no more than alleys—alleys where scarcely a breath of wind seemed to break the mingling odors of garlic and bad drainage. He saw there the blending of many races: the sleek dark-haired Serbs, smooth-skinned Jewesses haunting the entrances to forbidding doorways, decrepit Turks hugging the steps of the kafanas and sucking at their narghilis.

For an hour Paul explored the passages that drew back from the river till at length he found the street he sought. And hardly had he taken a dozen steps down it than he saw the number 44 scrawled over the doorway of a house uglier and more wizened than those about it.

He opened the door and went in; the shabby sitting-room was empty. For a moment he stood and waited on what might be the very threshold of Adventure; then he knocked softly at the door beyond. A moment later and a small man with black hair just changing to grey came like some silent sleuth-hound through the door, his little wizened face leering up into that of the Englishman before him.

"Monsieur Nichodim?" Paul inquired.

The other looked at him without surprise.

"The same," he said in French.

Paul pushed the letter into his hand and waited while he read it.

"A SMALL matter, monsieur," he said lightly, as the other carefully folded the paper and put it in his pocket. "Can we talk here?"

"But yes, m'sieu."

He held open the door for Paul to pass to the inner room, then came in and closed it after him. It was a small chamber with a little window that looked as if it had not been opened for years, and through it a ray of light, dodging between the chimney stacks, came percolating in. Paul took the big chair in the corner. A small wood fire was burning dimly in the grate despite the heat of the outer atmosphere, and leaning forward he began to warm his hands against it.

He looked up at last and caught the small ferret eyes of Nichodim fastened upon him. And the expression he saw there was one of curiosity, almost of doubt.

"You have come far," Nichodim volunteered, fidgeting with the papers that lay strewn across the table.

"Possibly. Dover Harbor is a few leagues away. Your Belgrade is not easy to reach when——"

"When one carries documents?" the other fenced.

"Or shall we say the life of a sovereign in one's wallet?"

The little shrivelled creature splayed out his hands. "Who shall say? Yesterday we were strong; to-day we are weak. The murder of Count Stolpin has hurt us much. He would have saved Servia."

Paul nodded. "The Count came to me; I did not seek him out," he said. "He gave me a mission, and I, a man very tired of things in my own country, accepted it. Let me tell you now, that nothing on earth would turn me from my purpose." He unfastened his vest, released his wallet and spread out four envelopes on the table. "For you, m'sieu," he said.

Nichodim examined them one by one, then began scribbling on a paper at his desk. After a while he rose to his feet, pushed the letter into an envelope and sealing it passed out of the door. He returned in a moment, however, and sat down at his desk again.

"You know why you have come," he said. "You know this is no child's play?"

Paul half rose from his chair petulantly. "If you think I am a fool, say so now!" he exclaimed.

"Pardon—ten thousand pardons!" M. Nichodim was upset, his dignity injured.

"But what do you want with me—that's what I'm here to know?" Paul demanded, irritated by Nichodim's nonchalance.

The little man crossed to where Paul sat and placed his hand on his shoulder.

"We want you to take another man's place," he said.

Paul nodded and smiled.

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"How simple—if the other man doesn't disoblige by turning up," he said with a laugh. The situation was developing into a comedy.

"Oh, we have seen to that. He is locked up tightly enough in the monastery at Stranova. You have to represent him in Belgrade."

"He is respectable? He has no vices—no past that you are going to overhaul with your muckrakes?"

"On the contrary; I believe this youth is everything one could desire: a student, a lover of religion, of books. To be mixed up with a throne would be his last wish in the world. But let me explain, in a dozen words. They mean to force the King and his Queen Draga from the throne, the——"

"Pardon me, and who might 'they' be?" Paul inquired.

"That you will soon discover. For the present let the word stand for a European Power."

"We will presume, Russia," said Paul without raising his eyes.

"So, if you like it. And they want to put another man on the throne. They cannot draw the ex-king Milan into the embroglio. They would had they dared, but the barrier was too strong against them. I am speaking now of three years ago. King Milan is dead, but he leaves a son."

"King Alexander of Servia," Paul interpolated.

"Precisely—and another."

"Another?"

"Yes, Captain Galatz of the French Army, now buried in the monastery of Stranova as a monk. M'sieu, you have everything, as you English say, in a nutshell."

Paul began to pace the room.

"You seem to have slipped the main point somewhere," he said.

NICHODIM bent down till his lips almost touched Paul's ear.

"If this son appears among these would-be regicides, as they presume he will, what then?"

"The devil!" said Paul.

"Cutting fellow, you!" Nichodim shook with a little chuckle of satisfaction. "Yes, they have summoned him from Paris. He was on his way here, lured by the bait of a woman. We saw to that—the Count and I. We intercepted his arrival and lodged him most comfortably at Stranova. There he remains, behind bars. And meanwhile these scoundrels—men who hold high honors in the Servian Army—await his coming. The Count went to England to find his substitute. He failed in Paris."

"I see." Paul stopped and looked across at the man before him. "And he found me."

"Yes, he found you." The little man sank into his chair and gave a chuckle of laughter. "Yes," he repeated, "he found you."

"It sounds amazingly easy—for you," Paul said.

The cat-like creature grew grave at once.

"We want no patchwork kingdom here," he said. "The Obrenovitch dynasty has done much for Servia. And Servia in the hands of these madmen—ach! We are lost! The tragedy—you see it? These ruffians hold the upper hand; it is for this great nation we shall work. Draga—they hate her, the people spit at her name. And the rich, will they bow to a woman who was once a peasant? They say their prayers to the good God to help them, but they mean to help themselves."

"To the fattest portion they can grab," Paul broke in. "It's a way we have in England."

"You will help; you will be the saviour of a great nation," Nichodim conceded impressively.

"You seem very certain of your point," said Paul. "But I confess I am still puzzled. I play another man's part—good. You lock him up while I masquerade as his shadow—good. But the game does not end there. You must move your pawn on the board. What do you want of me?"

"Information."

"I imagined it. You invite the flies into your parlor while I play the spy."

"It is so easy. As Captain Galatz you will be welcomed by these pigs; they will tell you their plans. And you report to me."

"And you are—what?"

THE little creature looked up into Paul's face and narrowed his eyes.

"You English are so dull," he exclaimed petulantly.

"True, when it comes to understanding the ways of a spy," Paul retorted. He gripped Nichodim's arm. "I am not here to bandy international compliments with you; we will leave that to our respective governments. Tell me what you are, or I book my return ticket to London to-night. I'm not a man of mysteries. I can be dishonest, but outspoken."

Nichodim withdrew a few paces behind the table.

"A letter from me and you are a persona grata among these conspirators," he said. "Colonel Paschnovich would treat you as the very ruler of Servia. Give him a chance and he would place a crown upon your head."

"A paper one that would crumple at the first breath of wind. So you—you are one of these?"

"I would help my country," Nichodim explained by way of excuse. "If you understand diplomacy then you would know that we do not stand on ceremony. You are the Count's choice, and the Count never made a mistake. See you here." He went across to a cupboard, unlocked it, and from the steel safe within withdrew a gold cross set heavily with turquoises. He put it into Paul's open palm with a laugh.

"A mere gew-gaw," he said.) "But it is proof of your identity. It belonged to King Milan—his name is even now engraved at the foot of it. It will carry you unharmed through the ranks of these madmen; they will trust you, believe in you—you, Captain Galatz. Remember they have never seen their hero, and they are reserving a throne for him. And this, m'sieur, is your passport."

Then he pushed a letter towards Paul across the table and leisurely struck a match. "Captain Galatz—your introductions to Colonel Paschnovich," he said. "They meet a week hence in the passage in the Rue d'Or—number 22, at the house of Lazar the Jew. Walk in—kill your nerves and play your game. The good Lazar shall expect you—I will see to that. So! You English love sport—here it is at your grasp. And the notes in that safe . . ."

Paul struck the table sharply with his fist.

"To the devil with your notes!" he said. "I don't understand your game yet. It seems that you play it blindfold, but sometimes I prefer the light of day. I will touch your money when you've washed it. For the moment leave me alone. I take your letter, yes, and from to-night I am Captain Galatz of the French army, with a taste for a throne. I want a juggle with fortune, and you shall clear up the mess we make, if you like."

He picked up the letter and put it in his pocket. He was still staring at Nichodim, who watched him through his shield of tobacco smoke. He went towards the door, but of a sudden he turned.

"My friend," he said easily. "Let us suppose for a moment that I had turned you down—had thrown your own dirty work in your face—you with your secret in my hands . . . What then?"

Nichodim dropped to his chair and lolled back in it with a smile upon his lips. Putting out his hand he struck a bell on the table twice.

Instantly the door opened, and scarcely before Paul was aware of ther presence two men were in the room. He noticed that each held a revolver, and, turning, he peered into the levelled muzzles. With a laugh Nichodim waved his hand, and as quickly the men disappeared.

"Rather like inferior pantomime, isn't it?" asked Paul.

The other evaded the question.

"You see," he said, the ugly smirk spreading wide on his face, "we take no chances here. I should have given you credit for knowing as much. The issues are to great to brook defeat. And the man who pulls the strings must always have at hand the means with which to do it."

Paul opened the door. In the dim corridor he could see the gaunt figures of the janitors as they waited.

"Monsieur Nichodim," he said, "you are the most delightful scoundrel I have ever met."

He passed out into the street, while the cringing figure in the doorway stood watching and wondering what manner of fool he was.

THE moon swung low above the tops of the mountains, and threw a coverlet of silver across the face of the river. Some would have said that Belgrade slept. A few spots of light here and there—a weak gas flare at the street corner alone strove to keep slumber from the eyes of the city. A cart rumbled over the cobbled roads, and at the very water's edge a group of dark figures crouched over something which they were searching with the aid of a lantern. The wind stirred, a muffled roll of laughter came from a remote corner in the city's heart, the river lapped against the stone steps. And straight into the sheet of light sprang a boat, rowed swiftly by two oarsmen, who, directly the light struck across them steered the craft nearer into the shadow.

The boat passed on. It carried no lights, and those aboard it spoke no word. But crouching in the stern, a heavy shawl over her head, was a woman. She listened to the steady dip of the oars, to the panting of the men who strove at their task. And sitting almost at her feet was a priest, his face hidden as he crouched with his eyes fixed on the water.

The party landed at the foot of a narrow street.

Once beneath the light of a lamp the priest turned and glanced into her face. He traced the first outline of fear there, she who had never shown fear of anything was trembling now. He felt her arm quivering as he held it lightly to lead her across the street.

"The passage in the Rue d'Or—you know it?" The words came from her in a pant.

"A little farther along on the right—just where that lamp is." He pointed ahead. "I am going too fast, I am tiring you?"

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"No, no," she muttered as he carefully suited his stride to hers. "We have not much time. I was afraid to come at first. I—but it is the only chance—to beg, to plead."

"Afraid?" The priest laughed. "Afraid when—see there!" The gaunt shadow of a man drew silently into the blackness of a doorway; they saw his white face gleaming in the murk as they passed him. "Afraid—with your sentinels watching like that? Madam, be brave!"

"If it had not been for you . . ." she began.

"You would have known nothing of this meeting? I am here to serve you; you need not be afraid of danger."

"No, not when I am under the protection of the Church."

The priest gave a quick laugh, and looked into her face. "Madam, you would compel me to tell you the truth," he said.

"The truth? Tell me—tell me what you mean!" She pressed one hand to her breast and closed her eyes. Her lips were shivering.

"You should know the truth, since you have trusted me till now, and you must trust me to the end. You spoke of the protection of the Church, madam; but do you think the Church would lend its protection so far?"

"So far? Yes, the Church would do that—for the Queen."

The priest hurried forward again, and she had perforce to follow him.

"The night is primed wth ears," he said. The even footfalls sounded on the rough paving, the man's strong and steady, the woman's faltering, speaking their fear in a shuffle.

"I think the Church would not go so far even for the Queen," he said in an undertone. "Colonel Slana asked me to devise a scheme for your safety. Madam, there was only one. You should come under the protection of the Church."

"But if the Church would not protect me? I do not follow your reasoning."

"Madam, it was so simple. A priest had to be found. I am the priest, though I have been no nearer to holy orders than the cloak I wear. That is the story."

SHE gave a smothered cry and seemed to stumble. He clutched her arm firmly and held it till she shook him off.

"Who are you, and what are you, that you should trap me? Colonel Slana did this?

"He will have to answer to me." She spat the words out in a passing frenzy of spite.

"He will be glad to do so if you achieve your mission," the other returned. "And here is the passage. It is dark, but I can grope the way with my fingers along the wall. Follow me closely, please. The door is just under that lamp at the end. I know, for I have explored it carefully in the daylight, without my cloak of penitence then, or this most useful wig."

They were in pitch darkness, but he could hear the rustle of her cloak behind him, and her quick breathing as she stumbled along at his heels.

"Stop!"

He just heard the stifled exclamation and turned. As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he could define the outline of her figure where she stood leaning against the wall, her hands to her face.

"You are faint?" he asked quickly.

"No, no—a little afraid—after all, the threats—to go among them like this—to be torn to pieces maybe! Did ever a queen sink to this before, I wonder?" She was a little hysterical and whimpering like a child.

He forgot for a moment that she was Queen. He touched her hand with his own, and smiled into her face.

"You are a brave woman," he said.

Within the room fourteen men were staring into the face of one who had come among them a stranger.

"Abdication or death. Those, Captain Galatz, are our terms." A grizzled army colonel with a heavy sensual face, and the thin cruel lips of a wolf, struck the table sharply as he spoke.

"Yes," echoed the young lieutenant who sprawled languorously, his hands folded round a glass of Negotin. "Those are the terms—abdication or death!"

"You are not generous in your alternatives."

"Generous? Would you show generosity to such a ——!" The colonel pitched an expletive into the air, and followed it with a gulp of cigarette smoke. "She came from the gutter; she shall go back to the gutter. And you, sir, you shall wear the crown of Servia."

"I am not sure that I desire the burden," Paul returned. "I have had no training for kingship."

"We shall be at your hand to advise you."

PAUL bowed. They could not have told him that he mocked them. He was fingering the little Milan cross and tapping the rim of his glass with it.

"And the King—what of him?" he asked.

"He will reject the terms, of course. He will fight for his throne and for his Queen. If he would have remained to rule Belgrade alone we might have made terms. I will not flatter you, sir, to the extent of saying that in this case we should have called you from Paris to rule us. But he is bound to that woman, body and soul. He would walk out of Servia in rags before he would let her go."

"I rather like the man for that," said Paul. He watched the anger spring to the face of some, and smiled.

A thin, pinched figure of a man, with sunken, sallow cheeks and ruddy hair, rose to his feet and leant across the table, upsetting his glass as he did so.

"Captain Galatz, I think we misunderstand each other," he said, with heat.

"On the contrary, my friend, I should say that we understand each other very well."

"When we brought you from Paris it was not to champion a king's favorite."

"I would suggest accuracy, and substitute the word 'wife,' since he has married her," Paul returned.

"You cavil. The whole of Europe knows what Draga was."

"And I can give you proof. The——" A grey-headed veteran of the Turkish war had risen to his feet, but the speaker waved him down.

"We are not here to exchange confidences. Captain Galatz, if I understand him, declines the crown of Servia."

"I do, most assuredly. My reason? You would never give it to me."

"And why not?"

"Come, gentlemen; let us each put our cards on the table." Paul leant forward in his chair. "Do you think I don't understand you? Your motive in getting me here was to put up a candidate for your throne. But you wanted a candidate—nothing more. That is how I read your cards. As for me, I am quite content with the situation. You want me to play a part. You want a dummy to push along while you spring-clean the throne. Really, gentlemen, I don't know why I have come so far for so execrable a cause; but, having come, here I remain. I have a keen desire to see this thing through. I may even enjoy my stay in Belgrade. The air here suits my appetite marvellously!"

The words were sprung with sarcasm, but they heeded it not. They wondered at the honesty of the man. Someone filled his glass with plum brandy; another sent an open cigarette-case swinging across the polished table. It was a moment of conviction.

The colonel was on his feet again. An old wound across his cheek—the relic of some brawling days—had grown scarlet against the pallor of his face. The bushy eyebrows narrowed, and a new fire came into the eyes.

"You hear!" he cried, and there was a note of triumph in his voice. "Captain Galatz is with us. For me, I want no better leader in Belgrade. I will go further, and say that I want no better king."

"Nor I," said another.

"We are patriots; it is a question of honor! That a country should be dragged to perdition at the whim of a woman!"

He had not seen the heavy, thick curtains at the door drawn slowly back, nor a woman's white face staring in at him; but in a moment more he was conscious that a woman had stepped into the room, and she stood, one hand grasping the curtain, the other limp at her side, her head thrown back, and hate—ungovernable hate—blazing at him from her sloe-black eyes. Her cloak had fallen away from her shoulders, revealing the white summer dress that lay beneath. Some of those at the table wondered at the strength on her face with a wonder akin to admiration. The weaker cowered, and the others glared upon her in unspoken challenge. There was a glitter in her black hair; from the jewels at her throat sprang a thousand points of fire.

She came to the table; then she smiled—a smile of courage, almost of conquest.

"Draga!" She uttered the name fearlessly. "What of her? You were speaking of her Colonel Paschnovich. Tell me what you would do with Draga. For Draga is here!"

PAUL rose to his feet and put a chair for her at the head of the table, while the others could only stare as if waiting for her to speak and to mock them. The bravest felt a little afraid; they knew that at the moment she was stronger than they.

"You were speaking, Colonel Paschnovich," she said quietly. "Will you proceed?"

The soldier's face hardened. He scowled at her from beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

"If it is your wish, madam," he answered, brusquely. He leaned towards her. "I wonder why it is your pleasure to be here?"

"To bargain with you," she replied, with a smile.

"We do not bargain to-night, madam. May I, therefore, in all respect ask you to withdraw?"

"I shall remain," she said, meeting his eyes.

"Then you may hear the truth—and find it unpalatable."

"From you, colonel?"

"So, madam. It is the duty I owe to Servia."

"Your duty?"

"To tell you that you must leave Belgrade—and not alone. The King will accompany you."

"By whose orders?

"It is the nation that speaks. And if you refuse you will go—by force. I have nothing to add to that."

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Someone growled assent. The answering anger in her eyes belied the smile upon her lips.

"And if I go alone—if I wished to go alone?" she said presently.

"You will not go alone. The King will not permit it. A month ago we were fools enough to believe he would."

"It was your wish then to drive me from my husband's side; to-night, your conspiracy has taken a deeper turn; it seeks the overthrow of both. How little you know of your King! How little you know of me!"

"CANNOT you see what Servia means to her King?" she exclaimed. "The desire of his life. Her destinies his one thought throughout his day. He lives for Servia; he dreams of Servia; the love of her has given him strength, courage to battle for her."

"Mere prattle, madam," the colonel snapped. "We are not here to extol your husband's virtues. With respect I again suggest that you might find the atmosphere of the palace more pleasing to-night."

"And I refuse. You shall hear me. Who are you to judge a king—you who have never known the trials of a crown?" The sudden storm in her voice dropped away. "If I were to go——" she begun.

"It would achieve nothing. When a man rules at the dictate of a woman——"

She leapt to her feet.

"—private life would suit Your Majesties so much better," Colonel Paschnovich finished.

"If his work is only just begun? In time——"

"He will wreck a nation." The colonel lifted his glass and sucked at his wine. Then he leaned back in his chair and half closed his eyes as if argument had lost its flavor.

"It is because I know his ambitions, his purpose, that I have come to you," the Queen retorted. "I need no pity for myself. I do not resent your hatred of me, harsh though it often appears. I am a daughter of the people, and for that you have no forgiveness. Your King cares nothing for your taunts or your threats. If he knew that I had come to you—and come to plead—he might deem it cowardice he could never condone. But for myself I do not plead. I am only a woman who loves her husband, and because I love him, because he is everything in my world, I am prepared to renounce position, power, and go alone from Servia should my going ease his task or help him towards achievement."

"We appreciate your readiness to leave Belgrade, madam," Colonel Paschnovich replied, "and the sooner you go——"

Her hands clenched and her eyes burned with passion.

"And if I go, what then? What guarantee have I that you will not overthrow the dynasty that is working for Servia? Don't you know the thing of torture you have made of my life? No woman can withstand these continual threats against her husband, the ceaseless persecution in public and private that has been remorselessly carried on. I married Sasha, believing that I could help him, as he tells me I have helped him."

Colonel Paschnovich nodded once, twice. He put out his hand, and lit a fresh cigarette carefully. Then he lay back, his bloodshot eyes fixed on the ceiling. A few yards away someone tittered; another gave vent to a little cough of derision; signals these which told the Queen who waited there that her world was crumbling to pieces before her eyes.

"On having realised that you are a menace to the welfare of the country, you are to be congratulated, madam," the colonel said sullenly at last; "but we give you no guarantee. As a monarch, your husband has signally failed; as a ploughman, he might have been a success. Plain words, but the occasion demands them."

The insult wrenched to pain ever fibre of her, and they saw her face change even as they looked. The expression of womanhood, the touch of sympathy around the mouth melted away into bitterness. She stiffened, and the nails of her fingers bit into the palms.

Paul looked at her, amazed. He alone could read the thoughts that passed in procession through her mind; he alone realised what her words had cost her. He was drawn to her in a sudden flood of sympathy, and by impulse rose quickly to his feet.

"Madam——" he began.

She silenced him with an angry sweep of her hand, and a deep color began to swell beneath her dark skin.

"So then, cowards, you shall hear my last words!" Her lips, rich and full, quivered with the passion of battle. Dignity, self-control were swept aside in one great wave of emotion. The wild blood of the gipsy was rushing through her veins; it governed her, and set her whole frame trembling. She was no longer a queen, but a woman driven to conflict, fighting for everything that was of worth to her, and ready to fight to the last hedge, the last ditch. "I am still Queen," she exclaimed, "and as Queen I shall remain in Belgrade. For my husband's sake I was prepared to make the greatest sacrifice a woman can make—desertion from his side in the firing line. I would have risked his contempt, his loathing for me all the days of his life. I would have destroyed his very love for me if it would have helped him or made his way easier. Yes; I would have gone down to the lower depths for Sasha. But not now—not now! You have had your choice, you have made your decision, and you shall abide by it. You have drawn me closer to his side, and given me new strength to fight for him."

She swayed towards the curtains and wrenched them aside. Fear, rage, and hate—the whole gamut of emotions—swung fourteen men to their feet, and Colonel Paschnovich drew his sword and darted towards her as if he would have cut her down where she stood. But in a moment the priest had stepped between them, to force the Quten into the passage.

"BACK!" he cried. "Back, you rogues, in the name of the Church!"

They stood huddled together like driven sheep. And in the turmoil no one heard the cry that left Paul's lips. He took a step forward and stared into the eyes of the priest, but the latter had turned away with a laugh.

Paul knew that a word from him and the woman would never have reached the street. One thing alone kept these men from committing murder beneath his eyes, and that—fear of the black-robed figure who stood smirking at them from the aperture. And if he denounced the priest as a sham the power of the Church was gone.

His admiration for the woman, her courage and self-sacrifice decided his line of action. Without a word he hurried down the passage in front of them and opened the street door. When she had passed out he put his hand for a moment on the priest's arm.

"You have played a clever game to-night," he whispered in English, "a very clever game, Fenning. And you deserve your victory."

Then he shut the door from the inside with a bang, and took the precaution of drawing the key and slipping it into his pocket.

COLONEL SLANA had just completed a late dinner. He lounged heavily in his chair, looking aimlessly at the wall in front of him, and sucking sensuously at a rich cigar. He was alone in the room except for the ghosts of dead things that seemed to flutter through the uncertain atmosphere, and dance in wonderful disarray across his eyes.

Outside in the courtyard the trees fluttered, their leaves cavilling with the passing breeze. He could hear distant steps on the gravel of sentries going to their posts, a violin or two winging a song across the night from the royal apartments. He took these things in vaguely, even as the mind records little details while one is but scarcely conscious of them. Then the door opened almost behind him, and the priest came in unannounced.

The Colonel got up quickly and half-pushed his guest into an easy chair set at the corner of the table.

"Ah, mon brave," he exclaimed. "So you're back again. And the Queen?"

"Where, but in the royal apartments, very tired, and not a little bad-tempered. Excitement plays the deuce with a woman's nerves."

"Dined?"

"Not precisely. I have no appetite for food, but I am monstrously in need of a drink."

Colonel Slana pressed a bell under the table, and a flunkey appeared. He ordered liqueurs and a fresh bottle of wine, and waited almost in silence till the man brought them. The wine was opened and the glasses flushed.

"We really had quite a good time," said Fenning as he put down his empty glass, and they were alone again. "Forgive me if I slip off these garments. The night is infernally hot."

He got up and threw off the black cloak he wore and removed the close-fitting wig. Then, sweeping his hand across his cropped hair, he sat down and took a cigarette from the box at his elbow.

"You know, you have the most astounding set of rogues in Belgrade," he said. He spoke in French with the easy, lazy accent of a man who realises the wonderful possibilities of expression that tongue possesses. "Really you should exterminate the vermin. I had the greatest difficulty in the world to persuade them not to cut the Queen to pieces before my eyes. Truly a wonderful set of rogues."

A swift flash of alarm spread over the face of the other. "You mean that?" he said.

"As I live—yes." Fenning leant across the table and looked the other squarely in the eyes. "Has it ever occurred to you what a brave woman she is?" he asked.

"Of course. But for her . . ." the Colonel began.

"Yes, but for her the throne would totter to-morrow. I know that well enough; you know it, too. But nevertheless, my friend, if you do not put some of those fools in the Kalamegdan you will see tragedy in Belgrade yet."

"So you are afraid of a handful of cutthroats. Why, if they attempted to give trouble, the army . . ."

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"Yes, what about the army? It would come out at their call to-morrow. Do you know so little of Belgrade then that you put your faith in uniforms with the hearts of traitors behind them? If so, my colonel, you have much to learn. Beyond these closed doors what do you hear? Nothing. Go into the streets, the cafes—you hear only mutterings. But don't they carry some warning of the storm to your ears? Here you are in a little castle of your own attached to the palace. There are big walls beyond, the doors are guarded by sentries. No one moves in the gardens, the fountains play in the moonlight, there is no living thing in the shadows. So! But a sense of security is the most fatal prop in the world; one day it bends in the middle and breaks. You follow me?"

The Colonel drank a fresh glass of wine and laughed.

"You seem to know a good deal about the underworld," he added, brushing his lips with his tongue. "But there are some things you do not know. You would probably smile, for instance, if I told you that those traitors have been completely duped."

"I DON'T think I should. But why talk about it? I do not invite your confidence. This wine is extremely good, by the way. May I—thanks!"

He replenished his glass from the decanter the other held out.

"I'm fearfully sleepy," he said when the glass stood empty again. "With your permission I will go back to my hotel. It was a good thing for you that I brought that letter from the Count, eh?"

"I agree with you. The Count was a wonderful patriot."

"Yes—for an Austrian! A kind of isolated patriotism I seem to have met before. It generally ends in big concessions or planting an army in your neighbor's vineyard. And, if I may mention it, colonel—as I have shortly to be going—might I trouble you for a small amount? I have tried very hard to drown my mercenary soul in your good wine and failed dismally. Money is a fearful drag on one, but a necessary millstone borne without over-estimating the weight. My fee for to-night's work I may say, incidentally, is ten thousand francs."

Fenning spoke casually, and pulled slowly at his cigarette, without looking at the other. Then he examined the ash of it and broke it carefully against his plate.

"Ten thousand francs. You must be mad! I have put aside for you a wallet containing one thousand."

A look of pain and surprise crossed the Englishman's face.

"How inconvenient," he said quietly. "I am really afraid you must find nine more wallets."

Colonel Slana flushed. The look in Fenning's eyes did not reassure him. He read his man quickly, and knew that no bluster would save the situation.

"I have only a thousand here. I could not obtain more, even if I desired, without approaching the King," he said guardedly. "I am not quite sure what he would say, but I have a shrewd idea. He might invite you to leave Servia, or remain—a prisoner."

"A pleasure, I assure you. But we will not have to go to the King. Dear lord, no, we will not trouble His Majesty. You see, you obtained nearly double that amount from him this morning for secret service purposes, bribery, and a few other things. In England we'd call it corruption, and dirty business at that. I will go further, and say that you have half that sum in the house even now."

The Colonel was on his feet in an instant.

"What do you mean? You lie. Some spy . . ."

"Possibly. Some infernal spy. A nasty word, but we have no time to hunt the dictionary for a better." Fenning spoke slowly with the old, accustomed drawl. And he was enjoying his cigarette because it was the best tobacco.

"Who are you, sir? Who are you?" Colonel Slana burst out.

"You wouldn't know my name, so you cannot flatter me. My name is Fenning—James Fenning, but more generally called Jimmy. A man always very short of money; a fine diplomatist; a man who knows more about Belgrade and the present situation than you do. Brought an introduction to you stolen from another man's wallet, and signed by Count Stolpin. The poor fellow is dead, and cannot repudiate his signature now, nor identify his apostle. That's James Fenning."

He looked across the table with an air of ease which proclaimed him to be very well at home with everybody and the world in general.

"Then you're a spy. And if that's so——"

The Colonel's hand went under the table as if to ring the bell, but Fenning spoke again.

"I wouldn't ring that bell. You will only create a scandal. Let me talk to you for a moment. You know, it wasn't a bad idea putting up a dummy for Colonel Paschnovich and his rabble to worship. Quite an excellent idea, really. You kidnapped the other man—what was his name? Oh, yes, Galatz. Stuck him in the monastery and ran out this other fellow as substitute. You did not want me to know this, and you really wouldn't like anyone else to overhear it, would you?"

"OVERHEAR it?" The Colonel brought his fist down on the table with a crash. "What matters! Do you think I am going to let you walk out of this place—a free man?" he asked.

"I rather think you have to. The money, I believe, is kept in that safe in the corner. My information is generally pretty sound. May I trouble you?"

For answer the Colonel slipped out a revolver and laid it beside his plate; a second later Fenning placed a Colt at the stem of his glass.

"A duel in the garden—moonlight—if need be a band to play. The King watching from the window at the first shot, believing that they have called for his crown already. Fine, Colonel, fine! And with a girl looking on, too! I was ever a lover of romance."

"You fool, you utter fool!" The Colonel thought he had found humor in the situation, and lolling back in his chair he laughed heartily. "I grant that you are clever, my friend," he said. "But, you know, we don't let men like you walk at random in Belgrade. In Paris or London, yes, but in Belgrade, no. If I ring this bell——"

"You won't, because we are not alone in this room!"

"Not alone?" Colonel Slana flung his chair aside and gripped his weapon. Simultaneously Fenning did the same. For a moment they stood looking into each other's face. Then the Englishman moved a foot forward as stealthily as might a cat, and, springing at the man before him, struck the revolver from his hand with a single blow.

"Now sit down—and talk," he said.

Colonel Slana, gripping his wounded wrist, dropped into his chair with an oath.

"The point is this," Fenning said. "I hate making a row. I hate trouble because someone always gets hurt. And really there is no need that we should quarrel, since as friends we can be of service to each other. Remember you are the administrator of a pretty piece of trickery. You have engaged an Englishman to pass himself here as Captain Galatz, son of the dead King Milan. You have for the moment fooled your enemies. But when I tell you that that Englishman is my friend, and that it was through my instrumentality that Count Stolpin selected him—ah! You follow me!"

"Your friend?"

"Yes, my friend, Paul Cazalet, one of the cleverest political journalists in England, a man headstrong, with the love of adventure running like fire through his blood. And it was I who brought about the meeting between Cazalet and the Count. Moreover, at my instigation, a rumor was circulated through the London Press to the effect that the birth of a child had robbed Cazalet of his inheritance. Of course, there was no child. The entire scheme worked without a hitch." Fenning gave a deep sigh of satisfaction. "Yes; I think I have been rather clever over the whole thing. You, my dear Colonel, have played only the most insignificant part. I might almost say that you have had nothing to do with it at all."

The Colonel sat mute, as if stupefied. The peril of the situation, the thundering of his own heart, decided his next action. He got up slowly and, taking a key from his pocket, unlocked the safe. He threw the massive doors back, and began grovelling among the contents. Then he turned and pitched some packets across the table. In the sheer terror which possessed him he forgot the presence of another person in the room. Had he listened or been able to stifle the beating of the mighty forces in his brain, he would have detected some movement behind the curtains.

Fenning took the packets and opened them with the care of a man who suspects a trick in every movement of his adversary, and as cautiously he counted the money they contained. His fingers were nerveless; his every pose calm and collected. He had no fears, no thought but for the moment. Then he put the packets in his coat and helped himself to another glass of wine.

"A health unto His Majesty!" he cried, lifting the glass. "In England we'd drink it with musical honors!"

The Colonel returned to his seat, the ease of the other inspiring him with a new sense of security. He would have his man arrested in the morning and brought into this very room a prisoner. And the Kalamegdan had never told its secrets yet.

THE Colonel's hand carefully crept across the table; a moment more and it would have closed over Fenning's revolver, but the latter noticed the movement and drew the weapon a foot farther away from him.

"Aye, a good revolver this," he said, examining it. He threw back the breech and displayed the cartridges. "Look at that. You won't find another breach like that on the Teratsia." He paused a moment, and, still gripping the revolver, half turned as if he could detect some movement behind the curtains. "Let me tell you——"

"The devil! I have no time to waste words with you, but tell your story. In any case it can have no bearing on the main issue." Colonel Slana's eyes blazed with anger.

"Possibly. But I think you already regret

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that most excellent dinner we ate at the Regent last night. The volaille, I remember, was superb; the asparagus—what flavor! And the wine—dear heaven, what wine! There were lights and glamor, and fair faces—a wonderful band out in the trees. You saw a woman there; you were interested in her. It was my purpose that you should be."

"A woman? Yes." A quickening interest sprang to life on the Colonel's face.

"She was pretty. You admired her. It was a reckless thing to do, my Colonel. Or, having done so, you should have condoned the offence by avoiding wine.

"I am devilish clumsy at explaining things. But she is my friend, and, as it happens—it is perhaps rather unfortunate in this case—she is one of the principal spies in Belgrade, and she is in your rooms now!"

"You lie!"

Colonel Siana clung to the edge of the table; he was almost on his feet when Fenning waved him back.

"Of course, if a spy were found in your rooms, Colonel——"

"A spy? She could never reach here. The place is too well guarded. And what would your object be?"

Yet even as the Colonel spoke he felt a growing suspicion of the scarlet curtains that were moving to and fro in the wind.

"Let me close the doors," he said. "I have no wish that we should be overheard."

The subterfuge was too apparent to be misunderstood.

"There is no need; the night is hot," said Fenning. "You ask me my object. You do not know me, you don't really, or you would be well aware that it is my custom to have an object for most things I do." He spoke calmly, as if he had the whole night in which to explain himself, while his antagonist sat fretfully watching him, the sweat beading his hot forehead. "Imagine for a moment how easy it would be for you to ring that bell and have me arrested! You have felt so inclined more than once within the last half-hour, but you are so excellent a host that you have always restrained your hand. In a few moments you are going to let me pass out through those curtains to the square beyond."

"You—you—a spy——"

"SCARCELY that. But you daren't ring that bell. If a spy—and a woman, too—were found in your rooms! My dear Colonel, what would His Majesty say? His confidence shaken, his faith in you gone. Verily you might find the air of Belgrade unsavory!"

The Colonel leapt towards Fenning, then came to a full-stop before him, and stared, his lips taut and white, his hands clenched.

"A woman here? I would kill her!"

A smothered cry arose from beyond the curtains that shielded the open doors—a low cry of fear. Then a movement as if the person hidden there was about to withdraw to the open air beyond. For a moment the curtains swayed—it might have been by the pressure of hands—and Fenning stepped up to them and tore them aside.

A woman stood there, the graven image of fear. The color had drained from her cheeks, and the look in her eyes—Fenning knew he would never forget it.

Jean waited there, careless of what was passing in the room, ignorant almost of the presence of the other man. She could only look at Fenning. And it seemed to her even then that there was some crudity about his face which she had never observed there before, as if the ugliness of his soul had put its shadow over every feature.

"It was for this—you needed me here to shield you. I was to be the lure?" Almost she was incoherent.

Her words fell upon Fenning like the first blows of the lash. He became as suddenly conscious of a sense of shame, a thing he had never known before. From any other woman the taunt would have meant nothing.

"Yes, it was for that." He turned his eyes away. "You were the lure," he said.

PAUL almost collided with her as she turned the corner. But for the moon swinging high above the roofs he would never have seen her face. Yet the little figure hurrying forward with bent head—could he not pick it out from the whole crowd of the world's peoples spread before his eyes?

He stopped, and half turned when she would have passed him, and she shrank back with a quick mutter of fear.

"Miss Lorimer!"

She answered him with a cry of recognition. She was panting, her eyes wide open and staring, as if some horror had approached her from the dark.

"You told me we should meet in Servia," he laughed; "and, bless my soul, when we keep the appointment, you are afraid of me!"

"It's not fear. I——"

The brave eyes smiled at him, but her words failed her.

"I know," he said. "It's these infernally dark streets. They would hang the urban council for this in England. How's the shoulder?"

"It was nothing very serious." He took an ungloved hand. She was cold and trembling. "It's cured. I was foolish to faint that night—that night in Paris, you remember."

"Will I ever forget it? For me it was Paradise," he said.

She looked puzzled.

"Waiting outside that door, knowing you were safe in there," he explained. "That was the one great thing that mattered—you were safe."

"I came to Belgrade with——"

"Jimmy Fenning," he broke in. "I can guess as much. Jimmy was ever a gallant to a pretty woman. If you had seen him to-night!"

"I have only just left him, she answered simply.

"Left Fenning? Tell me."

"No, no. I don't wish to speak about it. . . . All men are beasts!" she flung out.

He swept aside her little play of anger with a laugh.

"Friend Fenning is in disgrace. I do not know what he has done, but we will consider him whipped and put in a corner," he said. "Now, tell me why you chose Belgrade; why you are here."

"And you think I would discuss it with you—you who are the candidate for a throne?" she asked, catching his mood.

"Fenning told you?"

"He told me many things. . . And he made me wonder why I ever trusted a man."

"Women are always doing that," he parried; "and you are going to do it again. You're going to trust me when I urge you to leave Belgrade to-morrow. I want you to return to England. Belgrade will be no place for a woman when the storm breaks."

He spoke seriously, and, taking her arm, drew her nearer to him.

She looked up.

"Go back? Why talk about it? You tell a woman she is frightened of danger, and think it pleases her."

"It pleases her more to know that a man is so anxious for her safety as to warn her."

"You would send me back?"

"I would take you back but for a duty I owe to people I have never met before in my life."

"We're wasting a lot of time arguing," she said shortly.

"Is it ever a waste of time to argue with a pretty woman?" he answered. "If I were kind to you I would have you arrested as a spy. Would you be herded with fanatics when the madness takes them? At least you would be safe from the mob in a prison cell."

"Possibly. When you are King——" she said.

He grew serious in a moment. He knew that she had mocked him.

There is only one kingdom I wish to rule," he said softly as he bent over her. "If you would go back to England! Ah! If you would do so much for me that I might follow and find my kingdom there!"

"When your place is here?"

"Not if you called from the other side of Europe. If I told you——"

"There is no need," she broke in quickly. "I know—I know!"

"You know? Jean!"

She had turned her head, nor could he observe the lustre that had crept into her eyes.

"You cannot tell what you have been—have meant to me," he said. "Hitherto my life has been full of striving, but little attainment. You made me go on."

"I?"

He felt the quickened clasp of her hand on his sleeve as he had done that night in London.

"Yes—you," he answered her.

She was staring at the white walls of the palace as if she did not heed. He bent a little closer to her, and gripped her wrist beneath the sleeve till his fingers bit into the flesh.

"You care—like that?"

THE question was sprung with surprise—almost dismay.

"So much that I urge you to leave Belgrade. I have only fear for you here. To-morrow a group of men may shout the doom of the throne, and the army will cry the echo. The blood of a nation which has slept for years is slowly waking into action, and when this happens you will be less than a pawn in a big game. And after all, your mission here—what good is it going to bring into your life? You will have gained nothing, unless it be that you have learned to know the world better, and found only sadness in the discovery."

"Sadness!" she echoed. "There is no sadness in freedom."

"A nation's freedom that may cost you yours. You will go—you must go."

"I shall remain."

She set her lips as she spoke.

"The thing I want most in the world to-night is to cry quits with the man who has spoiled my faith in him. I would like to put all the gall into a letter to him and post it before regret came with the morning. Now speak the truth, and tell me I'm a vicious little beast!"

"Spitfire! There, will that please you?" he laughed. "And walk along with me, little Spitfire! My arm in yours—so. That zaptieh has his eye cocked at us. He

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would love an international complication by arresting us, with himself as the hero."

He strode beside her, a song in his heart, and the scales of blindness covering his eyes. For if he could have analysed dispassionately every word and mood of her he would have found her to be a woman standing at parting ways, smarting under the whip of something that was hurting her pride, ambitious still, careless for nothing save a little victory, indecisive though it might have been.

"That he should have made you suffer," Paul began. "Penning was never kind to women."

"Kind to women!" she echoed bitterly. His words drove her to decision, and broke her pride so that she could bend and kiss the hand that had hurt her. "Kind to women!" she said vehemently. "He has been very good to me. He sheltered and shielded me; he nearly gave his life for me. A woman never forgets a thing like that—big things like that. You think I don't understand him, but I do. He has been brought up in a hard world, and he told me once that no one had ever turned a hand to help him.

"Don't you see how a man gets hardened in a school like that?" she went on. "He has disappointed me to-night, that is all.

"You are throwing my own arguments in my face," Paul answered. "I have always declared that a man's environment shapes the man. I have preached that doctrine and stuck to it through thick and thin.

"I USED to think so," she answered him. "I thought so that day in Paris, when he told me about himself. He told me he could never run straight.

"I made a resolve that I would stand by him just as he had stood by me that night in Belleville when I was hurt. I meant to try your doctrine of influence."

"He cannot be cured; he can't run straight; it's in his blood. That I should come to confess that!" he said.

It was his first doubt in his own argument. Yet she scarcely heard him, so low did he speak.

"Take me home. I hate Belgrade tonight," she exclaimed suddenly. "The Hotel de la Croix—will you take me now?"

They walked down street after street in silence. He said good-bye to her in the ill-lit doorway.

"Here I am back at my prison," she said, and laughed. He waited until the door had closed softly behind her, and then turned towards the west of the city.

Paul heard the news in the cafe on the following evening. Of Jean he had seen nothing. The band in the gardens had just finished the Draga March; he sat tapping his fingers to the lilt of it on the marble-topped table. He paid no attention to the idle chatter, but he was compelled to listen to the little wizened man with the white moustache at the next table, who was talking treachery in French to his companion.

"The dogs!" he was saying. "They have arrested a woman. An English girl—the prettiest spy in Belgrade. Slana has sent her to the Kalamegdan. Slana never takes risks. And they'll kill her there, the cowards!"

Paul got up without a word, and walked away towards the Hotel de la Croix to make inquiries, muttering to himself as he went. "The pretty English spy—in the Kalamegdan prison. The cowards!" he cried. "The cowards!"

The words seemed to follow him as he disappeared into the darkness.

THE dawn was stirring above the city when Paul arose. For him the night had been a torture that appeared to have no end.

As he put on his coat he remembered the letter in his wallet. His first impulse had been to go to Nichodim with threats to expose the entire plot, to surrender his part as a puppet prince unless the release of Jean were assured. And Nichodim would have answered him—with a cell. But the letter in his wallet, given him by Stolpin with others that night in Dover Harbor—the letter to the Queen? Here at hand lay the key to open the gate.

Just before midday he presented himself at the palace, and in a quarter of an hour the bead curtain that covered the door of Draga's private boudoir was held aside that he might enter. He pressed into an empty room. The atmosphere was aromatic with scented Russian tobacco, and in a small ash-tray upon a polished rosewood table were the butts of two cigarettes.

The door at the end of the room opened and closed; and Paul, turning, found himself looking into the eyes of the Queen. She half raised her hand in surprise.

"Your face is familiar to me, monsieur. Is this a trick?" she asked in French.

She spoke slowly, fearlessly, though but a few hours before she had named him for one of a gang of revolutionaries.

"The trick, madam, was performed last night," Paul answered her. "The letter you hold in your hand indentifies me. Last night I played the part of impostor—to your enemies."

"You are vague, monsieur. I do not understand."

"It is proposed to put a son of King Milan on the throne," Paul ventured, rushing to the point at once.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"One hears rumors. Belgrade demands such chatter; it is the city's dull season."

"I am that son—for the hour that the play lasts," Paul replied. He watched her eyes widen as he spoke. "Captain Galatz, of the French army; a worthy fellow, probably quite happy with his books in the monastery where it has pleased those who pull the strings to place him while I play his part in Belgrade."

She carefully studied his face, a listless expression on her own.

"And you?" she said slowly.

"I am Captain Galatz—so they have named me. Last night, at that house in the passage in the Rue d'Or, I was tempted to tell you. For a moment I forgot my part. I was tired of being associated with cowards. I forgot I was playing a coward's part, and that the actor cannot choose his lines."

"BUT who are you?" she interrupted petulantly. "Who are you?"

"A plain Englishman, madam, Paul Cazalet, as that letter tells you. Some have named me for an adventurer, some for a genius, others for a fool. On the impulse of a moment I started on the errand which brought me here; where that errand will end I do not know. Almost, I might say, I do not care. But I am here to serve you, to serve His Majesty."

He spoke earnestly as if he were expounding to her the whole mission of his life. A smile crept over her face. He had seen women smile like that before, but without the same sympathy, the same attraction.

"I am grateful to you," she said. "Colonel Slana should have sent you to me before. He is a strange man; he tells me but little of his schemes, though I must admit knowledge of this one. Yes, he should have sent you."

"There was no need. It was not for gratitude I came," Paul said.

"To report yourself, perhaps? If so, why not to His Majesty?"

Paul shook his head.

"No; not even to report myself."

"I am curious, m'sieur."

"Some mad acts are being perpetrated in Belgrade, madam. I learned last night that there was such a folly as over-zeal. It is usually the fault of the most trusted, for the knowledge of trust can give one an exaggerated sense of duty—can even inspire mistakes. It is easy to err like that when one is slave to a cause."

"Yes, I suppose so. The more we strive the greater our mistakes. I, too, have learned that. You speak of someone? Colonel Slana?"

"Yes, Colonel Slana. A most admirable servant—a zealot to the core. And he has sent to the Kalamegdan an English girl because he was afraid of her."

"M'sieur!"

"Yes, madam; it is true."

"Colonel Slana is afraid of no one," she reminded him.

"HE was very much afraid of this girl last night if he thought it necessary to arrest her in the small hours of the morning. And heaven knows why. If she had deserved her punishment I should not be here. His action is unwarrantable."

"What is Colonel Slana afraid of—you can tell me that? What is there about this English girl that he fears?"

"Very little, madam."

The reply came from the figure who stood holding apart the bead curtains in the act of stepping into the room; and, turning, Paul saw the look of malice on Colonel Slana's face as he waited there. His heavy eyes were half closed, and beneath the grey moustache his lips were working. He returned the Englishman's bow with a stiff bend of the head.

"May I came in?" he said.

"Come, Colonel. We want you. You know Mr. Cazalet?" The Queen advanced as if to introduce them.

"He called upon me a week ago. He has been in close touch with me since then. He gave me a letter from Captain Stolpin. I am familiar with his mission; I have done my best to aid him. Yes, madam, I quite approved of the Count's choice, though I would have preferred a stronger man. You want candor, Mr. Cazalet; you have it."

"And congratulate you upon the lateness of it," replied Paul.

"You seem unusually anxious about this girl," said the Colonel, with a laugh that was half a taunt.

"And you uncommonly afraid of her, mon brave."

"But you have placed her in the Kalamegdan prison—you have good reason?" asked the Queen.

"Yes. I wish to investigate her movements. They are somewhat obscure. I might say that they give cause for suspicion."

"You suspect her, Colonel?" asked the Queen. "Suspect her of what?"

"Of being a spy, madam."

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"You found papers, proofs of some kind, perhaps?"

"No, madam."

The sullen answers came like shots from a gun. Stepping forward, the Queen looked hard into his face.

"When did you find cause to suspect this girl?" she inquired.

"Last evening."

"You were informed of her movements?"

"No; I was informed that she was one of the principal spies in Belgrade."

"By whom?"

"By the priest who accompanied you to the house off the Rue d'Or."

THE last sentence, flung out, it might have been, as a challenge, compelled Paul to silence by its import. The intrusion of Fenning at this stage had a meaning which he could not, dared not, translate. And was it, then, for this that Jean had shielded him?

The seconds floated past, and all the time Paul's mind worked in some deeper psychological study. To a normal individual the action attributed to Fenning was impossible; but the blood-taint—the big enemy, indestructible, rolling through a man's veins, enslaving him, moulding him step by step for its own issues, evolving out of him a creature under subjection, crushing down the while all will and moral fibre—this was beyond the pale of his reckoning.

The Queen was silent. She, too, was thinking.

"This priest—is he reliable?" she asked, putting her thoughts into words.

"He did what was required of him—I can say no more," Colonel Slana replied evasively.

"And you had only his idle remark on which to condemn this girl to prison?"

For a moment Colonel Slana hesitated. His mind, attuned to every strategic movement, to every cunning, worked coolly to response.

"I will be frank, Madam," he said at last. He spoke with the condescension of a man ready to depart from his accustomed rule and explain the motive of his action. "She was introduced to me a few nights ago, this girl. I had heard of her; I sought the introduction. A charming girl, very. Beautiful, with wonderful eyes. She taught me during the first few minutes that her eyes were her stock-in-trade. She was reserved, yet she appeared anxious to cultivate my acquaintance. I have met such women before."

He glanced away, smiling to himself.

"Yes?" ejaculated the Queen.

"Oh, well, it might have ended there. But, as it so happened, a member of your own household—Mademoiselle Stengel, to be exact—warned me that this demure English girl was suspected in Paris of having murdered Count Stolpin, that she had come here in the pay of Russia. Such a rumor, and from such a source, too——" He bowed. "You would not have had me disregard it, madam?"

"Certainly not. Go on."

"This rumor was subsequently confirmed by what the priest said. He declared her to be a spy. I resolved to test her—to find out what manner of woman she was, and if her reserve was merely a form of disguise. I discovered that she was prepared to pay any price for information."

"What do you mean?" broke in Paul quickly, with growing dread.

"I mean, m'sieu, that I invited her to come to my private rooms last night as a friend."

Paul lurched forward. He clenched his fists, urged by some dominating force to batter the sardonic grin from the face of the man before him. He felt choking, as if a band of ice were about his throat. But for the presence of the Queen he might have killed Colonel Slana where he stood.

"Of course, if she is a spy——" the Queen began.

"Or this man a liar," Cazalet burst out. "In any case, I can insist on a thorough investigation. If it is refused, then I must return to my country at once, and demand protection for English girls from being tricked into gambling with their reputations by this man. Ah, that touches you, Colonel."

"By what right——" Colonel Slana sprang forward in his fury.

"Right? By the common right of friendship. There will be a full inquiry. Her Majesty will not refuse it."

"On the contrary," she replied. "Return this afternoon, Colonel, prepared to give me the fullest details. We will go into the matter then—if need be, in the presence of the King."

Colonel Slana knew that he was dismissed. He bowed and walked out with the easy grace that never deserted him, nerveless, self-confident. Then the Queen turned to Paul.

"What is she to you—this girl?" she asked quietly.

"A friend, madam."

"A friend? No more than that?"

She read the expression on his face. When she spoke again it was in a low voice, tender and sympathetic.

"I WILL do what I can," she said; "but I cannot recommend the King to set her free till inquiries have been made and her innocence proved. So much is due to Colonel Slana. Yet if I could——"

"If you could, madam——?" Paul asked as she paused.

"One trusts an Englishman," she answered him. "I would set her free today. Would you give me your word that she left Belgrade?"

"Then you still mistrust her, madam?" Paul counter-questioned.

"How much of Colonel Slana's story do you believe?"

"So little of it that, release me from my mission, and I will undertake to remove this girl from Belgrade; if necessary, she shall go by force."

"By force? Then she would remain?"

"That I cannot say," Paul answered. "She belongs to that type of woman who is not turned from her purpose at the dictates of a man. Frankly, madam, I do not really know how I should get her out of Belgrade; but I would get her out of it if it were your wish. So much I will promise in return for her freedom."

"That is as you please," she said. "If she has not actually broken the law, then she shall not remain the law's prisoner. Her name, tell me?" asked the Queen.

"Jean Lorimer."

She spelt it carefully after him.

"You would like to see her?"

"Most certainly."

"Then I will give you a permit addressed to the Governor of the prison."

She went to the table, and he listened to her pen scratching on the piece of paper.

"I will mention the matter to His Majesty when I am sure of the facts. Meanwhile, you are at liberty to find out all you can. You would like to see Mademoiselle Stengel? She is my new lady-in-waiting. An estimable girl in her way."

"There is nothing I should like better," Paul said. "To find out how she came by the absurd notion that Miss Lorimer had anything to do with the Count's murder. The thing is preposterous, unthinkable."

The Queen handed him the note and rang the bell. In a few moments Mademoiselle Stengel had entered the room.

Paul gave a little cry. The woman he least expected stood beside the table.

"Mademoiselle Stengel!"

He muttered the name foolishly, fighting with his amazement, grasping at self-control only to find it elusive. What was she doing here—Mademoiselle Stengel, lady-in-waiting—she, Lady Penstone?"

He smiled inanely. His mind was framing things, bare notions of things undreamed of before, opening up fresh possibilities, doubts, dreads. He clutched the back of the chair.

Mademoiselle Stengel—Lady Penstone. Something was shouting the two names in his ears, beat by beat the hammering continued to the same monotonous rhythm.

Flushed and angry, she stared at him. He had bowed. And the Queen was watching the play of the little drama, curious, uncertain.

"You two have met before?" she said.

"I believe we have," Cazalet replied. "The name—I forgot the name for a moment."

The other woman was looking at him. It remained for her to speak. She smiled and put out her hand. "Yes, we have met before. We used to call you Monsieur the Rogue. Do you remember?"

For a moment he did not reply. He was amazed at the easiness with which she handled the situation. Monsieur the Rogue—yes, he remembered that. It was during lunch at Penstone Castle. Lord Penstone had detailed to his young wife some of the charges brought against Paul in one of the newspapers. And Paul had laughed at the nickname she had given him. Yes, he remembered that.

"It was a happy thought of yours, that name," he exclaimed jestingly. "But I wonder if I really earned it? I suppose I did."

The Queen was smiling. The Englishman had forgotten his ill-humor and found an old friend. How small and kindly the world was after all! So ran her thoughts.

"Monsieur the Rogue! A good name," she said. "And they tell me that there is no roguery like that of an Englishman in search of adventure. He wants to speak to you, modemoiselle, about some absurd rumor." She went to the door and turned. "Good-bye, Monsieur the Rogue!" she laughed back at him and disappeared.

HE knew that she was studying him with the care of a player who mentally checks the position of the game before making the next move. But of a sudden she turned and walked quickly from the room, and Cazalet followed her in silence. She hurried in front of him down a long corridor hung with skins and scarlet rugs, secured to the walls at odd angles and without regard to order.

In the small reception-room they entered the same disorder was present—barbaric, irritating. Glass and metal ornaments were everywhere, without reason or distinction.

Paul closed the door and came forward.

"I wonder," he said, "when we are going to get tired of this game of spoof—you and I."

Lady Penstone faced him with a little smile.

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"If it pleases you to be facetious, at least talk so that I can understand you," she said.

"I will. What are you doing here?"

"I might put the same question to you."

"And you would get the truth."

"Which is often misleading," she declared. "I suppose you are here because I happen to have entered the Queen's service?"

It was a question he could scarcely disregard. To him it was full of significance.

"No," he answered her. "I would tell you if it were. Indeed, I did not know you were here."

"You probably made a very good guess that I might be."

"I fancy that the last time I thought about you I condemned you to the North Pole. Servia had not entered my calculations. I confess I was not enamoured of my lamented uncle's marriage; there was no reason why I should be. I was supposed to be mercenary, unscrupulous, a spendthrift, a political ruffian, and a bad writer."

She seized the opportunity his words offered.

"They failed to say that you would hound a woman down."

"For once they refrained from telling a lie. Chance brought us here in some common cause; that does not make me a hunter. I will be frank, and ask you plainly why you are here."

"Oh, that is easily explained. My father was in the service of the Servian Court for a quarter of a century. I have always had friends in Belgrade, friends at the Court. Is it so surprising that I should want to come among them again? When the Queen heard of my loss——"

"She knows you are a wealthy woman?" Paul broke in.

Lady Penstone gave a shrug of the shoulders.

"She knows I was not left in penury. Not that Her Majesty chooses her friends for their money or the lack of it. But that is beside the point. I have answered your question. Now tell me about this rumor. Belgrade is full of rumors, and explanations of them are not often found in the palace. But I will help you if I can."

"This is rather more than a rumor, it is an actual statement of fact," he answered her. "So much a fact that an English girl has been sent to the Kalamegdan prison on the strength of it. You know to whom I refer. You had your reasons for associating this girl with the murder of Count Stolpin. And those reasons—what were they?"

"REALLY, I don't think I had much to do with it," she laughed. "One hears things. I merely repeated what others said."

"With a purpose?"

"Yes, of protecting the throne."

"Or yourself?"

It was a shot in the dark; it missed its mark by a hair's breadth.

"Cannot you understand what a hideous position mine has been?" She hurled the words fiercely at him. "I loved my husband. Of course, you would never believe me, but I did. I am a young woman possessing, so they tell me, a certain amount of charm. I am left alone in the world, I want friends, the society of those who understand me. I have money—money that will enable me to take my place among those in the world to which I once belonged. No doubt it might have been expected that I should be involved in the political vortex; a woman never escapes so long as they can make of her a means to an end."

"A means to an end?" he repeated after her. "Yes, I understand that. And the means to the end in your case—your case and the case of this girl—what of that?"

"This girl—what is she to me? Is there anything in her life that can link it up to mine?"

"I believe so; I am sure of it." He approached nearer to her, and looked coldly, almost brutally, into her face. "Would you have me believe that, given the chance, you would set her free?"

"No," she declared. "No, no, no. If she is a menace to those who have helped me when I most needed friends, what is she to me but an enemy?

"You are a man, and you have never had the reputation for sparing your enemies. But you demand that much of me."

"A partial confession that you helped to fill that cell in Kalamegdan."

"If you like. She was a menace. And what would you ask of me then—I, a woman alone?"

"Alone? . . . The child?" he said.

She drew away from him as if stung. The dread she had felt of him silenced her.

"We are only just beginning our settlement—you and I," Paul said. "There are many things we will have to discuss when we go back to England."

"I shall never go back."

"I RATHER fancy the Law will compel you to return. But that is not a question for the moment."

He paused, staring at the fluttering handkerchief she held to her lips; for the first time had come to him the reek of perfume, powerful and aromatic. With recognition there came back a whole torrent of memories. He remembered the night on the yacht, and the same perfume mingling with the rising stench of powder in the corridor. It had impressed itself upon his mind, just as the picture of Count Stolpin lolling back dead in the chair had done.

The strong, sweet scent of lilies-of-the-valley!

How dull he had been. The clue was here, the small piece of cambric in her hand held it.

You can threaten me, my brave coward!" she cried. She clenched her hands and leant towards him with passion in her eyes. "Go home to England and tell them how you hunted a woman across Europe to rob her of her inheritance. Give them a glimpse of your mercenary soul! Get the newspapers behind you—you will make a splendid hero—the man who went to Belgrade to steal!"

"And the woman who went to the Court—to spy! What shall we say of her?" he answered. "The question of money does not enter into our adventure at all just now. I have learned a good deal since I came into this room."

"Then I hope you will leave the better for it."

She opened the door and stood aside for him to pass.

He made a movement as if to do so, but paused before her and stared into her face.

"Do you remember the last time we met?" he said quietly.

"I have no wish to remember it. Penstone is a dead memory to me."

"Ah, but we met since then. You have not forgotten, you cannot have forgotten. It was such a short time ago. It was on the yacht in Dover Harbor!"

He passed down the corridor alone. But he heard the cry she only partially choked back, and it told him all he wanted to know. To him the mystery of the yacht was a mystery no longer.

THE moon was in full flood across the river, and the hour of ten was striking by the clocks of the city. Cazalet, hesitating for a moment, glanced up at the great gates and the stone walls of the Kalamegdan prison. There was no sound of life anywhere except for the muffled tread of a janissary in a distant corridor, and two peevish lights flickering against the draught in the Governor's quarters. For the rest, it might have been a palace of the dead. Piles of cannon-balls—trophies from the ancient Turkish wars—lay at intervals in the forecourts, and beside one of them he perceived the figure of a sentry, his rifle grounded, and the muzzle of it under the fork of his arm, resting in a semi-slumber.

Cazalet approached and touched his sleeve, and the fellow looked up quickly.

"I wish to see the Governor," Paul said.

The man stared at him, then pointed over his shoulder without a word, fumbled with his rifle, and readjusted his attitude into one of greater ease. But he half turned so that he could watch the Englishman's movements from the tail of his eye.

Paul approached the door, and hammered with the carefully-polished knocker. There was no reply. He knocked again, and, groping for the bell-hanger, started a bell clanging harshly in the heart of the building. Minutes passed; he might have been asking admission from the dead. Then slow footsteps sounded on the flagstones, the door opened a little, and a uniformed official with heavy eyes leered out at him.

The Governor was away, and would not return for two days; he could see no one at this hour of the night. To Paul the curtly-delivered verdict came as a benison. The atmosphere of sloth that pervaded the place was accounted for: the Governor was away.

"I must see someone in authority to-night. My mission cannot wait."

"It is too late. At eight in the morning——"

"I must see someone to-night. I have a letter from the Queen."

The man straightened up, and his mouth twisted into an ugly smirk. A letter from the Queen—it was of small import. A letter from the King, and he would have grovelled at the word. Still, it might be as well to consult someone. He would go and see.

He said as much, and closed the door in Paul's face. In ten minutes he was back again; the door was opened as cautiously, and he beckoned his visitor inside. Holding a small iron lamp in his hand, he ambled down a long corridor, turned twice to the right sharply, and, knocking at a door, held it open for Paul to pass into the lighted room.

He entered the room, and the door was closed silently behind him. The air reeked with the stench of spirits and strong tobacco smoke which could find no outlet. For a moment he stood blinking his eyes like a bat, then he looked at the coarse-featured man coiled in an easy chair at the table, whose bearded chin rested on his hand.

He explained his visit and produced the Queen's order, and, taking it, the Serb stared over the edge of the paper at his visitor with an expression of drunken curiosity.

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The fellow bent over the letter and studied it carefully, then held it up to the light to see the water-mark. Even though his wits were wandering amid the fumes of the spirit he retained some watchful sense that helped him to a show of dignity.

"You want to see this woman—when?" he asked shortly.

"Now," replied Paul.

"She will probably be asleep." He grinned. "You would not disturb her?"

"The chances are that she will be awake," Paul replied, and knew that he spoke the truth. "I will take the risk of that."

"What do you want with her?"

He shot a look of suspicion at Paul as he put the question. He was in a mood to like the Englishman, and he would have the prisoner roused and brought into the room if Paul desired it.

"THERE is no need," Paul answered. "It is good of you m'sieu. But I only require a few words with her in private. It is the Queen's desire."

The Servian scrambled to his feet unsteadily. He was a huge fellow, and he stood looking aimlessly about him, as if his fuddled brain were trying to follow a certain line of thought.

"I might send someone with you—but no, I'll come myself," he said. "You are one of the Queen's friends, and we always study them; yes, we always study them here." There was significance in his words, and a meaning to the grin that spread over his face, but to Paul both were unintelligible. "You see," he went on, "the Queen sends all those she loves here. The signature on the warrant is always that of the King, but we know whose hand it is that guides the pen!"

He ambled across the room and opened the door. A wind swept in and almost extinguished the lantern, but shielding it with his hand he led the way into the corridor.

The path led steadily down hill, as if to the very bowels of the world. And presently the stone paving ceased, and they were treading the crude earth. The air grew more rank with every step they took; first it reeked of mould and decay, then the stench deepened till the lungs seemed bursting.

The horror of it, the presence of this awful tomb around him filled Cazalet with unspeakable dread. He saw rats scuttle away from under nail-studded doors down which little streams of moisture trickled. He heard sounds that seemed to come from no human throat, moans in which all the agony of the world seemed to be concentrated.

Paul shuddered, and the Serb, holding up the lantern to his face, laughed at the pallor of it.

"You would like to see," he said, and made a movement as if to draw back the shutter at one of the spy holes.

"No, spare me that," Paul cried. He pushed the man in front of him. "Go on. I don't want to see more of this than I'm obliged. Go on, man; for heaven's sake, go."

They moved forward again, and the sobbing of a woman, which had ceased at the sound of voices, broke out again in a low wail that rose note by note to a shriek. Down they went, down, ever steadily downward.

The Serb stopped suddenly and looked up at the number burned into the wood of the door. He muttered something in an undertone, and began fumbling with the key in the lock. It turned slowly with a rasping sound, the door scraping on its hinges as he forced it back. Then, picking up the lantern from the ground, he held it high above his head and let the light flow into the cell. It flooded the whitewashed walls till they seemed charged with the brightness of magnesium. But the cell was empty! From the wall a chain with an open gyve at the end hung loose in the straw strewn about the stone floor.

Paul drew back into the passage and looked inquiringly into the face of his companion.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked. "Where is your prisoner?"

With quick distrust Paul clutched his arm.

"By heavens! If you play any tricks—" he began.

Without replying, the Serb rattled the key into the lock of the next cell.

"I don't understand," he said at length. He was laughing a little, as if at the anger of the Englishman. "We shift the prisoners from cell to cell sometimes."

"If such a change had taken place you would have known of it."

Paul felt the knuckles of dread knocking at his heart. Was he too late? What had Slana done since the morning? And the leer on his face as he passed from the Queen's chamber, purposeful, significant! But the Servian had pushed open the door of the second cell, and was focusing the light of the lantern to break the gloom. Paul moved close to him and stared in. He caught sight of something lying in the straw—a dark object in rags, torn and filthy, and with the flesh showing through the rents in them—an object which lived and moved and looked up with fluttering eyelids as the light appeared.

It was the first glimpse of the horror; the fear which he had felt up till this moment had been the outcome of sound working upon his imagination. But before him was the visible, more horrible than the imagination had pictured. The thing in the straw tha moved painfully had once been a man, but now the long white hair drooped around his shoulders, partially hiding his face. From his hands that worked convulsively in the straw the flesh seemed to have shrivelled up, leaving the knuckle-bones as points that might have been sharpened with a knife. The face was starchy white and flabby, like the flesh of dead men, with pits in the cheeks and under the eyes.

AND this thing, chained inanimate to an iron staple in the wall, was a man he had once known!

He watched recognition grow in the eyes of the prisoner, he saw the slow working of the mouth, the hands come upraised from the straw in appeal, the long fingers twisting and untwisting.

"Paul! . . . . Paul!"

The cry, the piteous shriek ran in long echoes down the vast corridors, and brought back on its wings the moans of a dozen others. It lashed Cazalet into sudden consciousness, and snatching the lantern from his companion's hand he went into the cell and held it towards the prisoner's face, so that the red-lidded eyes closed before the fierce light. Even then he could hardly believe.

The Serb caught at his arm and would have pulled him away, but he shook him off.

"He is a foreign madman," he said in Slav. "Come away. He talks all day about something; at times he raves. We don't understand. He's mad, I tell you. He'll die soon. He's dying now. Can't you see?"

The figure in the straw tried to raise himself to his knees, only to fall back with a little cry of exhaustion.

"Paul," he whimpered. He was gripping Cazalet's legs with his feeble hands. "Paul, you come to set me free! . . . I remember now."

He seemed to be looking past Cazalet to the wall beyond, as if he were studying some mental picture reflected there. And still Paul did not answer. Instead, he stooped down and caught the chain that bound the wretched man, tore at it, stamped with his rough boots upon the staple in the wall till a cloud of rust rose in a powder to his nostrils.

He turned upon the Serb. The hideous face of the man was puckered in a smile of derision.

"THAT chain held a man for forty years," the brute told him. "He died when he had almost rasped through one of the links. He strove for years, and we repaired the link in an hour. The folly of it all!" He shook his head. "No, such a chain will not give up its new captive in a few weeks."

Paul clenched his fist threateningly.

"Set him free!" he exclaimed. "Do you Servian pigs know what you are doing, or are you a race of maniacs? Set him free. He's an Englishman. Lord Penstone—my uncle!"

The Servian grew grave; surely his friend wa jesting.

"Your uncle here, m'sieu!" He chuckled over the jest and found it good. "All Englishmen are related in a foreign land. Yes, m'sieu, that is the spirit of a patriot!"

Lord Penstone sank back in the straw wearily, and in a moment Cazalet had turned and caught the Servian by the throat.

"Set him free, or I'll kill you!" he cried.

He swung the hairy brute against the wall of the cell, but the man broke aside and was free.

When Paul, turning his back upon him, knelt down and lifted Lord Penstone's head to his knee, the old peer was babbling again and laughing like a child playing with the toys of memory.

"I remember that night in the rose-garden at Penstone—she was there—Irma—I remember there was a strong moon, and I watched her face change—I wanted a son, I told her. Yes, I remember that."

"Go on," said Paul. It seemed to him that he was on the threshold of confession. Things became obvious to him as he listened to the senseless chatter; incidents, the whole string of past events, formed in his mind, took definite shape and place. He bent lower. He uttered sympathetic words—words of courage, of promise.

"The night in the rose-garden . . . what did she say to you?" he asked quietly.

He felt the clammy hands of the other creeping up his wrist like the grasp of some cold-blooded thing, some creature wet from the sea.

"I can't remember—I can't remember—"

The old man's hold relaxed. He had swooned. The mouth dropped, white, waxen lids closed over the filmy eyes. A crisis had arrived; Paul knew it, sensed the coming of death. This man, whom he had believed dead and yet lived, might never speak again.

With a sudden inspiration Paul approached the Serb. He slipped his hand into his pocket and produced a little roll of notes, then unrolled them slowly, and

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watched the effect upon the brute face of the other.

"That man's dying; you know it, I know it. He will not live till morning," he said.

"No," said the Serb.

"He is your prisoner?"

"Yes, my prisoner. The prisoner of the State."

"And I want to buy a night's freedom for him; comfort, if you prefer to put it like that, till daybreak."

"No prisoner passes these gates without the King's signature on the order."

It was the Servian's last effort against temptation. But Paul saw the gleam in the vicious eyes.

"Then we will gamble for his freedom, and you, my friend, shall hold the stakes. Take these notes."

He crushed the paper into the Serb's hand.

"We will move the prisoner to your room," Paul said.

"To my room, m'sieu . . ."

"Yes, to your room—unless you would provide a better one." The firm tone quelled the remonstrance of the other. "If he lives till morning you set him free; if he dies you still hold the notes. Are you afraid of the chance?"

"Set him free? I have no power. When the Governor returned——"

"A note on your records that the prisoner had died—and who knows? But if he lives till morning I will double the sum you hold the moment he leaves the prison. Does that interest you?"

The other nodded his head slowly.

Paul stepped back into the cell. The prisoner lay in a stupor muttering little broken sentences as if he were trying to speak the dream that was passing across the chaos of his mind.

"Come and free his legs," Paul demanded in a sharp undertone, and, producing a key from his pocket, the Servian bent over and fumbled with the rusty lock.

The Serb threw the chains apart with a clatter. Then he drew back into the passage, nervous, like a man afraid of something that would emerge from the darkness. He lent against the wall listening, and his ears, trained to the big silences of this underground pit, detected the slow tread of footsteps in the distance. He darted back into the cell, dragging the lantern along the ground, and made as if to close the door.

"PUT the chain round his ankle—I hear someone." His voice was shaking with fear.

The soft, pattering footsteps were coming nearer.

The Serb began fumbling with the light, but his trembling fingers missed the screw, and with a quick movement Paul dragged the lantern from his reach before he could put it out.

"No!" he exclaimed. "He shall have light so long as his eyes have life to see it—aye, if it costs you a century in the mines!" And with a vicious kick of his foot he sent the door crashing open again.

The Serb, trapped in a frenzy of fear, said nothing.

Paul did not heed him. He was listening to the wild muttering of the creature beside him. Lord Penstone had opened his eyes and closed them again. A weak smile rippled over his face.

A few seconds more and the dark figure of the man came into the circle of light. Paul got up, clutched the lantern, and stared into the face of Fenning. He felt no impulse to cry out; the hour of surprise was gone. And the Servian, slinking from the darkness of the cell into the light, grinned as if the weight of anxiety on his soul was at an end.

"So you, too, are in this," Paul said. His voice was loaded with menace, and he kept his eyes fixed on Fenning's.

"In what? If you thought I knew that I should meet you here, my Paul——" Fenning laughed. Had this been a prearranged meeting he could not have been more at ease.

"You probably imagined I was too poor a fool to know anything of the plot," Paul said.

"Indeed, no," Fenning replied. "We always seem to be meeting in odd places, you and I."

CAZALET swung round and let the light fall upon the prisoner in the cell.

"You knew Lord Penstone was there!"

"Good heavens, no!" Fenning came nearer and strained his eyes into the murk. "Lord Penstone—that!"

"Yes. Do you remember what you said in Paris?"

"I doubted if Lord Penstone was dead. Yes; I remember."

"And yet you say you had no knowledge."

"I do. My remark was a shot in the dark. I thought it might have been so. I knew what that woman was. But here—like this."

Fenning spoke earnestly. Liar and rogue he might be, but it was the truth now; Cazalet read as much in his face.

"I know why you are here," he said presently.

"Perhaps you do."

"To see her?"

"No."

Fenning bent over Lord Penstone and listened to his breathing. They watched him, saying nothing. He got up at length and shook his head; he had seen Death wrapping itself about the old man's face.

"We can talk afterwards," Paul said. "Help us to get my uncle away from here. We are going to take him to this man's room."

It was a long and painful process, but between them they carried him there.

Just beyond the door Paul turned to Fenning.

"I didn't know Penstone was here," he said. "I believed he was dead. I did not think this infernal trickery could have been carried so far."

"There are some things you have to learn," Fenning replied. "They will be asking questions in England soon. You had better go back."

"And leave you a clear field?"

It was the first suggestion of the enmity between them, the first demonstration on the part of either that they were foes.

"Oh, no. I was not thinking of that," Fenning said quietly.

"As a matter of fact I came here to see Jean Lorimer. I have an order from the Queen."

Fenning lifted his eyebrows.

"I am sorry," he said. "I fear you have had your journey for nothing."

It was Paul's turn to look surprised.

"For nothing? You may as well explain," he replied. "We have lost the power to hurt each other. We are both conscious of one omnipotent fact, that we love the same woman."

"You came to try to rescue her." Fenning took Paul's arm and looked closely into his face; his eyes seemed like points of flame in the semi-darkness. "I had already done that an hour before!"

"You got her out?"

"Yes, I got her out—with the help of that man." He pointed over his shoulder to the room behind them. "I merely came back to make a little settlement with him. Then you were announced. I wanted to hear what you had to say, so I quietly dropped behind the big cupboard in the corner."

"Then where is she?" Paul asked. The sudden flush of anger rushed to his cheek. "Do you think she should be trusted with you?" he burst out.

"Is there any choice in the matter, my friend?" the other returned. "She is quite safe. Satisfy yourself with that."

"Do you imagine for one moment" (Paul spoke quietly and in a voice under perfect control) "that I am going to stand by and see you tear a woman's soul to pieces to save your own? Any woman, that is—leaving her out of the argument entirely. You would drag her down, you——"

"To my level, yes," Fenning broke in. "And I care for her so much, man, that pulling her down will give me pleasure, because her victory shall be the greater on that account."

Fenning turned aside with a laugh. His fingers worried the cloth cap he held in his hand; he knew that self-control was slipping away from him.

He re-entered the room and threw something on the table. Then he came out trailing a smoking lantern in his hand. Without another word he went down the passage. A door opened and clanged again; a blast of fresh air spent itself in the staleness of the inner atmosphere.

Paul thought for a moment, then went back into the room.

It was at daybreak that Lord Penstone opened his eyes for the last time. Paul, leaning beside the couch, snatched at the broken sentences, but they conveyed nothing. The old man was still wandering in his rose-garden with a sheaf of memories. And he slipped back and died with the telling of them on his lips.

DURING the time Fenning had been present at the little tragedy in the Kalamegdan prison, Jean waited in the cottage—little more than a cavern of stones it appeared to be—for him to come to her. The events of the past two hours were confused in her mind. She had recollections of the opening of the door of her cell; of two faces looking in at her—one of which she recognised as that of Fenning—of passing emotions of fear and hesitation. Then a wild drive through the night in a cart that rocked springless as it was drawn at a gallop over the pits in the road.

She was a woman alone, waiting to be taken out of danger by Fenning whom she had despised; as helpless, she knew herself to be, as the smallest child. And if it had not been for him she might have achieved her mission and humbled Zanolich.

She crouched in the low wooden chair at the window with her head in her hands, afraid to think of the future.

She did not know that the door had opened and closed again; but she heard the man's step in the room when his boot struck against a chair. She turned, vaguely fearful of something she could not define, now that she knew Fenning had come back. He was looking at her with a strange, fierce light in his eyes. He had thrown aside his hat, revealing the profusion of black ruffled hair.

She came half-way across the room.

"Are we going now?" she asked quietly.

"Going?" he repeated after her. "Going where?"

"Well, of course you won't expect me to

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stay here for ever," she exclaimed petulantly. "You said something about getting me out of Belgrade—or have you regretted it?"

"I shall get you out, of course."

"To-night, then. Now?"

"No, not now. You would not get beyond the hills. They would catch you at the hills."

There was fear on her face, and she knew that he saw it.

"When are we going?" He hesitated, and she put the question again.

"We might attempt it to-morrow. I will find out what is happening in the city. Half Belgrade is drunk to-night, but the other half is uncommonly sober. I don't know what is taking place; there is an air of unrest everywhere."

She came a little nearer.

"You don't expect me to remain in this musty, damp room all night?" she asked.

"I'm afraid you'll have to. It's the best I can do for you."

SHE walked to the door, crept down the passage and opened the door beyond; he stood waiting in the room, wondering what she was going to do. She returned in a few minutes and stood like a ghost in the doorway.

"Where does this road go to?" she said. She pointed over her shoulder.

"To the hills. All roads go to the hills."

"And they will be watching there?"

"I told you that you would not go ten miles without capture," he answered sharply.

"Why did you bring me here?" she asked. There was strength in her voice, courage in her eyes.

"It was the only thing to do—to hide you till the chance of escape occurred."

"But why should you wish to hide me? Don't you remember how you decoyed me, tricked me?"

"Yes—I know—I cannot forget all that." He stood looking away from her.

"But you think you owe me something," she went on remorselessly. She was growing afraid of him, afraid of his sullen replies to her questions; it was fear that shaped her words. "You made a profit, we will say, by a piece of trickery, and I was the means by which you made it. And no man likes to remain in debt to a woman."

"Don't put it like that—it's brutal, unnecessary. It wasn't that," he told her. "I can't explain to you, but it wasn't that. I think my soul dropped into hell that night in Slana's room, and returned to me purged. I came to realise clearly the unutterable horror of the thing I had done. It wasn't as if you were an ordinary woman——"

"An ordinary woman?"

"I mean a woman who was nothing to me. I should probably not have suffered anything then. I should have called you a little fool for being in Belgrade at all, and have told myself that you deserved all you got."

He bent over the table and turned up the lamp a little. She saw that his fingers were shaking. She wanted to say something to make the self-imposed task easier for him; yet aware that he had no claim upon her clemency.

"You think I didn't care; to you all that happened that night was a piece of moral jugglery." He leant on the edge of the table and swung his leg aimlessly to and fro, trying to appear at his ease. "It wasn't that. And the reaction brought just as strong a desire—the desire to try and atone, however trifling the atonement might be, for what I had done to you. That is why I bribed that brute in the prison to set you free, that is why I have brought you here, why I mean to take you back to England."

"I would not go back to England—with you," she declared vehemently. "I don't think I want to go with you anywhere. Even out of here now—I'd rather be alone; to take the chance of what happened by myself. At the worst they cannot do more than you have been the means of doing."

She saw him wince beneath the words; a fleeting desire that she could recall them came over her.

"You wouldn't do it—I wouldn't let you do it!" he said, approaching. She saw the quick set of resolve about his mouth. "You've got to trust yourself to me, to-night, or for days and days, maybe. We may have to lie hidden in the mountains."

"Trust you? Do you think I would ever do that again?"

"Not now, perhaps. But from now on you've got to obey."

For a little while he waited staring at the fire he had made, then he went into the outer room, and returned, carrying a covered basket. He opened it and drew out some dried meats and bread and a bottle of wine and two glasses, and set them carefully on the table, taking care to put her plate exactly opposite to his own on the other side.

"Sit down and eat," he said. He sat down himself, knowing she would obey. "You must be famished. It's not quite a supper at Maxim's, is it? But it is the best I could do. . . . You ought to have the appetite of a horse."

She took her place opposite him and said nothing, but kept her eyes fixed on the open window. He cut off a chunk of bread for her, then gingerly helped her to some slices of meat. To him it was a meal of Lucullus; it might have been savored with the finest wines and all the skilled art of a Paris chef.

"I can't eat," she exclaimed. "It chokes me. I'm not hungry; I feel as if I could go on living without ever eating again. I suppose it's fear or something. I'm silly. Don't think I don't appreciate what you brought; it's not that. You understand."

"I THINK I do," he said. "You're only very tired of me. You hate me, but you're trying not to, trying desperately hard."

Mechanically he swept the plates to one end of the table without speaking to her again. He lounged beside the fire, wishing he could do or say something, and very conscious of disaster. The flames had expired and only a dull ember remained at one corner, and kneeling down he began to prod at the damp wood. Afterwards he wondered if it were a miracle that made her come softly round the table and bend over his shoulder and ask if she could help him. He made some inconsequent remark about her blacking her fingers, but he knew she had driven disaster from the room. Then she dropped into the rough chair by his side, and sat silently watching his profile flung out in strong relief as the flames burst upward again.

He looked up at her quickly. It might have been that he saw something in the flames, or that he had become more conscious of her presence, the magnificence of her. He rose slowly to his knees, taking her wrists in his hands and drawing her towards him till his face was very near to hers.

"Jean," he whispered hoarsely, "I love you." He buried his face in the folds of her dress. "I love you! How I love you!"

She put her hands upon his head and pushed back at him, her long fingers in his hair.

"Don't," she cried. "Don't!"

"Why not? Tell me why not!" He threw his head back and stared up at her, and, looking down, she searched the deeps of his eyes, and saw there what she had sought, what her heart told her now she had hoped for.

She drew back from him, lying half supine in his arms.

"Jean," he cried. "Jean—I want you; a sheer hulk of human wreckage though I am. I want you; want you—want you! My little world meant nothing till you entered into it; you began things for me, and with you everything ends. I would like to load you with rich treasures—the gold and frankincense of all life has to give, and I have nothing."

"You have offered me everything."

"Jean!"

"Yes," she answered him. "Everything—yourself."

TO Fanning the words brought re-incarnation. He heard the doors of the old life clang, just as he knew that the gates of the new life had opened. Something had emerged out of himself, creating and unfolding possibilities, hopes, desires—great impracticable desires.

He caught one of her hands, and, spreading it open, pressed his lips on the palm.

"I'm beginning to understand," he said. "You're teaching me—you—you maligned icicle! Nothing matters, save that the world is in two halves—the man on the one and the woman on the other. . . . Marry me, Jean!"

"I would never marry you."

"You will!" he said, gripping her wrists fiercely.

"No, never. We'd never agree. We're not babies, we can talk plain facts to each other."

The emphasis of her words changed his mood. For a moment he was silent.

"You're afraid of me," he said at last. "Afraid of the strain of rottenness in me—the rank rottenness. It's there—I know it; it's there all right."

She saw the strong love for her on his face; and yet his words still lacked conviction. A few moments before she had been on the point of surrender; the blunt, half-brutal way he had spoken to her had aroused a knowledge of the mastery of his sex in a difficult situation.

She dropped her head. He felt a hot tear fall on his hand where it clung to hers.

"Won't a lifetime of adoration and service blot it out? Is there no mercy somewhere that will make a woman forget?"

"No woman would forget—that."

"But she could condone it, and so prove the greatness of her sex. Women are doing that every day, overlooking things which a man would never shut from his mental vision. A man can't bend to forgive frailty like a woman."

She unloosed his arms and, drawing away from him, leant against the table.

"But I would never marry you," she declared again without looking at him.

"Good heavens! Am I some queer thing without an ounce of domesticity in its whole ugly soul?" he cried.

"No, it's not that. It's not you; it's I who am at fault."

"You?"

"Yes. You ought to marry a woman who'd settle down, not an adventuress! Fancy marrying a woman you remembered as a spy!"

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"Absurd!" he remonstrated.

"It's true," she argued. "The restlessness is in my blood; I can't help it. You made me what I am . . ."

"Debased you!"

"It was the effect of the things you said to me a year ago. We were talking about spies and spying. It was at Lady Castleton's. I cannot explain things to you now, but I had set out to hurt those who killed the only relative I had. And I knew, too, that the pursuit of vengeance would take me out of myself, away from the humdrum life of the average unmarried girl in her twenties. I was sick of myself, sick of every day as it came to me."

"I had forgotten all about the Castleton incident till now," he said.

"It was what you said fired my ambition. My blood was crying out for the destruction of the destroyer." She leant towards him. "I came here with the intention of using every artifice and charm of which I was capable to destroy a man."

"You?"

"Yes; I, the woman you want to marry! . . . And I've failed!"

He looked at her aghast.

"What man?"

"Captain Zanolich, of the Servian army. Hatred of him was choking my life out. He killed my brother!"

He nodded his head slowly.

"I think I understand," he said.

HE got down quickly from his perch and faced her.

"Look here, little goddess!" he cried. "Some chance words of mine fired you—wrecked you."

"Brought me here," she corrected.

"It's wreckage, if you say it makes you afraid to marry a man."

She shook her head.

"Think of the other men's wives who know what I'd been! How they'd look down on me! I wouldn't mind, but I'd hate it for you. There have been moments when I would have stopped at nothing to find things out. That's a confession you'd never be able to forget!"

"One I'd always be glad to remember, little brave!" he exclaimed. "A perfect woman would kill me with boredom. I'd have to sit and look at her and wonder if she were becoming world-soiled. But one who'd been through the whole trough of adventure! Oh, you glorious woman! It's your faults I love, your little frailties. Without your faults you'd be horrible; without your wilfulness you'd be unbearable. It's the untractability of a woman that makes her fascinating; she must obey the man in the big moments of life, and make him her slave in others. And life is mostly made up of the others!"

"I ought to loathe you—I ought not to be here," she exclaimed. "I know what I ought to do, but things, circumstances, are stronger than we are. I know I——"

"If we got our deserts how few of us would be rich!" he answered.

"Rich! Yes, that's the word. I am rich, I know that. Being loved is a form of treasure, something they can't take away from you."

His hands ran up to her shoulders, clasped at the back of her neck, and tilted her face towards him.

She laid her lips, full and open, upon his own.

"You've never kissed a man like that before," he exclaimed. "I know; a man always knows when a woman's heart throbs on her lips. And the first time—you kissed me—of your own free will!"

"It's not the first time!" She spoke quietly, a little flush ripening in her cheeks.

"Good heavens, girl! do you think I would have forgotten! Do you think I don't feel, don't know Heaven when it comes to me?"

"It was in Paris."

"In Paris?"

"Yes. That night."

"What night?"

"The night at Belleville. I never meant you to know. You were sleeping, both of you, one each side of the door, when I came out in the early morning. And I felt grateful to you both; not the old conventional gratitude—it was more than that. You weren't just friends; you looked like guardians shielding me. And I bent down and kissed you. Paul Cazalet stirred. Something aroused him. I thought he might have seen. But you—you slept on!"

"Slept on? When I might have opened my eyes in Paradise?" he said. "You kissed me! If I could get back that moment! Kiss me, Jean. Again, ten times again—like that—as if you didn't care for anyone else in the world—Jean, Jean! How cool your lips are!"

. . . . . .

He made up a couch for her with five chairs, and half closed the window so that she should not feel the draught. There was no sound in the room, only the mutter of the river life creeping in with the fan of the wind.

"It will be daylight soon. I shall sit up and think about things, and wait for the morning and you." He went to the door that opened into the adjoining room. For a moment he waited, holding the door half open, then he came back. "You're not frightened?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"No. I don't think I shall ever be afraid again," she said.

"And Nemanya comes with the cart in the morning. We can trust Nemanya. He's the only honest man in Servia. And then we'll make for Paris. Paris, Jean—that's where our lives begin, yours and mine."

He kissed her, turned down the lamp, and drew the table nearer to the rough bed he had made for her so that she might reach the light. Then he passed into the adjoining room.

For some time she sat listening to the night sounds without, and his muffled tramp in the adjoining chamber. At times the silence was so profound that she knew he rested. Her eyes closed, to open again as the scuffle of his feet began again. And then the turmoil in her brain fought with sleep, till the warring forces drew away and unconsciousness came.

Towards dawn she heard the sharp creak of a door and sat up. But nothing stirred. The shadows in the room lengthened with the growing dawn, but still the lure of the night was about her. She closed her eyes again, and slept on to the day.

IT was the sunlight, stretched like a white band of ribbon across the opposite wall, that drove the weariness from Jean's eyes when she opened them. She could see the river, a sheet of silver soft and undulating, no craft moving upon it, no sound heralding the coming of the day.

She sat up and listened. There were no signs that Fenning was stirring. The footsteps in the outer room no longer sounded, nor could she hear his breathing when she waited for a moment with her ear against the door-lintel.

She endeavored to arrange her tousled hair as deftly as she could without a mirror to aid her, and to shuffle, with a brave show of tidiness, into those garments she had discarded.

And so the minutes passed till the better part of an hour had slipped by. She began to walk noisily about the room, jostling chairs purposely in the hope that he might waken. Once she called his name, but he did not answer.

An impulse made her cross the room quickly and knock at the rough wooden door set back in the wall. But no reply came; she knocked again, and then the very silence of the place seemed to swell and grow and become almost a tangible presence. A louder blow sent a stream of echoes flooding through the house till she thumped on the woodwork to drown their mocking. She became rapidly afraid. Conviction told her she was alone. She threw open the door and found the room empty.

She knew he had gone; she knew she would never see him again. Already, while yet she stood wondering, her mind floated forward, year by year it might have been, decade by decade, striving to realise what she would think of him when those years were at an end. Would he be just a man who had passed across her orbit and left her nothing but a memory?

SOME papers flapped to and fro in the wind; one was pinned to the table by the two top corners. She tore it free from the pins, and, sitting down on a chair, began to read. It was a curious letter, modelled under great mental stress, and yet to her it was as the vivisection of a man's heart. She read it through once, half comprehending; then studied it again.

"Dear Little Lady,—I have left you, deserted you at the very moment when perhaps you most needed my help. I have gone back to Paris. You will ask why. The answer is here—Because I love you. I have spent the night realising things; I have grown to know what you mean to me, what I mean to you. And because of this I have left you for ever. You will grow to hate me because of this, and if you do I ought to thank heaven for releasing you from bondage that would mean your destruction.

"Yes, it would be destruction for you. You would have to sink down to my level—I intended at first that you should, since it would mean my salvation. When once you had fallen so far you might carry me up with you.

"I know what it would mean. I know what I am, what I have been, what I always should be. I should be ashamed of my first lapse from the new life, and I know that lapse would come. I should hate the mute forgiveness in your eyes. Cazalet talks a lot about blood-taint; I always laughed at him till to-night, but he is desperately right. I am convinced that the strain in the blood controls. And I'm not going to injure you, nor be the weight on your life. I believe it's the only decent thing I've ever done, this leaving you. If I had married you I should have wrecked you in the end, even though I worship you.

"And so I have gone back to Paris. I shall pick up the old threads where I laid them down a better man for the memory of just three hours.

"You will marry a strong man, and be happy! I want you to marry a strong man. I should know then that I had achieved something for you in leaving you. Good-bye. J.P."

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"P.S.—You can trust Nemanya. He will lead you to safety. He will take you to Semlin. Go with him and take the train thence towards England. But do not return to Belgrade."

She crushed the letter in her hand. He had gone, but she did not wish him back. She had told him her secret, and he had carried it away as if it were the spoil of combat. She thought the whole course of things over, spoke the truth to herself, and yet would not believe it. Her lips framed the word desertion; her mind distorted it into courage—the courage that means the yielding up of something that one wants—something that has become more than a desire, an obsession.

She waited in the room, regretting things she might have done, the words she might have spoken. If she had sat beside him all through the night, just as he had sat outside her door that night in Paris! She was as much his guardian as he had been hers when he slept wounded at her lintel. She ought to have talked things out to him to a finish, influencing him, bending his will towards the path she had mapped out for themselves.

She heard the grinding of the cartwheels at last in the rough road without. A moment more and Nemanya was in the room, his hat in his hand, his heavy footsteps sounding through the silent house. He was surprised to find her alone, and yet there was no accounting for the movements of lovers; sixty years in the world had taught him that.

"You have come for me," she said. "He said you would come."

She had spoken in English, and he shook his head.

"Where are you going to take me?" she asked in French.

"The road to the hills is guarded. We cannot go there." He smiled at her dainty accent. He had never believed an Englishwoman could be so pretty.

"Where, then? Tell me?"

"I do not know. There is danger everywhere."

"And the railway, how far?"

"TWO miles." He held up his hands. "Ah, it would be impossible. Every train is watched."

"Take me anywhere, then. I do not care. Go to Belgrade."

Sudden decision quickened in her. She would not go to Paris. It might be harsh judgment upon him, but it was the dictate of her mood, and she felt the cruelty inborn in every woman urging her. She would not go to Paris. And it might mean years of regret that she had not gone; she realised that even now.

"You would be putting your head in a trap in Belgrade to-day," the Serb said.

"I do not care."

"There is little safety anywhere—alone."

"Oh, yes, there must be some refuge in a city like that."

The complacent smile spread over his features again.

"There is one place to which I could take you," he suggested.

"Yes, yes."

"It's a vessel at the riverside. You would be secure there."

"Why?"

"You could hide—you would be practically alone till you could reach the railway. You would be safe there—I think so. But nowhere else. No, I should not have earned my money if I took you anywhere else. The good monsieur would call me to account if I took risks."

"On a ship in the river?" she asked dully. Her eyes wandered aimlessly across the opposite wall.

"Yes. She does not sail for a week. The captain is a friend of mine. He will look after you, and I should always be at hand when you wanted me. It is the one place where you could hide."

"Take me there," she answered indifferently.

He led the way out to the road and she followed him. The weak light of the early sun was gleaming in her eyes when they started along the road towards the white city. At this moment it looked like the city of hope.

FOR two days Paul Cazalet searched Belgrade, burrowing into all the secret corners in which he believed Fenning might be taking refuge with the girl he loved in his custody. He feared the mercilessness of the man, a dread of what he might impose upon her. His brutal outspokenness that night in the prison was but an index to the extremes a rank nature was prepared to go. He haunted the riverside, the sickening stench-reeked alleyways that crept thin and tapering down to the water, the Turkish coffee-houses in the old town, with their brazen fronts and dens of iniquity behind—he searched them all with eyes that never tired or faltered. But of those for whom he searched all trace was lost. The white city of the south had swallowed them up.

He got back to his hotel late on the night of the second day after he had explored the depths of the Kalamegdan prison. Lord Penstone's body lay at the Embassy awaiting the necessary papers from England; a dilatory Skoupshtina was busy meanwhile considering a weak apology for an English peer finding his way to a Servian prison at all. It had been an accident of safety; every government would understand that. And the widow would be compensated.

Paul found a small pile of letters on his table. He opened them slowly one by one. The first was from Lady Chesney in London, and addressed to his old chambers in Piccadilly. She deplored the dullness of the season, and begged him if he were in Paris to hasten home that his presence might lend interest to her drawing-rooms. Another letter came from Scotland—a note from the agent at Penstone, saying that a dozen local officials wanted him to return and investigate a little problem that was puzzling them. He pitched the letter across the table with a laugh.

"So they've got on the scent at last," he muttered. "And about time they did. Dunderheaded idiots! They smell a fraud somewhere, and are afraid to call in even the local policeman."

Four other letters remained; he took them in rotation. A moneylender's advice as to how to have money by taking up five thousand upon note of hand alone, a piano-tuner's plaintive request that he might be allowed to tune the piano in Cazalet's chambers which he did not possess, and a whisky advertisement. The last letter of all bore no stamp. It was in a grimy envelope and had evidently been delivered by hand. He ripped it open quickly.

"Come at once to the steamer Kruna lying beside the quay. You are in grave peril. Do not attend any further meetings till you have seen me.—Jean Lorimer."

He read the letter thrice, and laid it out on the table before him.

"What the devil! Steamer Kruna! Some old barge. What is she doing there? And Fenning, too, I wonder!"

He got up and groped for his hat and stick. To him it was a call from the dark. She was there; that was all he cared. She might be in danger; he could not tell. But she had remembered him, warned him of some unforeseen peril, the existence of which he was unaware. The letter was like her voice speaking to him; he felt the consciousness of her somewhere close at hand; the very loneliness of her leapt from the letters scrawled over the page. He hurried down the stairs and out into the city.

The gloom gathered as he pressed against it. He reached the quayside where the black sluggish waters went rolling into the light and out again, chuckling against the stone steps, gurgling and sucking at some wooden staging. The moon dropped from a bank of cloud like a rich jewel shaken out of a lucky-bag, and sent a million tiny shafts of light quivering among the masts of ships. And Cazalet moved slowly, cautiously, with his eyes searching every vessel till at last he found the one he sought.

A narrow gangway connected it with the shore, and he went quickly across, and stood on the deck waiting for a moment to be accosted. Then he started towards the companion-way, and suddenly found himself staring into the face of a man who had been crouching behind a bale of merchandise.

"You have an English girl here. Take me to her."

He spoke in Serb, and the man glanced at him doubtfully. But the scrutiny seemed to convince him of Paul's nationality, for he led the way down the stairs to the cabin. He passed along the dark alleyway, Paul following at his heels. There was no lamp burning, but the moonlight broke in patches over the teak walls. Then he stopped and knocked softly at a door; it was partly open, and Paul saw a girl emerging from the gloom.

"Miss Lorimer," he muttered as the man disappeared down the corridor.

"You're safe!"

HE was grateful for the note of anxiety in her voice. He followed her into the cabin and closed the door.

She turned up the lamp and stood looking at him.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "How you've changed! The torture of that prison must have nearly driven you mad."

"Oh, don't talk about that," she said, breathlessly. "We've only a few minutes to spare."

"Why?"

"He'll be coming back. And I suspect that man."

"What man?"

"The captain here. They must be searching for me, I think. He eyes me so closely, watching me as a cat does a mouse, yet professing all the time friendship for me. I know he would sell me if he could find a purchaser."

Paul tried to laugh away her fear.

"I will get you out of here," he exclaimed. "You would be safe with me."

She said nothing.

"You won't trust me?" he asked.

"Yes, I would. I think I'd trust any Englishman now. I suppose I'm broken by that prison life or something. I've got to the don't-care stage; I know that I'm not so afraid of that prison as I thought I

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was. The other ship is beginning to suspect."

She was talking a little incoherently. The wild look in her eyes, the words she uttered without any connecting link made him afraid of what was happening to her.

"Where's Fenning?" he said.

"Gone. Gone to Paris."

"He got you out—out of the prison, I mean?"

"Yes. He got me out."

"What about this other ship?"

He pushed her gently into a chair, and watched her bend over the table and bury her head in her hands. She sat like that for a moment, breathing heavily, and with little fits of shivering passing over her.

"It was moored close to us, and I could hear all that passed in the cabin," she answered him. "Remember, our ship was supposed to be deserted, with only two men on board at times to look after her."

SHE got up and pulled back a small curtain, disclosing a port-hole through which he could see the river.

"The other vessel was just there, only a few yards between us. And men would come to her in boats, two or three at a time. It seemed so strange that, inspired with distrust as I am, I used to wait here in the dark and watch from the corner of the curtain. I thought at first they were coming to take me back to that awful place again. I don't think I was frightened. I think I just wanted the suspense to end."

He listened to her amazed.

"You mean that men have been meeting there."

"Yes."

"What men?"

"The conspirators. Those who are going to kill the Queen."

"Kill the Queen! What are you saying!"

"They've been there two nights—for about an hour each time."

"You heard what they said?"

"Yes, most of it. I could not hear everything, of course, but the voice carries far over water."

"Who are they?" He began to walk up and down, snapping out the questions at her.

"That I cannot tell you. To begin with it was seldom I saw anyone; I simply heard that muttering going on, then one voice raised higher than another. Finally they would come off in the boats again. But I know they are going to try to kill you to-night."

"So you brought me here?"

"Yes. . . . That night you met me outside the palace—you did not know where I had been?"

He stopped and looked at her.

"No," he said. "I didn't think you wanted to tell me."

"I had been to Colonel Slana's rooms."

The expression on his face changed, but she did not flinch.

"To Colonel Slana's rooms?" he asked hoarsely.

"Yes."

"I heard as much, but I would not believe it. If it hadn't been for the presence of the Queen I would have killed the man for the accusation."

"Why?" she said. "Why?"

"Because you would never have gone there—of your own free will. What did you know of Slana that you should go there? And women of your kind don't go to the rooms of strangers."

"But supposing I was compelled to go?"

"What should compel you?"

"Belief in myself, belief that I was going to achieve something by going. I believed I should hear things which would have helped me."

"Tell me what you have gained by going?"

"I have probably saved your life. Shall they say then that I came to Servia for nothing?" She passed her handkerchief nervously over her dry lips. "Listen," she said. "I heard there what you were. You are the man who is playing the part of Captain Galatz. You were attending these meetings in the Rue d'Or. They believed in you, the conspirators would make you their tool so long as it pleased them. And you were content because you had an Englishman's curiosity to inquire into other people's business, and found it more fascinating than your work at home. Do you think I don't know what manner of man you are—I who have watched your career unfold itself?"

"You advised me not to come to Servia, I admit that," he said. "It is because you took that much interest in me that I came. Tell a man who loves a woman that he is afraid of danger, and you kill fear at once. And in advising me not to come to Servia you implied that I should find fear at the end of the journey. Is this the end of the journey being here with you like this? If so, I'm glad. For I'm going to take you back to England whether you wish it or not."

"I don't think you are. I've changed my mind. I'm not going to England, I'm going to Paris."

"To Paris?"

"Yes. I feel that everything calls me to Paris, the restlessness in my blood, the cry of it for excitement, life. I should hate England now. I want to feel Paris rushing past me in its mad, reckless fashion, the ever moving—the going on——"

"You would tire of it," he told her. "You would get unutterably tired of it all too soon. Already I am tired of Belgrade."

"Because your throne is usurped. The real Captain Galatz is already in the city. I heard them say so on that ship last night. Come over here."

She went across to the window again, and deftly drew back the curtain. Then, leaning to one side, she pointed down the river.

"You see that ship there—about two hundred yards away?"

"Yes."

HE could just see the black hull of the vessel standing out in the moonlight.

"That is it—it was moored quite close here until this morning. I think they suspect us; they've seen someone come aboard, or discovered that I was hidden here."

"And this man Galatz is in Belgrade?" he asked, going back to the table.

"Yes. You duped them, but you've been found out."

"There was no suggestion of such a thing two days ago. What has happened since I do not know. I should have learned all this to-night when I went to the passage in the Rue d'Or."

"And it was then they were going to kill you," she answered.

"But I shall still go—to find out."

"You won't," she cried. "I'd lock you in here first." He looked into her blazing eyes and knew that for the moment she was dictator. "I heard what they said," she went on. "The meeting is at ten."

"In half an hour," he replied, looking at his watch.

"And you are not going to rob me of my achievement. I have other uses for you."

She came closely up to him and put a hand on his arm.

"Do you know why I have been keeping you here like this? To save you from further folly. You came prepared for adventure, and you shall have your fill of it to-night. They are going to the palace after midnight, these scoundrels, to force the abdication of the King and to kill the Queen. Five hundred Austrian agents poured into Belgrade yesterday; they are scattered throughout the city. Five hundred of them, the first breath of wind that heralds the tornado."

"Five hundred Austrian agents here? In Heaven's name, why?" he gasped.

"Only Austria knows that. And you represent Austria. Tell me the reason?"

He hated the look she threw at him—a look of conquest, of better knowledge.

"AUSTRIAN influence was to save the Obrenovitch dynasty," he replied. "The man who sent me suspected that murder would be done unless it could be prevented. But Austrian agents in the city! Slana is too cautious for that."

She crossed the cabin and turned the key in the lock. And she stood there clutching the handle of the door behind her.

"You know me—know why I came," she said quickly. "I was on the side of freedom, but not freedom by murder. Moreover, there was another reason. There was one man in Servia I wished to meet. But let that pass. What I have seen and what I have heard is knowledge enough for me. Five hundred Austrians stirring up strife after the chaos brought about by assassination, an army flung across the river to restore order and incidentally to remain in Servia! Cannot you see how you in your turn have been duped? How Servia may sell herself into bondage to-night?"

"If I thought you had facts behind your argument," he began.

"Facts!" she retorted quickly. "I have knowledge—I heard these things. You probably take me for an imaginative little fool. But I have never had so much common sense in all my life as I have now. We've all been playing a big game, but now we're down to the bedrock of hard solid reasoning and action. We've got to do something, we cannot philander any longer. You would like nothing better than to go into a hotbed of murder, even if you received your deserts for your trickery on these men. You would probably perish thinking yourself a martyr to a cause. But I can see farther than you. Go to the palace, to Slana, to any official you can trust—better still, to the King or Queen—and tell them what an English girl who is really only a pawn in the game has heard, and that she knows what is going to happen. Convince them. If I were a man I'd risk anything. You don't mend things by letting fanatics loose. You've got to go. It's your great chance."

"A wild-goose chase," he said.

"And I who came here hoping for the overthrow of the autocrats and the freeing of Servia send you on it. How do you reconcile that to my principles? There is danger, of course—grave danger for you. I have not overlooked that. You're not afraid; you're not that type."

"I believe I would go anywhere if you wished it," he said. "But I think you're overwrought. You imagine things. Galatz may be in Belgrade, five hundred Austrians—probably humble trippers bent on an out-

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ing—may be in Belgrade, but I don't think they have come to murder yet. But I'll go, if——"

She unlocked the door and pulled it slightly open.

"If"——she said.

"I was going to make an impossible bargain," he interrupted.

"And I to put you on your honor. You can't bargain with honor."

"No," he answered. "I know that. But I'm going for you. I don't believe in your augury, but I'm going for you. I don't suppose I'd bother my head what happened now if it weren't for you."

"YES, you would," she replied, and gripped his hand as he passed her in the doorway.

"You'll leave Belgrade?" he asked, turning to her.

"Yes. I told you I was going to Paris."

He said nothing further, but went slowly up the companion-way. He knew she was following him, he heard the rustle of her dress, and was conscious of her presence, of the perfume of her floating up to him on the hot wind, the gladness that she was near. And he believed in some intuition which told him that he would never see her again; indeed to him this was the hour of farewell. But this going out on some service for her was the manner in which he would have passed from her life had he been given the choice. It was the crumb of consolation which the gods had thrown to him.

"You'll work when you get to England; you'll go back into the old swim," she was saying.

"Yes. There's a finality about work; it's the sort of alternative we have held up to us, a sop when everything else fails. I suppose I'll fall into the old rut just as I might put on an old coat again."

"To find it fit you better than you ever dreamed. You'll run England some day!"

He laughed.

"May the heavens fall first! I couldn't stand the solitude of being the best badgered man in the country—alone."

"You won't be alone," she said.

"I will. You know I will. I've met you."

She looked up at him, her white face framed in the dark.

"And if Fate lets things be as we plan them that will have helped you. I'll watch you fighting the old battle, a stern, brave fight you always made of it, and I'll be proud of you. You won't know it, but I will be. That's a woman's perquisite, this pride; something she hugs to herself and puts away in a little jewel-case in her heart."

"If I thought it was that," he began, but she clutched his sleeve quickly and drew him back into a corner.

"Look there!" she whispered. She bent close to him till her lips were near his face, and pointed out across the water.

He fixed his eyes on the silent vessel ahead, and saw a group of men coming down the stone-flagged quay towards it. A light appeared at the ship's side; it guided them. They were bending forward and moving slowly as if they carried a heavy weight. They reached the vessel and went scuffling across the gangway, six of them in all, dragging and pushing at something that hung shapeless between them. Cazalet heard the hard footfalls on the deck; a silence followed, and then a heavy splash.

He hurried to the rail, yet crouching there could see nothing. Down the river he watched some circles broadening out across the water till they disappeared, and the glassy surface grew placid again. He expected to see a man swimming, but nothing moved.

He was about to draw away when a black object bobbed up from the shadow at the side of the Kruna. It dropped into the darkness again, only to reappear a few yards from where he stood, floating slowly down with a thin wash of water rippling over it. In the moonlight it was white and ghastly. A cry was on his lips. He bent over and stared at the thing as it went past.

A man's face. And he recognised every feature.

"Good Lord!" he almost screamed. "Nichodim!"

The dead thing floated away into the dark, leaving him standing there with the cold sweat beading his forehead. They had trapped him, Nichodim, the little wizened spy of the Rue de la Save! Verily the dread work of the night had begun.

IF you know your Belgrade you know the "Srbski Kruna." Mayhap you have sat at one of the little tables on its verandah and sipped coffee and slivovita while a band in the Kalamegdan gardens opposite plays the dreamy, intoxicating melodies of the south. You roll yourself up in your chair and watch the night come down and the lights pop out. And ever the music goes on ceaselessly, now soothed, now crescendo as the warm wind carries it towards you.

To-night the cafe was crowded. In the smoke-haze at the back of the room were the laughing faces of women. But around the tables on the verandah a number of men crouched over their glasses and spoke in undertones, and laughed aimlessly. Someone brought a light, but they sent him away. They wanted the gloom, the shadowy faces of their companions rather than the white glare that revealed the fear written across them.

A woman passed out and turned with a jest at the clustered figures.

"I sent two notes to you, pig of a fellow," she whispered into the ear of a young lieutenant. "You forgot even to raise your glass. Such manners for a suitor!"

He reached across his chair and swung his arm round her and pulled her near to him, till the reek of her scent was in his nostrils.

"You're wonderful to-night, Helene," he exclaimed. "And what eyes! Like those stars out there." He clutched her wrist. "Kiss me," he implored.

He fought for her red lips so close to his own, but she struck him lightly across the face.

"So much for you!" She was laughing at his discomfiture. "You couldn't make love to-night if you tried ever so hard. Your head's too heavy. And you'll be like a bear in the morning!"

She sprang away from him as he lurched to his feet, and, catching her arm, dragged her to himself by brute strength.

"Kiss me, you glorious witch!" he cried. She struggled with him in mock anger, and beat her little fists against his tunic, but his hot lips found refuge on her own. "Thousand devils!" he exclaimed. "Those lips were made for a man to kiss!"

He flung her arm wide and stood away from her, devouring her with his heavy-lidded eyes. A roar of laughter went up from his companions.

"Such courage, Jovan, you'll want it to-night!" cried one.

"He won't kiss the other woman, not he," said the second.

"Not he, the dog!"

"Fill his glass, you fool. It'll teach him sense till the morning."

A crimson liquid splashed into the glass of the lieutenant, filled it and ran over. The youth dropped heavily into his chair again with a grunt of content and watched the woman as she passed out, now turning to throw a grimace at him. But the incident had stirred his blood; it struck the key of the situation. He lolled back, breathing in heavily the night air; he sucked at the wine, but a sudden spasm of fear gripping him, his teeth rattled against the glass.

"How I wish it were morning!" he muttered.

Someone looked at his watch.

"Ten o'clock. Two hours more to go. Oh, stop that infernal band. No, the Draga March again. By Heavens, yes; Kasnitch, call for that march, or I'll spread your brains on the table!"

Kasnitch got up slowly. He turned and scattered a string of oaths, but no one heeded them. Then he went slowly out, only to roll back again as the Draga March restarted.

They shuffled their feet on the floor to the tune of it. A heavy, scarlet-faced rogue, his eyes glittering like those of a wild beast, produced a revolver and began to beat time with the butt on the table. A glass was raised. They drank, every man of them, some mysterious toast which only half of them understood. An empty bottle was hurled spinning across the floor.

"That toast again!" A man in the far corner had raised his glass above his head, and it shivered in the cold palsy of fear that shook his hand. "That toast again. To-night! We never lived till to-night. To freedom—to Servia!"

Fear fought with the mad fever of intoxication. The hours crawled past, and they waited, holding their breath till their lungs ached, while the echo of the chiming quarters died away. The heat of the night swept their faces with a warm dew. One, swayed by a passing mood of panic, clutched his glass till the stem broke. The church was going to strike again; he knew it by his watch.

They counted the strokes one by one.

"Twelve!"

"Midnight." It was a weak voice, drink-strangled and trembling.

"Rue Milan. Quick, you pigs!"

They struggled up, a table was overturned; there was a smash of glass and an oath. A sword dragged over stone steps; the click of a revolver sounded. And as they swept out of the door they could see the red ring that clung about the moon as if it were a coronal of blood.

Into the pitch black of the street they went, grotesque figures that seemed to leap and roll. A woman drew away from them with a frightened cry, but no one noticed her. They rushed on like hungry sleuth hounds, drink maddened, afraid, yet brave with the courage of cowards. The walls threw back the echo of their scuffling feet.

AND from a distant street came the rumble of artillery over cobbles.

Meanwhile Paul Cazalet had hurried up the steep street from the river towards the guard-house where he knew he would find Colonel Slana, panting as he ran. Personal enmity, his inborn dislike of the man, were effaced. He was charged with a mission, a woman had sent him, and it was not the moment to heed such things.

As he entered the King Milan Street a battery of artillery was coming slowly

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down. A strange hush lay over the city; the few idlers in the street hung at the kerb asking questions which no one could answer.

"The King is in danger!" A man had said it, and an echo seemed to carry the words to those who waited.

The troops came on to unlimber at the corner of the palace. Men looked at each other and glanced at the set faces of their officers. A hundred questions were unanswered, a hundred more remained unspoken. What did the call mean—where was the King? The Queen had abdicated—rumor had told them that. But the King—where was the King?

Cazalet went onward to the palace gate. The sentry studied his letter of mark carelessly. He was tired to death of the fuss, and the languor of the night made his eyes heavy. Colonel Siana was probably in bed. But the Englishman could go and inquire.

IN a quarter of an hour Paul was facing the colonel in his rooms. He was fully dressed, there was no trace of fear on his face. He heard the Englishman's story calmly and without interruption, or even surprise. He told himself it was no more than he had expected. He had warned the King, he had endeavored to convince the Queen. But they had laughed. And now the hour had come.

"To the palace!" he said. He charged his revolver and slipped it beneath the flap of his tunic. "Quick, you must follow me. The King may believe you. I have failed. I've done my best, but I've failed. Only the intervention of God . . ." His voice trailed off; Paul caught the note of emotion in it.

"At least we can urge them to escape," he said. "It's the only chance. We've got to do it. Those troops are not lining the streets for nothing."

They passed through a door and down a long corridor, Paul following close at the heels of the other. Then of a sudden they came to a full stop as an explosion shook the very foundations of the building. The blast of it seemed almost to beat them off their feet.

"Dynamite!" Siana cried. "They've blown the door down!" He plunged on through a maze of passages, looking into rooms, the doors of which swung idly open in the dark. The hot breath of the night wind came to them through open windows, bearing with it the acrid smell of explosive. He plunged up a staircase, Paul stumbling after him, revolvers drawn, blood racing, and teeth gripping into set lips. From afar came a scream; they heard the rush of feet over thick carpeted floors. A shot was fired—two.

In that wild moment when life became a mere thing that depended on the cast of the dice, Paul felt a friendship stirring in him for the man at his side. His every action, his courage, seemed to clothe him with the cloak of dignity; his reverence for the monarchy had become a creed.

He knew he was going to his death; Paul read it in his face. For the shots were growing louder, explosion followed explosion, bullets splintered through doors far down the long corridors, and cries and oaths mingled in a vehement roar of passion. Swords were rattling against door lintels and crashing through the glass of pictures, but the colonel never faltered. He was one man going to meet a score, and he went on—his hand a little firmer on his clutched revolver maybe—a stronger set about his lips, but fear was dead in him. A rush of black figures swept across a corridor in an overwhelming body into a darkened room, and without a word of farewell he went in to meet them.

"A candle! For heaven's sake, bring a light!"

Paul heard the cry from a distant room. And at the same time there rang out an appeal for help in his own tongue. He could just see the huddled figure of a woman lying prone upon the floor of a salon as he peered in through the darkness. The colonel had disappeared; he felt as if a firm friend had passed from him for ever. But in the dim shadow of the room he held up a woman, and tried to staunch the blood where it rolled in giant beads over her white dress.

Muffled shots came from the streets, shot after shot answered them from the Queen's boudoir beyond. Men were stampeding there, maddened with the lust of killing.

"Find the cattle! If they escape—by the Cross if they escape!"

In the darkness they were groping round the room, kicking against furniture, and sprawling over objects that lay unseen in in their path. The cascade of shattered glass never ceased where revolvers were blindly fired at pictures. And then came the zip of leather, a sword was plunged through a richly upholstered divan—the crash of rare china dashed into the metal grates; laughter, oaths of derision, of balked vengeance, curses upon a thousand saints that forbade their fingers to find candles. A match was struck, a faint flicker sputtered up against a wolfish face, lighting to frenzy the murder in the eyes.

A little circle of figures stood round the candle while the wick caught the flame. They were defeated no longer; with a light they could find and kill. They moved in one body towards the door that led into the bedroom, and before it they saw the waiting man. Siana stood there, the revolver in his hand, his face white, but the expression upon it was not of fear, but rather of conquest. In the finer moments of his life he had marked out in his imagination a death for himself, a death that would come to him in service to a monarchy which, in his mind, had the sanctity of a superstition. Rights and wrongs—he had nothing to do with these. Alexander may have ruled wisely or with the hand of a tyrant, for this he had no care. It was not the hour of judment, but of duty; the yielding up of life that those who came after him and bore his name might yet place a laurel to his memory in sincerity.

"We want to pass. Out of our path, pig!"

A MAN with a shaking hand was holding the candle up so that the light of it fell across the colonel's face. But he never moved. A sword-point pressed against his tunic, yet his mouth was firm.

"Go back," he said simply. "Go back before I kill you!"

It was the challenge of an ant to a mountain. A roar of laughter greeted it, the sword-point dropped, the jest was too good to be spoiled by a clot of blood. This man should live; he should make merry at the funeral rejoicings!

It was the ribaldry that roused the colonel's blood to action. Of a sudden he moved, his arm lifted, and he fired once, twice at those before him. Two men dropped, a third struck the weapon from his hand and drove his sword through the colonel's shoulder. Yet he went on. With clenched fist he struck at the white, bloodless faces, hammered into the eyes of them as if he would have beaten the life away. And with the start of blood he rushed forward; some fell and clung about his legs, dragging him down, and still he fought. Now he half rose to his feet, hands clutching at him, finger nails digging bloody into his flesh. A revolver was flung at his face but he dodged, and struck a fierce jab at the man who had aimed it so that he dropped with his hands up.

The moments sped, and yet he lived. His face was beaten out of shape with the batter of knuckles and weapons, but, blind and bleeding, he drove his fist like the piston of some great machine that should kill with every blow. A man's wrist snapped in his grip, when the sight had passed from his eyes for ever. So he fought; it was his hour. And he died smiling, just as he had wished to die, with men hurt and bleeding around him, men whom he had crippled by the sheer force of his hands, with the bare bones of his knuckles from which the flesh was stripped.

THE human tide surged on over the broken body of a hero. It rushed from room to room, the steady encroach of destruction unsatiated. Rare hangings, gorgeous silks from the East, were torn out, only to clog the feet of those who pressed forward; a hundred art treasures lay in fragments, the sport of the cavalry boots that ground them to powder into the thick carpets. And above the sounds of destruction and the oaths of thwarted vengeance came the howl of men's voices without, just as a mob might clamor for some evidence of their leaders' work. Pity was dead, justice became an elementary superstition. It was the hour of beasts.

One man, his face wizened in frenzy, was firing at the large portrait of the dead King Milosch—firing into the eyes that looked down at him as if they had been the eyes of a living man. Another sprawled across a writing table in the Queen's boudoir, tearing the fragile drawers into splinters of wood with his clawlike hands, and rending the letters they contained into a thousand fragments. But there came no sound of the hidden quarry, only the cries from without, "Hurry! For the love of Heaven, hurry!"

The tide turned and ebbed back upon its path—back through those rooms again, back over the shambles of broken glass and china, back down the stairs into the chill air.

"To the new palace—they've hidden there!"

"To the new palace!" The very trees seemed to whisper it as they shivered in the wind.

Black capering figures—a dozen—two-score—went scampering across the courtyard, blacker than the shadow, and murder made them blacker still. It needed but the glare of hell and a man might have told his fellow that he had seen the Pit.

A shot sounded—an officer stood pointing his smoking weapon up at a window.

"Back, you fools! They're there! The Queen called for help!"

A woman's cry for help, and the answer—a shot that shattered the glass about her face! And the maddened rabble was pouring back once more. They scaled the stairs—a door that had blown to in the wind and caught on the latch was burst down.

"More candles! They're behind this window." It was a scream of frenzy.

But for a woman's cry of despair the double windows of the palace would have held their secret. And now the mob had

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reached the room, which, searched before, had yielded nothing. They overturned the furniture—one, his revolver outstretched, tore down the curtains and drew back at what he saw. The man and the woman hiding there crouched, white-faced, half-clothed. The black hair of the Queen hung loose about her shoulders; her eyes were pits of fire. And quickly as the light broke in upon them she drew in front of her husband.

"Spare your King! . . . I will go . . . I'm not afraid. I . . ."

Two revolvers snapped. A volley broke out . . . The last of the House of Obrenovitch lay huddled on the floor.

They hurled the body of the King through the window, and told each other they had freed Servia. They slashed a woman to pieces, and laughed at their courage.

"It's finished, mon vieux!" said a colonel, wiping his sword on the rug. "Finished! And the air breathes the cleaner for it. That we should have been plagued with such swine!"

He glanced at himself in the cracked mirror, and was aghast at the pallor of his face. But the lieutenant spoken to had edged towards the door. He was shivering with excitement and the fear of some unnameable horror.

"I don't like the flavor of this room." He spat on the thick carpet. "It's rank."

"Not I." The colonel passed his tongue across his parched lips. He glanced over his shoulder towards the window, and went out and joined the group of figures standing at the head of the stairs, muttering in frightened whispers. "That's what it is—rank," he said to the man beside him. "Let's go and get a brandy! This taste of river mud makes me sick!"

THEY passed down the stairs one after the other. No one spoke. But some were conscious of the presence of dead things that followed them from the dark corners, and laid clammy hands upon their shoulders. Across their faces came the sweep of cold winds.

But the day was dead; to-morrow the episode would be but a memory. And what a tale for the cafes in the morning!

Even now a few of them felt the drape of laurels.

In a room close at hand Paul Cazalet held the yielding form of Irma, Lady Penstone, in his arms, while with every shudder she gave the life ebbed from her. Only the light from a lamp in the courtyard showed him her face where it lay couched against his shoulder.

"I didn't know it would be like this," she said brokenly.

He lifted her up a little to ease the words upon her lips. She opened her eyes and fixed them on his own.

He said nothing, but looked at her, wondering at the strange jugglery of circumstance that had brought them together here. About them the building was very still. He knew the King was dead, for death seemed to be stalking through the dark corridors, and he could hear the voice of tragedy in the silence. Outside was clamor and confusion, shouts, the rumble of wheels, cheers, the cries of frightened people where the guns, in the mad ecstasy of delight displayed by their drivers, would have run them down. A child crying somewhere out there in all this vast wilderness of disturbance, a clattering horse on the stones beneath the window—a strange conflict of sounds. And within, the great silence that he listened to, and only a woman's sobbing breath breaking through it.

He saw the pallid light reveal the beauty of her face. "You are a beautiful woman. I never knew it till now," he could have told her, but his lips forbade the message. She had not recognised him, and for that he was glad. In this surfeit of tragedy, he needed no more lest the cup brim over.

He reached out his hand and grasping the carafe of water put it to her lips, and held it there while she sipped. Then she turned her head away.

"They shot me!" she muttered at last.

"An accident," he breathed in her ear. "Men don't shoot women on purpose."

Her lips moved; she gathered her strength.

"But they kill them—kill them nevertheless—strangle their souls. And what do we ask for? We love; we are loved."

"OF such is the kingdom of earth. It's what we need above everything," he said, as much to ease his own aching heart on the mood of the moment as to humor her. "You feel easier now?"

"Yes—a little."

"I'm glad," he said. "You'll be better soon," but he knew she would not live till the day.

"It was all for his ambition," she said a little joyously, disregarding the promise he had made to her.

"His ambition? Whose?"

"Captain Zanolich."

"Why for his?"

"He could not marry me. But he wanted money—money for the cause. I married that I might fill his hands with gold."

"Your husband's money?"

"Yes, my husband—poor fool. Yet not so great a fool as I. To-day Lazar told me that he hated me—he had never loved me. He wanted power and position for another woman—this English girl he had made love to, and whom they threw into the Kalamegdan. I had helped him to it; unconsciously for this I had worked. How foolish we women are!"

"You loved him," he said, controlling his voice with difficulty. He swept her hair back from her forehead.

"Heaven would not question that. I loved him. Why do we women love like this?"

"It's the one almighty law of nature that the woman shall give everything for the man she loves. She doesn't choose."

The violet eyes opened and closed again, a smile wavered about her lips.

"For him success was everything," she said. "And I helped him to it. I gave him what his own hands could not reach. I stopped at nothing. I killed a man for him."

"Killed a man?"

Paul bent a little lower. She did not feel the trembling of his hand on her own.

"Yes, Count Stolpin. Lazar said the Count would wreck his schemes, would bring about his imprisonment. The Count was the stumbling-block—the one man in his way."

He felt the wild flutter of her heart as the moments of her life counted themselves away. He crouched there silent, afraid to move, yet he could not have named the cause of his fear. But a new trend of thought had started in his mind.

"Who shot you?" he asked suddenly.

"I do not know. I did not see—the lights went out, and I rushed to the door, and—I think it was then I felt the blow."

"Who shot you?" he asked again. "You must have seen. Think. Who was it?"

"I saw a mass of faces. I couldn't remember. Don't move—it's dark—it's getting darker."

"It will be dawn soon," he told her. "Could you lie back against the corner? So! I would fetch a doctor."

"There is no need. . . . He'd come to me if he knew."

"Who?"

"Lazar. Tell me, does a man ever love twice?"

"Heaven knows!" he said.

"But the real love, the big understanding——"

"I think it only comes once to a man," he answered.

He sat staring into the dark and wondered if she heard him. She said nothing; he no longer felt the laboring of her heart. The minutes passed, and the words he expected from her never came. He waited. He could hear a clock clanging once, twice. Then of a sudden he felt her head slowly sliding down his arm. He clasped her wrist, but no movement responded to his touch.

And still he waited. He knew that death had come into the room, the presence of it was about him; he could almost feel its contact as he had done that night on the yacht. He lowered her to the ground and stood up; by some odd chance her face was still lying in the stream of light across the chamber. Then quietly he went out and closed the door.

And in his own quarters Captain Zanolich sipped at a glass of brandy. He bent over the table and examined the lock of his revolver, then shut the weapon with a snap. He felt glad that he had fired the shot.

"Women can be so confoundedly inconvenient," he muttered to the silent room.

JEAN LORIMER walked quickly through the streets of Paris. All she had dreamed of the city, the insistence of its call for her, was as something that is dead. The pavements were hot and stifling in the June sun, and yet here, in the restless heart of things, she had come to seek for freedom, for all that life could promise her.

She found the house at last, after what had been practically two days' searching. She recognised it by the bent iron lamp that hung over the doorway, and she went in and climbed the steps slowly, as if the weight of millstones were about her feet. She wondered what Fenning would say to her when they met; what she would say to him. She must explain things, though there seemed nothing that had not been spoken between them. She had read his heart, his life right back to the earliest times, she knew him with an intimacy that seemed to have come to her through the space of years of friendship. And yet they had met but a few weeks ago.

She paused at times as she climbed the stairs and framed little sentences, the words she would speak to him, but they ill-expressed her meaning, and were quickly discarded in favor of others. She wanted the simplest thing to say, so simple that it was charged to the uttermost with meaning.

"I was unconscious when I came up this staircase before," she muttered to herself, remembering the night at Belleville. "I wonder how close he was to me!" It was a woman's reasoning, illogical, trusting.

She was waiting outside the door. Fear had gone, unless it be that the surprise of her coming would urge him to anger. She

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was a woman grown out of herself, obsessed by the desire for action, no longer a slave to the puny horrors of her brain. She opened the door boldly and walked in without knocking.

The room was empty. It carried the heavy odor of tobacco smoke that had secreted itself in the curtains and the fabric with which it was adorned. And from a half-empty glass came the pungent odor of spirits. There were cigarette ends littering the desk, a scatter of them in the grate, and a curtain badly burned where a lighted cigarette had been placed too close against it. It was the room of a man whose mind moved beyond its precincts.

She crossed the chamber and pulled back the curtains at the far end. The little ante-room there was empty and disclosed the same disorder. Beyond it again she could define the outlines of a bedroom—the room in which he had nursed her after that struggle at Belleville. It seemed familiar to her, the window at which she had stared for hours together while lying on her back, the door half-ajar through which she had expected him to appear at every sound of a footfall.

She sauntered into the outer room again, breathing the atmosphere as it seemed to ooze from the walls. And there were little familiar touches here and there that she loved, trifles that seemed to be part of him, the household gods of a man who lived alone. In a silver ash-tray on the mantelpiece she noticed a dead carnation, reminding her of an incident of those past weeks, when she had torn the flower from a bunch of pink blossoms he had given her, and handed it back to him as a souvenir. She picked it up and it was still in her fingers when the door opened quickly and he came in.

He came to a full stop when he saw her, and for a few seconds that seemed like eternities they stood looking at each other. She could almost see the blood draining from his cheeks, and by some process of mental telepathy knew what he was going to say. It was as if she could read the half-formed words on his lips.

"Jean! Why are you here? You shouldn't have come. You know that!"

He closed the door, and approaching stood with one hand on the desk.

"Shouldn't have come? You wanted me to come—wanted me ever since you left me in that cottage!"

WITHOUT premeditation she had spoken the truth, and now the effect of her words was revealed like an answering signal in his eyes.

"I didn't intend that we should ever meet again," he said.

She went up to him, and gripping the lapels of his coat, remained looking up into his face.

"You didn't intend, but Fate did," she said. "And you haven't altered a bit!"

She was laughing. A song was ringing in her heart. Here was the beginning of life—alone in the great city, just the two of them, to struggle together, to make good together.

"Altered? Good Lord! You didn't expect me to alter in eight days, did you?" he said, catching the infection of her laugh.

"No, no, of course not. Altered towards me, I mean. You might have forgotten. I don't know. Those eight days have seemed an eternity." She looked away from him, her eyes going slowly round the room.

"Eight eternities," he answered her, and hated himself for the words, since they gave the voice to his love for her.

"I don't care," she exclaimed suddenly. "I'm here. I'm going to stay here. I'm yours. You conquered me with the strength of your love when I should have hated you. You crushed me by making me hate you, and then turning my hatred to love. You brought me here. You can't jeer at me now. I'm yours. D'you understand that—yours!"

The cords in his throat swelled, and pain drove rough-hoofed across his face, but she saw nothing. He put out his hand and touched hers, and the magic of her seared like a fire through his flesh. But for the power that wrestled with him he would have crushed her in his arms, and so linked their lives together for all time.

"It can't be. You know that," he answered sharply. And he was surprised at the strength of his voice, the sheer command. "It can't be—I told you. We can't marry. It's all a farce. We've been thrown together too much; we ought to have seen where we were drifting. I ought to have held back; I'm the brute, the cur!"

She stared at him, appalled.

"YOU don't—want me?" She choked out the question. "You mean you don't want . . ."

"Want you? What's the good of wanting? Want you! Shall I ever cease to want you? I've gone down into the depths for you, but you're not coming there with me."

"I am!" she cried. "I am! You don't understand yourself."

"A man understands himself when a woman sees in him nothing but good smeared over evil," he answered. "You don't know how I live? You don't know half the things you would have to know about me. Good heavens! You would never be able to hold up your head and call yourself a decent man's wife if I married you."

Strength was ebbing from her beneath the pitiless flail of his words.

"Have you forgotten what you told me—what I should do for you?" she asked quietly.

"No. I have not forgotten. I was a weak fool then. I did not understand."

"Understand what?"

"The thing that is greater than you." He hung his head.

She gave a little cry.

"You're afraid of yourself; afraid to trust yourself to me," she said. "Try me. Let me be your confessor. Tell me about all that is worst in you—hide nothing. I shall not be ashamed or despair. I wouldn't be afraid. Let me be the physician, diagnose the ill, and prescribe the treatment that will bring about the big cure."

She drooped her head and for a moment some words hung unspoken on her lips.

"I don't ask you to tell me now," she said quietly. "I don't want to know now. I wouldn't want you to tell me till after we were married. You see I am sure of myself, so sure of you."

Amazement spread slowly over his face.

"Little girl," he said. His voice was very quiet, and had a strange melody in it. "One does not sacrifice the big women of the world to the weaklings. We try to stem evolution, which in its natural progress would stamp out the weakest, by framing social laws that they may survive. We tell ourselves that we are progressing thereby, but we are not. Progress is found in the mating of strength to strength, the building up, the going forward. Not by waiting for the laggards shall we march in the advance-guard. We'd never be the pioneers that way."

"But if we were together . . ." she sobbed.

"We'd find destruction. I know it. You'll learn it some day." He fidgeted with a book on the desk. "Will you come back here at seven o'clock?" he asked.

She looked up in surprise, her grey eyes swimming with tears.

"At seven o'clock?"

He led her slowly to the door.

"Yes, at seven o'clock. You'll learn then why we could never marry."

She was silent; but at the door she turned.

"I won't come back!" she exclaimed. "I'll never come back!"

"I think you will," he answered. "You've got to learn your lesson. You've got to know things."

He watched her, standing at the head of the staircase. Then he slowly closed the door and shut her out.

He sat down in the room alone and stared at the wall opposite. What was the good of going on, what was there left for him to do? A dozen resolves—the ghosts of things he might have done—stalked in gaunt procession across his mind. And life as he had dreamed it was slowly slipping away from him, because his hands refused to grasp it.

He rose to his feet with a strong desire for the definite line of action which was shaping in his brain. He knew there was one thing that must be done, and that to destroy her love, shatter it without sympathy, with brutality if need be, as one weeds out a flower by the root that it may not blossom again. So picking up his hat he went out.

. . . . .

When he returned an hour later he was not alone. The woman who accompanied him was frail, slightly built, and with a small pathetic face that might have been recently stained with tears. She watched him questioningly as he closed the door, studied every expression of his face with some nervous inner dread.

He began to tidy up the room without speaking. And it struck her then that he was doing unnecessary things, such as moving various objects on the desk and table aimlessly, shifting them from one position to another and back again, as if his sole motive was to keep himself occupied. Always he had his back turned to her, and when occasionally he glanced in her direction it was with a strange furtive look in his eyes that made her fear him.

IT was her quiet sobbing that caused him to turn round at last and stare, as if he could not believe the evidence of the sound he heard. And he saw that she had buried her head in her handkerchief, and was leaning forward in the chair crying in a restrained yet piteous manner.

"What are you crying for?" he asked quickly. "Don't carry on like this. I hate to see a woman crying; it's so babyish."

She did not answer him; the quivering handkerchief still covered her face. He felt that in some way he was becoming enmeshed in a side issue, a byway that bothered him rather than caused anxiety. At any other time he would have let her cry to her heart's content, and carefully tidied his bookshelf while she did so, but he felt it incumbent upon him now to do something to put an end to a source of irritation. So he went across and touched her shoulder, and stood looking down at the narrow nape of her neck where it emerged from the low-cut collar of her black dress.

"You're not afraid?" he asked. "What's

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there to make all this commotion about?"

She dropped the handkerchief and twisted it shapelessly in her twining fingers, binding it round the forefinger, then wrenching it away again with strong nervous tension. And all the while her eyes were fixed on her little shoes.

"Yes—it's that—I'm afraid, I think. I don't know why. Why have you brought me here?"

He gave a hard, mirthless sort of laugh.

"You silly little fool," he answered her. "You've got nothing on earth to be frightened about."

"Then why am I here with you—like this?" she asked in so quiet a tone that he scarcely heard the words.

"Because you came," he responded with vicious annoyance. But the sound of the choking sob she gave made him choose a gentler tone. "Don't worry your little head, petite. It's all right. Everything's quite all right. You're afraid of your own shadow." He patted her head and dropped into the chair facing her.

"I ONLY wanted you to come here to play a part." He laughed. "Easiest money you've ever earned. Nothing to do but look pretty and alluring, and answer a few plain questions if you're asked them."

She shivered a little, and looked up at him with mistrust.

"It's not like me—this going to any man's rooms. You know that," she explained.

"Of course. That's beside the point anyway. This is a mere business arrangement. If you thought I was such an ogre it's a wonder you came."

"I don't think it. It's cruel of you to talk like that," she whimpered. "I felt I owed you something—there was an outstanding debt. That's why I came."

"You mean over that rotten business at the Bal Tabarin?"

"Yes—that."

To humor her he began to chatter about their first meeting, till the color came back to her cheeks and a smile to her eyes.

"Heaven knows where you would have been if I hadn't been there," he said laughing. "I came along at the right moment as a sort of guardian angel, I suppose. If you are superstitious you would say I was brought there for the purpose of saving you from an extremely objectionable fellow, when you were just holding your breath before you jumped to destruction. As a matter of fact, I happened there owing to an unquenchable desire for a drink."

"You saved me. You know that; you saved me. I always wanted to thank you—really thank you."

"Save you? S'pose I did. More by accident than design, though. I liked the look of your pretty face then; it was four months ago, wasn't it?"

"A bit more than that. Five, I think."

"I know I loved that man's scowl when I took you away and marched with you down the passage in front of him. What a brave couple we were. And how we laughed afterwards! I felt in a mood for a fight. I don't know what had happened, but I longed to feel my knuckles against a man's flesh. Then I took you home in a cab, and gave you twenty francs because you were pretty. And, hang it! I believe I even kissed you in the doorway with the driver looking on! Queer thing to do when you think of it. You were nothing to me. I wasn't sorry for you really, but you just fitted my mood. It was one of the few times in my life when I felt I wanted to protect something. Must have had a motive, of course."

"Courage," she said with awakening interest in him. "That's what made you do it."

"I don't think so; at least I might have done at the time. I remember one night walking over a lot of barges that were strung together down there by the Pont Neuf. I stopped in the middle—it was as black as your hat—and I asked myself why I was climbing about with a certain drop to death on every side of me unless some miracle guided my footsteps aright. What was I doing it for, what was the motive? One of the fellows had thrown Remy's hat on to the end barge, and I was going after it. Of course I had a motive. I fancy the bet was a franc."

"But with me," she said. "I think it was that you didn't want to see a woman destroy herself."

"I only think what the motive was in those moments when I call myself up for judgment before my ideals. And the judgment sends me to the cells of disgust."

"But you have not brought me here this evening and offered me forty francs in order to tell me that," she said.

"I don't think forty francs could be got out of me so easily," he answered. Then he leant forward and spoke for some time in an undertone. "That's all you have to do," he said.

"Just sit in that room and smoke cigarettes and say that?" she exclaimed with a little cry of pleasure.

"Yes, that's about all there is to it."

She ran across and pulled aside the curtains and smiled back at him.

"I'll sit in that big cosy chair, and put my feet up. So!" She suited the action to the words, and lay back with her small shoes balanced on the chair opposite.

"The cigarettes, my friend. And an ashtray. So! Dear, obedient husband! And shall I be discovered darning your socks, or would you like me to hide the needle-marks on my fingers? I've got a maid—no? And I think I'll read an English novel just to show I'm studying the language. And what will my hated rival have to drink? Some coffee—no? A champagne fin, then?"

He loathed her for her prattle, but said nothing. He must live for the hour and adapt himself to the circumstance, crushing down feeling, strangling the very nerves that would have urged desertion of his task.

HE left her alone there and waited in the outer room; walking round and round, then backwards and forwards like some fear-driven beast.

He paused at length and leaned against the mantelpiece, studying, as a means of thought, the cigarette between his fingers which had grown as cold as the ash that had fallen from it. And even though he was waiting for the soft tap at the door it set his heart pounding when it came, so that a rigor seemed to hold him without the strength to move. Then he went across and turned the handle.

Jean came in slowly. She looked round the room and hung a little away from him, afraid, uncertain. Her eyes were red-rimmed, her lips quivered weakly.

"You asked me to come—to tell me something."

She came nearer to him, and lifted her face, shameless of the trace of tears in her eyes.

He pushed back the door till it caught on the hasp.

"I hated going down those stairs alone—it was as though you had turned me away," she said wistfully.

"It was that." He spoke in a voice he scarcely recognised as his own. "Yes, it was that. I did turn you away."

"You meant it?"

"Yes. I meant that I didn't want you any more. I can't explain. I——"

He paused, appalled by the hideous horror that had flamed up in her eyes. For some movement beyond the curtains, or the instinct that those curtains concealed someone, made her go across and pull them sharply aside. She gave a cry, vehement, but as quickly restrained—a cry that bore to him the knowledge that the thing he wished to kill was dead, that her world, as he had helped her to build it, had broken into little pieces as she looked.

"That woman——"

"Yes. My wife!"

The curtain tore from the hook beneath the weight of her hand. He turned his head away as if the shame made cowards of his eyes. And the other woman threw aside her book with a careless attitude and rose to her feet.

"WHAT'S this, Jimmy!" she cried. "A visitor? English? Ciel. We haven't any tea!"

A silence, like a thick overlying curtain, seemed to enfold the room.

"Your wife? You—you're married?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Four days ago."

A shuddering sob made her tighten her lips. She came a little nearer, looked for a moment into his face, and backed towards the door, slowly, step by step, as if afraid of an enemy that might strike her should she avert her eyes. But she did not speak. "I owed this woman a debt." He pointed to the girl who, standing between the curtains, watched the tragedy in amazement, uncomprehending. "She's been everything to me. D'you hear that—everything. She had to come first."

Still she said nothing. But at the door she waited as if powerless to turn the handle, till it was opened quickly from without, and Paul burst in.

He stood looking from one to the other. And passion blazed in his face; he stepped forward, his fists clenched. In a frenzy, Jean clutched his sleeve.

"Take me away!" she exclaimed. She broke into a storm of sobs. "I'm coming with you. I can't stay. This place is poisonous to me. I hate him. He's loathsome—horrible. Take me back!"

Paul put his arm about her and drew her aside. He stood looking at Penning.

"Yes, you're coming with me," he answered her. "You're coming home."

Two minutes passed. Penning thought that the hour hand of the little clock had crept round twice. The door closed, and he heard shuffling footsteps going down the stone staircase. Another eternity and a door banged.

The other woman was fussing with the broken curtain and straightening a crumpled cushion.

"You said forty francs," she exclaimed, looking at the gold coin on the table.

"Twenty."

"Forty, you said."

"Twenty," he flung back. "Get out; d'you hear!"

She snatched at the coin and moved towards the door.

"If you always cheat women like that——"

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"Get out, confound you!"

The door swung to with a crash.

He waited a moment looking round the room. Then he went slowly to the mantelpiece and tore to shreds the dead carnation.

"IT was a year ago—just a year ago to-night," said Pentelow.

Marchant cracked his walnut carefully, and bent over the peeling of it.

"What was?" he inquired.

"Don't you remember? All of us together at the Toledo—in this very room, and—by gad, yes—at this very table!"

Marchant looked up sharply.

"Was that the night you showed Cazalet the report of that Penstone business in the paper, and he went off to Servia to chew the cud of it?"

"Yes. That night. Fenning was here, too." Pentelow lay back and looked round the half-empty room. It was late, and most of the diners had slipped away to the theatres or their clubs. He lit a cigarette and let the smoke drift across his face. "I thought Cazalet was finished with that evening," he added.

Marchant nodded assent.

"Yet when I came back from the East two months ago I heard his name everywhere. He'd jumped up like a mushroom in a single night. The political world had found a new genius in a man it had always mistrusted. South Lanchester washed its hands of him, but they had got him in for Camford just before I started. I saw him the day he took his seat. He was radiant, sure of himself."

"Yes," rejoined Pentelow, "he settled that tangle over the Penstone estates, and he roped in a pot of money when things were straightened out." He produced his cigarcase as Marchant pushed aside his plate. "Try these," he said.

"But it wasn't that—the money, I mean." Marchant took the cigar and snicked off the end of it with his thumbnail, then he leant across the table. "It was this way, Pent. Exactly eight months ago Cazalet woke up. Previously he'd never cared very much about anything; he was a more or less idle, clever man, if you understand me. He could have climbed the political ladder as easily as he has done now at least four years ago if he had tried. But he didn't try; he didn't want to try. He just drifted along in an aimless sort of way, but all the while the other benches were afraid of him as one might be of a volcano which is ever dangerous. He let off steam when he liked, and people said he was one of the cleverest men in the House till he went to sleep again."

"I remember I told him that night he was mad," said Pentelow. "And when he married a girl from nowhere I thought him madder still."

Marchant smiled.

"You were pretty wide of the mark, my friend," he returned. "Don't you remember the girl Fenning was talking about that night? She sat at that little table in the corner over there, the one covered with pink carnations."

"I'm afraid I could never remember which of Fenning's girls was which," said Pentelow gruffly. "What's become of him, anyway?"

"That's precisely what I was going to tell you." For a moment Marchant paused and drew at his cigar. "Fenning's dead," he said.

"Dead!"

He nodded.

"Dead! Not Jimmy? Good heavens!" The big filmy eyes widened in a stare of horror.

"Yes, there's not much to tell," said Marchant. "I went East in September, and I caught sight of Jimmy at the moment of going aboard at Marseilles. We had a drink together in the saloon as the vessel started. But he was very quiet. Changed, I thought; a different man. He would say nothing; he seemed interested in nothing. Then I lost track of him; in fact, I kept out of his way because I thought he didn't want to talk to me. Jimmy had moods like that sometimes. Women, I used to say it was."

"Go on," said Pentelow, as the other waited.

"It was some days later. I was sent for to go to cabin 41. Fenning was lying there. I knew he was dying, read the truth in his face, and he saw that I knew. He was too far gone to write, and he asked me to take down a letter at his dictation, and then deliver it when I got back to England. I did so, and he just had strength enough to sign it. It was a letter to a woman, Pent. You and I never understood Fenning."

"What woman?" asked Pentelow under his breath.

"The woman we saw here that night—the girl he pointed out to us. I just remember her in the white frock she wore. And Jimmy's letter was to her."

Again Marchant hesitated.

"That all?" asked the other.

"No, not quite. They had met and loved, it seemed, but he knew he'd only have dragged her down. Of course he would; why, you and I could have told him that a year ago. He deserted her; she followed him to Paris, and there he led her to believe that he had married another woman. The lie killed her love for him; he meant to kill it."

"Jimmy did that?" asked Pentelow incredulously.

Marchant nodded.

"Yes," he said. "That wasn't Fenning as we knew him, eh? But, as I said, you and I never understood him. Odd how some men mess up their lives and clear up the muddle at the end, a sort of moral house-cleaning before going out. And this letter to her was confession. He told her how he had picked up this woman in the street to play the part. He told her more than that, what she meant to him, she to whom he had lied. Mind you, Pentelow, I'm not a sentimental sort of brute, but I didn't recognise my handwriting when I had finished taking down that letter."

"And the end?"

"A bright moonlight night and the ship stopped dead. So light it was that every bit of rigging had its shadow on the water. Then they hurled something overboard wrapped in a sailcloth, and someone was muttering words from a book. I couldn't stand any more. I went back to my cabin and thought over the letter in my pocket."

PENTELOW sat turning his empty liqueur glass round and round by the stem.

"That's the woman Cazalet married—there's no need for you to tell me that," he said.

"Say, rather, the woman who made Paul Cazalet," replied Marchant. "I used to wonder what manner of woman she was, till I went to her house one evening to deliver Fenning's letter. It was after her marriage, of course. And I remember that all the way there I was telling myself that a woman who had loved could not hurl that love away at a word and marry another, and Fenning had made his sacrifice in vain, he had wasted it on a woman who never cared. That was my reasoning, and it made me feel a brute. I was glad that I had it in my power to hurt her. But when I met her she was surrounded by her friends, and they had been talking that day of giving her husband an under-secretaryship. It was when I saw her that I knew—I knew."

"What?"

"She loved him, by heaven, yes. She was proud of him. There was triumph in her eyes, pride in every word she spoke. Pent, there are some things I don't understand about women. . . . I left soon after that."

"A queer yarn," said Pentelow. "I suppose she just read the letter and laughed, eh?"

"She never read it."

"NEVER even bothered to read it!" exclaimed Pentelow.

"Never read it, I said." Marchant nodded across the room as he spoke. A man and a woman had entered and taken their places at the little table in the corner. Pentelow looked on in silence. The woman was fingering one of the pink carnations, and tapped the scented petals of it against her lips as she watched her husband. And when Paul spoke to her the fires of happiness and a great content kindled in her eyes, and in her laugh was all the melody of life.

Marchant got up quickly.

"Come," he said. "It is the night of celebration. And we don't come in here. Fenning would have told us that we are the dead leaves of last year."

Unobserved, they crept from the room and down into the street.

"Club, eh?" said Marchant.

"Might as well." They walked along in silence. "Say, Marchant, about that letter."

"What about it?"

"Why wouldn't she read it?"

"Because I refused to let her."

"Refused? When it was a dead man's trust?"

"Don't be a fool, Pent. Should a man deliver a letter from the dead if it will destroy a woman's love when it has found its havenage? Should he tear down what the other's sacrifice built up? The weakness of Fenning made him dictate that message; a stronger man would have closed his lips for ever. And if I had given it to her, it would have opened up again the whole problem, to remain unsolved so long as she lived; it would have stolen her from the side of the man who loves her and to whom she has given herself that she might revere the dead. What good would it have done? Tell me that."

"It was a dead man's trust," repeated Pentelow.

"Haven't you seen things with your own eyes to-night?" counter-questioned the other.

"Yes."

"And yet you still judge; you would still destroy?"

Pentelow was silent.

"What did you do with the letter, anyway?" he asked.

"Do with it? Do with it? Man alive! What should anybody do with a letter like that when it would destroy a woman's life happiness? Why, my dear, respected friend, I lit my pipe with it!"

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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